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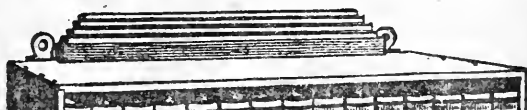
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DON QUIXOTE  
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SECOND PART  
OF  
EL INGENIOSO HIDALGO  
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

COMPOSED BY  
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

AUTHOR OF THE FIRST PART

(1615)

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES JARVIS

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LONDON  
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## AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO PART II.

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VERILY, reader, gentle or simple—whatever thou art, with what impatience must thou now be waiting for this Preface!—doubtless prepared to find it full of resentment, railing, and invective against the author of the second Don Quixote—him I mean who, the world says, was begotten in Tordesillas and born in Tarragona. But in truth, it is not my intention to give thee that satisfaction; for, though injuries are apt to awaken choler in the humblest breast, yet in mine this rule must admit of an exception. Perhaps thou wouldst have me call him ass, madman, and coxcomb; but no:—be his own folly his punishment.

There is one thing, however, which I cannot pass over in silence. I am guilty, it seems, of being old; and it is also proved upon me that I have lost my hand! as if I had the power to arrest the progress of time; and that this maim was the effect of some tavern brawl, and not received on the noblest occasion\* that past or present times have witnessed, or the future can ever hope to see! If my wounds be disregarded by those who simply look on them, they will be honoured by those who know how they were gained; for a soldier makes a nobler figure dead, in the field of battle, than alive, flying from his enemy; and so firmly fixed am I in this opinion that, could the impossibility be overcome, and I had the power to choose, I would rather be again present in that stupendous action than whole and sound, without sharing in its glory. The scars on the front of a brave soldier are stars that direct others to the haven of honour, and create in them a noble emulation. Let it be remembered, too, that books are not composed by the hand, but by the understanding, which is ripened by experience and length of years.

\* The famous sea-fight of Lepanto.

I have also heard that this author calls me envious; and, moreover, in consideration of my ignorance, kindly describes to me what envy is!—In truth, the only envy of which I am conscious is a noble, virtuous, and holy emulation, which would never dispose me to inveigh against an ecclesiastic; especially, against one who holds a dignified rank in the Inquisition; and if he has been influenced by his zeal for the person\* to whom he seems to allude, he is utterly mistaken in my sentiments; for I revere that gentleman's genius, and admire his works, and his virtuous activity. Nevertheless, I cannot refuse my acknowledgment to this worthy author, for his commendation of my novels, which, he says, are good, although more satirical than moral; but how they happen to be good, yet deficient in morality, it would be difficult to show.

Methinks, reader, thou wilt confess that I proceed with much forbearance and modesty, from a feeling that we should not add to the sufferings of the afflicted; and that this gentleman's case must be lamentable, is evident from his not daring to appear in open day: concealing his name and his country, as if some treason or other crime were upon his conscience. But shouldst thou by chance fall into his company, tell him, from me, that I do not think myself aggrieved; for I well know what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the greatest is the persuading a man that he can write a book by which he will surely gain both wealth and fame; and, to illustrate the truth of this, pray tell him, in thy pleasant way, the following story:—

“A madman once, in Seville, was seized with as whimsical a conceit as ever entered into a madman's brain. He provided himself with a hollow cane, pointed at one end, and whenever he met with a dog in the street or elsewhere, he laid hold of him, set his foot on one of his hinder legs, and seizing the other in his hand, dexterously applied the pointed end of the cane to the dog's posteriors, and blew him up as round as a ball; then giving his inflated body a slap or two with the palm of his hand, he let him go, saying to the bystanders, who were always numerous, ‘Well, gentlemen, I suppose you think it an easy matter to blow up a dog?’ And you, sir, perhaps, may think it an easy matter to write a book.” If this story should not happen to hit his fancy, pray, kind reader, tell him this other, which is likewise of a madman and a dog:—

“In the city of Cordova lived another maniac, whose custom was to walk about the streets with a large stone upon his head, of no inconsiderable weight; and wherever he met with any careless cur, he edged slyly towards him, and when quite close, let the stone fall plump upon his body; whereupon the dog,

\* Lope de Vega.

in great wrath, limped away, barking and howling, for more than three streets' length, without once looking behind him. Now, it happened, that among other dogs, he met with one that belonged to a cap-maker, who valued him mightily; down went the stone, and hit him exactly on the head; the poor animal cried out; his master, seeing the act, was enraged, and, catching up his measuring-yard, fell upon the madman, and left him with scarcely a whole bone in his skin: at every blow venting his fury in reproaches, saying, 'Dog! rogue! rascal! What! maltreat my dog!—a spaniel! Did you not see, barbarian! that my dog was a spaniel?' and after repeating the word 'spaniel' very often, he dismissed the culprit, beaten to a jelly. The madman took his correction in silence, and walked off; nor did he show himself again in the market-place till more than a month afterwards, when he returned to his former amusement, with a still greater stone upon his head. It was observed, however, that on coming up to a dog, he first carefully surveyed it from head to tail, and not daring to let the stone fall, he said, 'Ware spaniel!—this won't do.' In short, whatever dog he met with—terrier, mastiff, or hound—they were all spaniels; and so great was his dread of committing another mistake, that he never ventured to let fall his slab again." Thus warned, perhaps, our historian may think it necessary, before he again lets fall the ponderous weight of his wit, to look and examine where it is likely to drop.

Tell him also, that as to his threatening, by his counterfeit wares, to deprive me of my expected gain, I value it not a rush, and will only answer him from the famous interlude of *Parendenga*—"Long live my lord and master, and Heaven be with us all! Long live the great Count de Lemos; whose well-known liberality supports me under all the strokes of adverse fortune; and all honour and praise to the eminent bounty of his grace the archbishop of Toledo, Bernardo de Sandoval! and let them write against me as many books as there are letters in the rhymes of *Mingo Rebulgo*. These two nobles, unsought by adulation on my part, but merely of their own goodness, have taken upon them to patronise and favour me; wherefore I esteem myself happier and richer than if fortune, by her ordinary means, had placed me on her highest pinnacle. Such honour the meritorious, not the vicious, may aspire to, although oppressed by poverty. The noble mind may be clouded by adversity, but cannot be wholly concealed: for true merit shines by a light of its own, and, glimmering through the rents and crannies of indigence, is perceived, respected, and honoured by the generous and the great."

More than this, reader, thou needst not say to him; nor will I say more to

thee, except merely observing, for thy information, that this **Second Part of Don Quixote**, here offered to thee, is cut by the same hand, and out of the same piece, as the **First Part**; and that herein I present thee with Don Quixote whole and entire : having placed him in his grave at full length, and fairly dead, that no one may presume to expose him to new adventures, since he has achieved enough already. It is sufficient that his ingenious follies have been recorded by a writer of credit, who has resolved to take up the subject no more : for we may be surfeited by too much of what is good, and scarcity gives a relish to what is only indifferent.

I had forgotten to tell thee that thou mayst soon expect the *Persiles*, which I have nearly complete, and also the part of the *Galatea*.

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## SECOND PART.

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### BOOK I.

#### CHAPTER I.

*Of what passed between the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, concerning his indisposition.*

CID HAMET BENENGELI relates, in the second part of this history, containing the third sally of Don Quixote, that the priest and the barber refrained during a whole month from seeing him, lest they should revive in his mind the remembrance of things past. However, they paid frequent visits to the niece and housekeeper, charging them to take great care of him, and to give him good nourishing diet, as that would be salutary to his heart and his brain, whence all the mischief proceeded. The good women assured them of their continual care of the patient, and said they occasionally observed in him symptoms of returning reason. The priest and the barber were greatly pleased to hear this, and congratulated themselves on the success of the scheme they had adopted of bringing him home enchanted in the ox-waggon, as it is related in the last chapter of the first part of this no less great than accurate history. They resolved, therefore, to visit him, and make trial of his amendment: at the same time, thinking it scarcely possible that his cure could be complete, they agreed not to touch upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they might open a wound which must yet be so tender.

They found him sitting on his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo cap on his head, and so lean and shrivelled that he looked like a mummy. He received them with much politeness, and when they inquired after his health, he answered them in a very sensible manner, and with much elegance of expression. In the course of their conversation they touched upon matters of state and forms of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one custom and exploding another: each of the three setting himself up for a perfect legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a spick-and-span new Solon; and, by their joint efforts, they seemed to have clapped the common-wealth into a forge, and hammered it into quite a new shape. Don Quixote delivered himself with so much good sense upon every subject they had touched upon, that the two examiners were inclined to think that he was now really in full possession of all his mental faculties. The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and, hearing from their master such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank Heaven. The priest, changing his former purpose of not touching upon matters of chivalry, was now

resolved to put the question of his amendment fairly to the test: he therefore mentioned, among other things, some intelligence lately brought from court, that the Turk was advancing with a powerful fleet, and that, his object being unknown, it was impossible to say where the storm would burst; that all Christendom was in great alarm, and that the king had already provided for the security of Naples, Sicily, and the island of Malta. To this Don Quixote replied: "His majesty has acted with great prudence in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that he may not be taken by surprise; but, if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to a measure which probably never yet entered into his majesty's mind." On hearing this the priest said within himself: "Heaven defend thee, poor Don Quixote! for methinks thou art about to fall from the summit of thy madness into the depth of folly!" The barber, who had made the same reflection, now asked Don Quixote what the measure was which he thought would be so advantageous; though, in all probability, it was like the impertinent advice usually given to princes. "Mine, Mr. Shaver," answered Don Quixote, "shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose." "I mean no offence," replied the barber, "only experience has shown that all, or most of the projects so offered to his majesty are either impracticable, absurd, or prejudicial to himself or his kingdom." "True," answered Don Quixote; "but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd; but the most easy, the most just, and also the most reasonable and expeditious that ever entered the mind of a projector." "Signor Don Quixote," quoth the priest, "you keep us too long in suspense." "I do not choose," replied Don Quixote, "that it should be told here now, that another may carry it by day-break to the lords of the privy-council, and thereby intercept the reward which is only due to me." "I give you my word," said the barber, "here and before Heaven, that I will not reveal what your worship shall say, either to king, or to rook, or to any mortal man—an oath which I learned from the romance of the priest, where he gives the king information of the thief that robbed him of the hundred pistoles and his ambling mule." "I know not the history," said Don Quixote; "but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded master barber is an honest man." "Though he were not," said the priest, "I will pledge myself for him, and engage, under any penalty you please, that he shall be as silent as the dumb on this affair." "And who will be bound for your reverence, master priest?" said Don Quixote. "My profession," answered the priest; "which enjoins secrecy as an indispensable duty." "Body of me!" cried Don Quixote; "has his majesty anything to do, but to issue a proclamation ordering all the knights-errant, who are now wandering about Spain, to repair, on an appointed day, to court? If not more than half-a-dozen came, there might be one of that number able, with his single arm, to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and listen to me. Is it anything new for a single knight-errant to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat, or were made of pastry? How many examples of such prowess does history supply! If, in an evil hour for me (I will not say for any other), the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis de Gaul, were in being at this day to confront the Turk, in good faith I would not farm his winnings! But God will protect his people, and provide some one, if not as strong as the knights-errant of old, at least not inferior to them in courage. Heaven knows my meaning; I say no more!" "Alas!" exclaimed the niece at this instant: "may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!" Whereupon Don Quixote said, "A knight-errant I will live and die; and let the Turk come, down or up, when he pleases, and with all the forces he can raise—once more, I say, Heaven knows my meaning." "Gentlemen," said the barber, "give me leave

to tell you a short story of what happened once in Seville ; for it comes so pat to the purpose that I cannot help giving it to you." Don Quixote and the priest signified their consent, and the others being willing to hear, he began thus :—

"A certain man being deranged in his intellects, was placed by his relations in the mad-house of Seville. He had taken his degrees in the canon law at Ossuna ; but, had it been at Salamanca, many are of opinion he would, nevertheless, have been mad. This graduate, after some years' confinement, took into his head that he was quite in his right senses, and therefore wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him, with great earnestness and apparently with much reason, that he would be pleased to deliver him from that miserable state of confinement in which he lived ; since, through the mercy of God, he had regained his senses ; adding that his relations, in order to enjoy part of his estate, kept him still there, and in spite of the clearest evidence, would insist upon his being mad as long as he lived. The archbishop, prevailed upon by the many sensible epistles he received from him, sent one of his chaplains to the keeper of the mad-house to inquire into the truth of what the licentiate had alleged, and also to talk with him, and if it appeared that he was in his senses, to set him at liberty. The chaplain accordingly went to the rector, who assured him that the man was still insane, for though he sometimes talked very sensibly, it was seldom for any length of time without betraying his derangement ; as he would certainly find on conversing with him. The chaplain determined to make the trial, and during the conversation of more than an hour, could perceive no symptom of incoherence in his discourse ; on the contrary, he spoke with so much sedateness and judgment that the chaplain could not entertain a doubt of the sanity of his intellects. Among other things he assured him that the keeper was bribed by his relations to persist in reporting him to be deranged ; so that his large estate was his great misfortune, to enjoy which his enemies had recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of Heaven in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked so plausibly that he made the rector appear venal and corrupt, his relations unnatural, and himself so discreet that the chaplain determined to take him immediately to the archbishop, that he might be satisfied he had done right. With this resolution the good chaplain desired the keeper of the house to restore to him the clothes which he wore when he was first put under his care. The keeper again desired him to beware what he did, since he might be assured that the licentiate was still insane ; but the chaplain was not to be moved either by his cautions or entreaties ; and as he acted by order of the archbishop, the keeper was compelled to obey him. The licentiate put on his new clothes, and now, finding himself rid of his lunatic attire, and habited like a rational creature, he entreated the chaplain, for charity's sake, to permit him to take leave of his late companions in affliction. Being desirous of seeing the lunatics who were confined in that house, the chaplain, with several other persons, followed him upstairs, and heard him accost a man who lay stretched in a cell, outrageously mad, though just then composed and quiet. 'Brother,' said he to him, 'have you any commands for me ? for I am going to return to my own house, God having been pleased, of His infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well, for with God nothing is impossible : put your whole trust and confidence in Him, and he will doubtless restore you also. I will take care to send you some choice food ; and fail not to eat it : for I have reason to believe, from my own experience, that all our distraction proceeds from empty stomachs, and brains filled with wind. Take heart, then, my friend, take heart ; for despondence under misfortune impairs our health, and hastens our death.' This discourse was overheard by

another madman, the tenant of an opposite cell, who, rising from an old mat, whereon he had been lying stark naked, asked who it was that talked of going away restored to his senses. 'It is I, brother, that am going,' answered the licentiate; 'for, thanks to Heaven, my stay here is no longer necessary.' 'Take heed, friend, what you say,' replied the maniac; 'let not the devil delude you; stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and you will spare yourself the trouble of being brought back.' 'I know,' answered the other, 'that I am perfectly well, and shall have no more occasion to visit the station churches.\*' 'You well, truly?' said the madman; 'we shall soon see that. Farewell! but I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this single offence of setting thee at large, and pronouncing thee to be in thy sound senses, I am determined to inflict such a signal punishment on this city, that the memory thereof shall endure for ever and ever. And knowst thou not, pitiful fellow, that I have the power to do it? I, who am the thundering Jove, and grasp in my hands the flaming bolts with which I might instantly destroy the world!—but, remitting that punishment, I will chastise their folly by closing the flood-gates of heaven, so that no rain shall fall upon this city or the surrounding country for three years, reckoning from this very day and hour on which my vengeance is denounced. You at liberty! you recovered, and in your right senses; and I here a madman, distempered and in bonds!—I will no more rain than I will hang myself.' This rhapsody was heard by all present, and our licentiate, turning to the chaplain, 'My good sir,' said he, seizing both his hands, 'regard not his foolish threats, but be perfectly easy: for should he, being Jupiter, withhold his rain, I, who am Neptune, the god of water, can dispense as much as I please, and whenever there shall be occasion.' To which the chaplain answered, 'Nevertheless, Signor Neptune, it would not be well at present to provoke Signor Jupiter: therefore, I beseech you, remain where you are, and when we have more leisure, and a better opportunity, we will return for you.' The rector and the rest of the party laughed, and put the chaplain quite out of countenance. In short, the licentiate was immediately disrobed, and he remained in confinement: and there is an end of my story."

"This, then, master barber," said Don Quixote, "is the story which was so much to the purpose that you could not forbear telling it? Ah! signor cut-beard! signor cutbeard! he must be blind indeed who cannot see through a sieve. Is it possible you should be ignorant that comparisons of all kinds, whether as to sense, courage, beauty, or rank, are always offensive? I, master barber, am not Neptune, god of the waters: nor do I set myself up for a wise man; all I aim at is to convince the world of its error in not reviving those happy times when the order of knight-errantry flourished. But this our degenerate age deserves not to enjoy so great a blessing as that which was the boast of former ages, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of orphans, the relief of damsels, the chastisement of the haughty, and the reward of the humble. The knights of these times rustle in damask and brocade, rather than in coats of mail. Where is the knight now who will lie in the open field, exposed to the rigour of the heavens, in complete armour from head to foot? Or, leaning on his lance, take a short nap without quitting his stirrups, like the knights-errant of old times? You have no one now who, issuing out of a forest, ascends some mountain, and thence traverses a barren and desert shore of the sea, commonly stormy and tempestuous; and, finding on the beach a small skiff without oars, sail, mask, or tackle of any kind, he boldly throws himself into it, committing himself to the implacable billows of the deep ocean, which now mount him up to the skies, and then cast him down

\* Certain churches with indulgences, appointed to be visited either for pardon of sins, or for procuring blessings.

to the abyss: and he, opposing his courage to the irresistible hurricane, suddenly finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he embarked; and, leaping on the remote and unknown shore, encounters accidents worthy to be recorded, not on parchment, but on brass. But in these days, sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over labour, vice over virtue, arrogance over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only existed and flourished with knights-errant in those ages of gold. For, tell me, I pray, where was there so much valour and virtue to be found as in Amadis de Gaul? Who was more discreet than Palmerin of England? Who more affable and obliging than Tirante the White? Who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? Who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? Who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Who more sincere than Esplandian? Who more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? Who more brave than Rodamonte? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more intrepid than Rinaldo? Who more invincible than Orlando?—and who more gallant and courteous than Ruggiero, from whom, according to Turpin's *Cosmography*, the present dukes of Ferrara are descended? All these, and others that I could name, master priest, were knights-errant, and the light of chivalry; and such as these are the men I would advise his majesty to employ. He then would be well served, a vast expense would be spared, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness: so now I will stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter is determined to withhold his rain, here am I, who will rain whenever I think proper—goodman basin will see that I understand him."

"In truth, Signor Don Quixote," said the barber, "I meant no harm in what I said, so help me God: therefore your worship ought not to take it amiss." "Whether I ought or not," said Don Quixote, "is best known to myself." "Well," said the priest, "though I have yet scarcely spoken, I should be very glad to relieve my conscience of a scruple which has been started by what Signor Don Quixote just now said." "You may command me, signor curate, in such matters," answered Don Quixote; "out then with your scruple: for there can be no peace with a scrupulous conscience." "With this license, then," said the curate, "I must tell you that I can by no means persuade myself that the multitude of knights-errant your worship has mentioned were really and truly persons of flesh and blood existing in the world; on the contrary, I imagine that the accounts given of them are all fictions and dreams, invented by men awake, or to speak more properly, half asleep." "This is a common mistake," answered Don Quixote, "which I have, upon sundry occasions, and in many companies, endeavoured to correct. Sometimes I have failed in my attempts, at other times succeeded, being founded on the basis of truth: for I can almost say these eyes have seen Amadis de Gaul, who was tall of stature, of a fair complexion, with a well-set beard, though black; his aspect being mild and stern; a man of few words, not easily provoked, and soon pacified. And as I have described Amadis, so, methinks, I could paint and delineate every knight-errant recorded in all the histories in the world. For I feel such confidence in the accuracy of their historians that I find it easy, from their exploits and character, to form a good philosophical guess at their features, their complexions, and their stature." "Pray, Signor Don Quixote," quoth the barber, "what size do you think the giant Morgante might have been?" "As to the matter of giants," answered Don Quixote, "though it has been a controverted point, whether they really existed or not, the Holy Scriptures, which cannot deviate a tittle from truth, prove their reality in the history of that huge Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half high—a prodigious stature! Besides, in the island of Sicily there have been found thigh

and shoulder bones so large that it is evident those to whom they belonged were giants, tall as lofty steeples, which may be ascertained beyond all doubt by the rules of geometry. Nevertheless, I cannot precisely tell you what were the dimensions of Morgante, although I am inclined to believe that he was not extremely tall : because I find, in the history wherein his achievements are particularly mentioned, that he often slept under a roof ; and since he found a house which could contain him, it is plain he was not himself of an immeasurable size." "That is true," quoth the priest ; who, being amused with his solemn extravagance, asked his opinion of the persons of Rinaldo of Montalvan, Orlando, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, since they were all knights-errant. "Of Rinaldo," answered Don Quixote, "I dare boldly affirm, he was broad-faced, of a ruddy complexion, rolling eyes, and somewhat prominent, punctilious, choleric to an excess, and a friend to robbers and profligates. Of Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando (for history gives him all these names), I believe, and will maintain, that he was of middle stature, broad-shouldered, rather bandy-legged, brown-complexioned, carrotty-bearded, hairy-bodied, threatening in aspect, sparing in speech, yet courteous and well-bred." "If Orlando," replied the priest, "was not more comely than you have described him, no wonder that my Lady Angelica the Fair disdained and forsook him for the grace, sprightliness, and gallantry of the smooth-faced little Moor ; and she was discreet in preferring the softness of Medora to the roughness of Orlando." "That Angelica, master curate," replied Don Quixote, "was a light, wanton, and capricious damsel, and left the world as full of the fame of her folly as of her beauty. She slighted a thousand noble cavaliers, a thousand valiant and wise admirers, and took up with a paltry beardless page, without estate, and with no other reputation than what he acquired from his grateful fidelity to his friend. Even the great extoller of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either not daring, or not caring, to celebrate what befel this lady after her low intrigue, the subject not being over delicate, left her with these verses :—

Another bard may sing in better strain,  
How he Cataya's sceptre did obtain.

"Poets are called 'vates,' that is to say, 'diviners,' and certainly these lines were prophetic : for since that time a famous Andalusian poet\* has bewailed and sung her tears ; and her beauty has been celebrated by a Castilian poet† of extraordinary merit." "And pray tell me, Signor Don Quixote," said the barber, "among many who have sung her praises, has no poet written a satire upon this Lady Angelica ?" "I verily believe," answered Don Quixote, "that if Orlando or Sacripanta had been poets, they would long ago have settled that account ; for it is not uncommon with poets, disdained or rejected by their mistresses, to retaliate by satires and lampoons,—a species of revenge certainly unworthy a generous spirit : but hitherto I have not met with any defamatory verses against the Lady Angelica, although she was the author of so much mischief in the world." "Marvellous indeed !" said the priest. At this moment, they were interrupted by a noise in the courtyard ; and hearing the niece and housekeeper vociferating aloud, they hastened to learn the cause

\* Louis Barahona de Soto.

† Lope de Vega

CHAPTER II.

*Which treats of the notable quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper, with other pleasant occurrences.*

LOOKING out of the window, Don Quixote, the priest, and the barber, saw the niece and housekeeper engaged in defending the door against Sancho Panza, who came to pay his master a visit. "Fellow, get home!" said one of them, "what have you to do here? It is by you our master is led astray and carried rambling about the country, like a vagabond." "Thou devilish housekeeper!" retorted Sancho, "it is I that am led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways; and it was your master that led me this dance:—so there you are quite mistaken. He tempted me from home with promises of an island, which I still hope for." "May the cursed islands choke thee, wretch!" answered the niece; "and pray, what are islands? Are they anything eatable?—glutton, cormorant as thou art!" "They are not to be eaten," replied Sancho, "but governed, and are better things than any four cities, or four justiceships at court." "For all that," said the housekeeper, "you shall not come in here, you bag of mischief, and bundle of roguery! Get you home and govern there; go, plough and cart, and do not trouble your silly pate about islands." The priest and the barber were highly diverted at this dialogue; but Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should blunder out something unseasonably, and touch upon certain points not advantageous to his reputation, ordered the women to hold their peace, and let him in. Sancho entered, and the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, now quite despairing of his cure: seeing that he was more intoxicated than ever with knight-errantry. "You will see, neighbour," said the curate, as they walked away, "our friend will soon take another flight." "No doubt of it," said the barber, "yet I think the credulity of the squire still more extraordinary:—it seems impossible to drive that same island out of his head." "Heaven help them!" cried the priest. "However, let us watch their motions: the knight and the squire seem both to be cast in the same mould, and the madness of the one, without the folly of the other, would not be worth a rush." "I should like to know what they are now conferring about," said the barber. "We shall soon hear that from the niece or housekeeper," replied the priest; "for, I lay my life, they will not refrain from listening."

Don Quixote having shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho, he said to him, "It concerns me much, Sancho, that thou wilt persist in saying that I enticed thee from thy home. How! Did we not both leave our homes together, journey together, and were both exposed to the same fortune! If thou wert once tossed in a blanket, I have only had the advantage of thee, in being a hundred times exposed to hard blows." "This is but reasonable," answered Sancho; "for, as your worship says, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant than to their squires." "Thou art mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for, according to the saying, *Quando caput dolet*, &c." "I understand no other language than my own," replied Sancho. "I mean," said Don Quixote, "that when the head aches, all the members ache also; and therefore I, being thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou, being my servant, art a portion of me; and, therefore, whatever evil I suffer must be felt by thee, as thy sufferings likewise affect me." "And so it should be," quoth Sancho; "but when I as a member, suffered in the blanket, my head stood on t'other side of the pales, seeing me tossed in the air, without taking the smallest

share in my pain, though, as the members are bound to grieve at the ills of the head, the head should have done the like for them." "Wouldst thou then insinuate, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that I was not grieved when I saw thee tossed in the air? If that be thy meaning, be assured thou art deceived: for I felt more at that time in my mind than thou didst in thy body. But let us dismiss this subject at present; for a time will come when we may set this matter to rights. And now tell me, friend Sancho, what do they say of me in the village? What opinion do the common people entertain of me? What think the gentlemen and the cavaliers? What is said of my prowess, of my exploits, and of my courteous demeanour? What say they to the design I have formed of reviving the long-forgotten order of chivalry? In short, Sancho, I would have thee tell me whatever thou hast heard concerning these matters; and this thou must do, without adding to the good, or omitting the evil; for it is the part of faithful vassals to tell their lords the truth in its native simplicity, neither embellished by adulation nor withheld out of any idle delicacy. And let me tell thee, Sancho, that if the naked truth could reach the ears of princes, without the disguise of flattery, we should see happier days, and former ages would be deemed as iron in comparison of ours, which would then be truly termed the golden age. Now remember this, Sancho, and give me an ingenuous and faithful account of what thou knowest concerning these matters." "That I will, with all my heart, sir," answered Sancho, "on condition that your worship be not angry at what I say, since you desire to have the truth, just as it came to me." "I will in no wise be angry," replied Don Quixote; "speak then freely, Sancho, and without any circumlocution."

"First and foremost, then," said Sancho, "the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for no less a fool. The gentry say that, not content to keep to your own proper rank of a gentleman, you call yourself Don, and set up for a knight, with no more than a paltry vineyard and a couple of acres of land. The cavaliers say they do not choose to be vied with by those country squires who clout their shoes, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings with green silk." "That," said Don Quixote, "is no reflection upon me; for I always go well clad, and my apparel is never patched; a little torn it may be, but more by the fretting of my armour than by time." "As to your valour, courtesy, achievements, and undertakings," continued Sancho, "there are many different opinions. Some say you are mad, but humorous; others, valiant, but unfortunate; others, courteous, but absurd; and thus they pull us to pieces, till they leave neither your worship nor me a single feather upon our backs." "Take notice, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that, wherever virtue exists in any eminent degree, it is always persecuted. Few, or none, of the famous men of antiquity escaped the calumny of their malicious contemporaries. Julius Cæsar, a most courageous, prudent, and valiant general, was charged with being too ambitious, and also with want of personal cleanliness. Alexander, whose exploits gained him the surname of Great, is said to have been addicted to drunkenness. Hercules, who performed so many labours, is accused of being lascivious and effeminate. Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was taxed with being quarrelsome, and his brother with being a whimperer. Amidst so many aspersions cast on the worthy, mine, O Sancho, may very well pass, if they are no more than thou hast mentioned." "Body of my father! there's the rub, sir," exclaimed Sancho. "What, then, is there more yet behind?" said Don Quixote. "Why, all the things I have told you are tarts and cheesecakes to what remains behind," replied Sancho: "but if your worship would have all, to the very dregs, I will bring one hither presently who can tell you everything, without missing a tittle; for last night the son of Bartholomew Carrasco returned from his studies at Salamanca, where he has



taken his bachelor's degree; and when I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that the history of your worship was already printed in books, under the title of 'Don Quixote de la Mancha;' and he says it mentions me too by my very name of Sancho Panza, and also the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and several other private matters which passed between us two only; insomuch that I crossed myself out of pure amazement, to think how the historian who wrote it should come to know them." "Depend upon it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of this our history must be some sage enchanter: for nothing is concealed from them." "A sage and an enchanter?" quoth Sancho: "why, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco says the author of this story is called Cid Hamet Berengena." \* "That is a Moorish name," answered Don Quixote. "It may be so," replied Sancho; "for I have heard that your Moors, for the most part, are lovers of Berengenas." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou must be mistaken in the surname of that same 'Cid,' which, in Arabic, signifies 'a lord.'" "That may be," answered Sancho, "but if your worship would like to see him, I will run and fetch him." "Thou wilt give me singular pleasure, friend," said Don Quixote; "for I am surprised at what thou hast told me, and shall be impatient till I am informed of every particular." "I will go for him directly," said Sancho; then, leaving his master, he went to seek the bachelor, with whom he soon returned, and a most delectable conversation then passed between them.

### CHAPTER III.

*Of the pleasant conversation which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco.*

DON QUIXOTE, full of thought, was impatient for the return of Sancho and the bachelor Carrasco, anxious to hear about the printed accounts of himself, yet scarcely believing that such a history could really be published, since the blood of the enemies he had slain was still reeking on his sword-blade—indeed, he did not see how it was possible that his high feats of arms should be already in print. However, he finally concluded that some sage, either friend or enemy, by art-magic, had sent them to the press: if a friend, to proclaim and extol them above the most signal achievements of knights-errant—if an enemy, to annihilate and sink them below the meanest that ever were written even of a squire: though again he recollected that the feats of squires were never recorded. At any rate he was certain, if it should prove the fact that such a history was really extant, being that of a knight-errant, it could not be otherwise than lofty, illustrious, magnificent, and true. This thought afforded him some comfort, but he lost it again on considering that the author was a Moor, as it appeared from the name of Cid, and that no truth could be expected from Moors, who are all impostors, liars, and visionaries. He also felt much inquietude lest the author might have treated his passion with indelicacy, and thereby offend the immaculate purity of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso; he hoped, however, he might find a faithful delineation of his own constancy and the decorum he had ever inviolably preserved towards her: slighting, for her sake, queens, empresses, and damsels of all degrees, and resisting the most violent temptations. While he was agitated by these and a thousand other fancies, Sancho returned, accompanied by the bachelor, who was received with all possible courtesy.

\* Sancho mistakes Berengena, a species of fruit, for Benengeli

This bachelor, though Sampson by name, was no giant in person, but a little mirth-loving man, with a good understanding ; about twenty-four years of age, of a pale complexion, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed : all indicating humour and native relish for jocularly, which, indeed showed itself when on approaching Don Quixote, he threw himself upon his knees, and said to him, "Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, allow me the honour of kissing your illustrious hand, for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear—though I have yet taken only the four first degrees towards holy orders—your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that hath ever been or shall be, upon the whole circumference of the earth ! A blessing light on Cid Hamet Benengeli, who has recorded the history of your mighty deeds ; and blessings upon blessings light on that ingenious scribe whose laudable curiosity was the cause of its being translated out of Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, for the profit and amusement of all mankind !" Don Quixote having raised him from the ground, said to him, "It is true, then, that my history is really published to the world, and that it was written by a Moor and a sage ?" "So true it is, sir," said Sampson, "that I verily believe there are, at this very day, above twelve thousand copies published of that history :—witness Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed ; and it is said to be now printing at Antwerp—indeed, I prophesy that no nation or language will be without a translation of it." "There cannot be a more legitimate source of gratification to a virtuous and distinguished man," said Don Quixote, "than to have his good name celebrated during his life-time, and circulated over different nations :—I say his good name, for if it were otherwise than good, death in any shape, would be preferable." "As to high reputation and a good name," said the bachelor, "your worship bears the palm over all past knights-errant : for the Moor in the Arabian language, and the Castilian in his translation, have both taken care to paint to the life that gallant deportment which distinguishes you, that greatness of soul in confronting dangers, that patience in adversity, that fortitude in suffering, that modesty and continence in love, so truly Platonic, as that subsisting between you and my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."

Sancho here interposed, saying, "I never heard my lady Dulcinea called Donna before, but only plain Dulcinea del Toboso ; so that here the history is already mistaken." "That objection is of no importance," answered Carrasco. "No, certainly," replied Don Quixote ; "but pray tell me, signor bachelor, on which of my exploits do they lay the greatest stress in that same history ?" "As to that matter," said the bachelor, "opinions vary according to the difference of tastes. Some are for the adventure of the wind-mills, which your worship took for so many Briareuses and giants ; others prefer that of the fulling-mills ; one cries up for the two armies, which turned out to be flocks of sheep ; another for the dead body, carrying for interment to Segovia. Some maintain that the affair of the galley-slaves is the flower of all ; while others will have it that none can be compared to that of the two Benedictine giants, and the combat with the valorous Biscayan." "Pray tell me, signor bachelor," quoth Sancho, "has it got, among the rest, the affair of the Yanguesian carriers, when our good Rozinante was tempted to go astray ?" "The sage," answered Sampson, "has omitted nothing—he minutely details everything, even to the capers Sancho cut in the blanket." "I cut no capers in the blanket," answered Sancho ; "in the air I own I did, and not much to my liking." "There is no history of human affairs, I conceive," said Don Quixote, "which is not full of reverses, and none more than those of chivalry." "Nevertheless," replied the bachelor, "some who have read the history say they should have been better pleased if the authors of it had forborne to enumerate all the buffetings endured by Signor Don Quixote in his different encounters." "Therein," quoth Sancho.

"consists the truth of the history." "They might, indeed, as well have omitted them," said Don Quixote, "since there is no necessity for recording actions which are prejudicial to the hero, without being essential to the history. It is not to be supposed that Æneas was in all his actions so pure as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so uniformly prudent as he is described by Homer." "True," replied Sampson: "but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another to write as an historian. The poet may say or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been; but the historian must pen them not as they ought to have been, but as they really were, without adding to, or diminishing aught from the truth." "Well, then," said Sancho, "if this Signor Moor is so fond of telling the truth, and my master's rib-roastings are all set down, I suppose mine are not forgotten; for they never took measure of his worship's shoulders, but at the same time they contrived to get the length and breadth of my whole body; but why should I wonder at that, since, as this same master of mine says, the members must share the fate of the head?" "Sancho, thou art an arch rogue," replied Don Quixote, "and in faith, upon some occasions, hast no want of memory." "Though I wanted ever so much to forget what my poor body has suffered," quoth Sancho, "the tokens that are still fresh on my ribs would not let me." "Peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and let signor bachelor proceed, that I may know what is further said of me in the history." "And of me too," quoth Sancho, "for I hear that I am one of the principal parsons in it." "Persons, not parsons, friend Sancho," quoth Sampson. "What, have we another corrector of words?" quoth Sancho: "if we are to go on at this rate, we shall make slow work of it." "As sure as I live," Sancho," answered the bachelor, "you are the second person of the history:—nay, there are those who had rather hear you talk than the finest fellow of them all: though there are also some who charge you with being too credulous in expecting the government of that island promised you by Signor Don Quixote, here present." "There is still sun-shine on the wall," quoth Don Quixote; "and when Sancho is more advanced in age, with the experience that years bestow, he will be better qualified to be a governor than he is at present." "Fore Gad! sir," quoth Sancho, "if I am not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall be no better able at the age of Methusalem. The mischief of it is, that the said island sticks somewhere else, and not in my want of a head-piece to govern it." "Recommend the matter to God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and all will be well—perhaps better than thou mayst think: for not a leaf stirs on the tree without his permission." "That is very true," quoth Sampson; "and if it please God, Sancho will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one." "I have seen governors ere now," quoth Sancho, "who, in my opinion, do not come up to the sole of my shoe: and yet they are called 'your lordship,' and eat their victuals upon plate." "Those are not governors of islands," replied Sampson, "but of other governments more manageable; for those who govern islands must at least understand grammar." "Gramercy for that!" quoth Sancho; "it is all Greek to me, for I know nothing of the matter; so let us leave the business of governments in the hands of God, and let Him dispose of me in the way that I may best serve Him. But I am mightily pleased, Signor Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that the author of the history has not spoken ill of me; for, upon the faith of a trusty squire, had he said anything of me unbecoming an old Christian, as I am, the deaf should have heard it." "That would be working miracles," answered Sampson. "Miracles, or no miracles," quoth Sancho, "people should take heed what they say and write of other folks, and not set anything down that comes uppermost."

"One of the faults found with this history," said the bachelor, "is that the

author has inserted in it a novel called 'The Curious Impertinent:' not because the tale is bad in itself, or ill-written, but they say that it is out of place, having nothing to do with the story of his worship Signor Don Quixote." "I will lay a wager," replied Sancho, "the rascally author has made a fine hotch-potch of it, jumbling fish and flesh together." "I aver then," said Don Quixote, "that the author of my history could not be a sage, but some ignorant pretender, who has engaged in the work without deliberation, and written down anything just at random: like Orbeneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he was painting, answered, 'As it may happen;' and who, when he had painted a cock, to prevent impertinent mistakes, wrote under it, 'This is a cock.' Thus, perhaps, it has fared with my history, which may require a comment to make it intelligible." "Not at all," answered Sampson; "for it is so plain, so easy to be understood, that children thumb it, boys read it, men understand it, and old folks commend it; in short, it is so tossed about, so conned, and so thoroughly known by all sorts of people, that no sooner is a lean horse seen than they cry, 'Yonder goes Rozinante.' But none are so much addicted to reading it as your pages:—in every nobleman's antechamber you will be sure to find a Don Quixote. If one lays it down, another takes it up; one asks for it, another snatches it;—in short, this history is the most pleasing and least prejudicial work that was ever published: for it contains not one indecent expression, nor a thought that is not purely catholic." "To write otherwise of me," said Don Quixote, "had not been to write truths, but lies: and historians who propagate falsehoods should be condemned to the stake, like coiners of base money. Why the author was induced to mix novels, or narratives of other persons, with my history, which is itself so rich in matter, I know not; but some writers think, as the proverb says, 'With hay or with straw—it is all the same.' Verily, had he confined himself to the publication of my thoughts, my sighs, my groans, my laudable intentions, or my actual achievements, he might, with these alone, have compiled a volume as large, or larger, than all the works of Tostatus. But in truth, signor bachelor, much knowledge and a mature understanding are requisite for a historian, or, indeed, for a good writer of any kind; and wit and humour belong to genius alone. There is no character in comedy which requires so much ingenuity as that of the fool; for he must not in reality be what he appears. History is like sacred writing, because truth is essential to it: and where there is truth, the Deity himself is present: nevertheless, there are many who think that books may be written and tossed out into the world like fritters."

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but that something good may be found in it." "Undoubtedly," said Don Quixote; "I have known many, too, that have enjoyed considerable reputation for their talents in writing, until, by publishing, they have either injured or entirely lost their fame." "The reason of this is," said Sampson, "that as printed works may be read leisurely, their defects are more easily seen, and they are scrutinised more or less strictly in proportion to the celebrity of the author. Men of great talents, whether poets or historians, seldom escape the attacks of those who, without ever favouring the world with any production of their own, take delight in criticising the works of others." "Nor can we wonder at that," said Don Quixote, "when we observe the same practice among divines, who, though dull enough in the pulpit themselves, are wonderfully sharp-sighted in discovering the defects of other preachers." "True, indeed, Signor Don Quixote," said Carrasco; "I wish critics would be less fastidious, nor dwell so much upon the moths which may be discerned even in the brightest works: for, though *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, they ought to consider how much he was awake to produce a work with so much light and so little shade; nay, perhaps

even his seeming blemishes are like moles, which are sometimes thought to be rather an improvement to beauty. But it cannot be denied, that whoever publishes a book to the world, exposes himself to imminent peril, since, of all things, nothing is more impossible than to satisfy everybody." "My history must please but very few, I fear," said Don Quixote. "On the contrary," replied the bachelor, "as, *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, so infinite is the number of those who have been delighted with that history. Though some, it is true, have taxed the author with having a treacherous memory, since he never explained who it was that stole Sancho's Dapple: it only appears that he was stolen, yet soon after we find him mounted upon the same beast, without being told how it was recovered. They complain also, that he has omitted to inform us, what Sancho did with the hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau in the Sierra Morena: for he never mentions them again, to the great disappointment of many curious persons, who reckon it one of the most material defects in the work." "Master Sampson," replied Sancho, "I am not in the mind now to come to accounts or reckonings, for I have a qualm come over my stomach, and shall not be easy till I have rectified it with a couple of draughts of old stingo; I have the darling at home, and my duck looks for me. When I have had my feed, and my girths are tightened, I shall be with you straight, and will satisfy you and all the world, in whatever they are pleased to ask me, both touching the loss of Dapple and the laying out of the hundred crowns." Then, without waiting for an answer, or saying another word, he set off home. The bachelor, being pressed by Don Quixote to stay and do penance with him, he accepted the invitation, and a couple of pigeons were added to the usual fare: chivalry was the subject at table, and Carrasco carried it on with the proper humour and spirit. Their banquet over, they slept during the heat of the day; after which Sancho returned, and the former conversation was renewed.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

*Wherein Sancho Panza answers the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's doubts and questions; with other incidents worthy of being known and recited.*

SANCHO returned to Don Quixote's house; and, reviving the late subject of discourse, which he had so abruptly quitted, he said: "Well, Master Sampson Carrasco, now you want to know when and how my Dapple was stolen, and who was the thief? You must know, then, that on the very night then we marched off, to avoid the officers of the holy brotherhood, after the unlucky affair of the galley-slaves, having made our way into the Sierra Morena, my master and I got into a thicket, where he, leaning upon his lance, and I, sitting upon Dapple, mauled and tired by our late skirmishes, we both fell as fast asleep as if we had been stretched upon four feather-beds. For my own part, I slept so soundly that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to prop me up on four stakes, which he planted under the four corners of the pannel, and then drawing Dapple from under me, he left me fairly mounted, without ever dreaming of my loss." "That is an easy matter, and no new device," said Don Quixote; "for it is recorded, that at the siege of Albraca the famous robber Brunelo, by the very same stratagem, stole the horse of Sacripante from between his legs." "At day-break," continued Sancho, "when I awoke and began to stretch myself, the stakes gave way, and down I came, with a confounded squelch, to the ground. I looked about me, but could see no Dapple;

tears came into my eyes, and I made such a lamentation that if the author of our history has not set it down, he has surely omitted an excellent thing. After some days—I cannot exactly say how many—as I was following the princess Micomicona, I saw my ass again, and who should be mounted on him but that cunning rogue and notorious malefactor Gines de Passamonte, whom my master and I freed from the galley-chain!” “The mistake does not lie there,” said Sampson, “but in the author making Sancho ride upon the same beast before he is said to have recovered him.” “All this,” said Sancho, “I know nothing about; it might be a mistake of the historian, or perhaps, a blunder of his printer.” “No doubt it was so,” quoth Sampson: “but what became of the hundred crowns?—for there we are in the dark.” “I laid them out,” replied Sancho, “for the benefit of my own person and that of my wife and children; and they have been the cause of her bearing quietly my rambles from home in the service of my master Don Quixote: for had I returned after so long a time, ass-less and penny-less, I must have looked for a scurvy greeting: and if you want to know anything more of me, here I am, ready to answer the king himself in person; though it is nothing to anybody whether I bought or bought not, whether I spent or spent not: for if the cuffs and blows that have been given me in our travels were to be paid for in ready money, and rated only at four maravedis a piece, another hundred crowns would not pay for half of them: so let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not take white for black, nor black for white; for we are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse.”

“I will take care,” said Carrasco, “to warn the author of the history not to forget, in his next edition, what honest Sancho has told us, which will make the book as good again.” “Are there any other explanations wanting in the work, signor bachelor?” quoth Don Quixote. “There may be others,” answered Carrasco, “but none of equal importance with those already mentioned.” “Peradventure,” said Don Quixote, “the author promises a second part?” “He does,” answered Sampson, “but says he has not yet been able to find out the possessor of it; and therefore we are in doubt whether or not it will ever make its appearance. Besides, some people say that second parts are never good for anything; and others that there is enough of Don Quixote already; though it is true there are some merry souls who cry, ‘Let us have more Quixotades; let but Don Quixote encounter, and Sancho Panza talk, and go the world as it may!’” “But pray, how stands the editor affected?” inquired Don Quixote. “How!” said Sampson; “why, as soon as he can find this history, which he is diligently searching for, he will immediately send it to press, more on account of the profit than the praise which he hopes to derive from it.” “What, then,” said Sancho, “the author wants to get money by it? If so, it will be a wonder, indeed, if it is well done; for he will stitch it away like a tailor on Easter-eve, and your hasty works are never good for anything. This same Signor Moor would do well to consider a little what he is about; for I and my master will furnish him so abundantly with lime and mortar in matter of adventures that he may not only compile a second, but a hundred parts. The good man thinks, without doubt, that we lie sleeping here in straw, but let him hold up the limping foot, and he will see why it halts. All that I can say is, that if my master had taken my advice we might have been now in the field, redressing grievances and righting wrongs, according to the usage of good knights-errant.” At this moment, while Sancho was yet speaking, the neighing of Rozinante reached their ears; which Don Quixote took for a most happy omen, and resolved, without delay, to resume his functions, and again sally forth into the world. He therefore consulted the bachelor as to what course he should take, and was advised by him to go straight to the kingdom of Arragon and the city of Sara-

gossa, where, in a few days, a most solemn tournament was to be held in honour of the festival of Saint George; and there, by vanquishing the Arragonian knights, he would acquire the ascendancy over all the knights in the world. He commended his resolution as most honourable and brave: at the same time cautioning him to be more wary in encountering great and needless perils, because his life was not his own, but belonged to those who stood in need of his aid and protection. "That is just what I say, Signor Sampson," quoth Sancho; "for my master makes no more of attacking an hundred armed men than a greedy boy would do half-a-dozen melons. Body of me, signor bachelor! yes, there must be a time to attack, and a time to retreat, and it must not be always, 'Saint Jago, and charge, Spain!'" And further, I have heard it said (and, if I remember right, by my master himself) that true valour lies in the middle between cowardice and rashness; and, if so, I would not have him either fall on or fly, without good reason for it. But, above all, I would let my master know that, if he takes me with him, it must be upon condition that he shall battle it all himself, and that I shall only have to tend his person—I mean look after his clothes and food; all which I will do with a hearty good will: but if he expects that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be only against beggarly wood-cutters with hooks and hatchets, he is very much mistaken. I, Signor Sampson, do not set up for being the most valiant, but the best and most faithful squire that ever served knight-errant; and if my lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, shall please to bestow on me some one of the many islands his worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and if he give me none, here I am, and it is better to trust God than each other; and mayhap my government bread might not go down so sweet as that which I should eat without it; and how do I know but the devil, in one of these governments, might set up a stumbling-block in my way, over which I may fall, and dash out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I expect to die: yet for all that if, fairly and squarely, without much care or much risk, Heaven should chance to throw an island, or some such thing, in my way, I am not such a fool neither as to refuse it: for, as the saying is, 'When they give you a heifer, be ready with the rope,' and 'When good fortune knocks, make haste to let her in.'

"Brother Sancho," quoth the bachelor, "you have spoken like any professor; nevertheless, trust in Heaven, and Signor Don Quixote, and then you may get not only an island, but even a kingdom." "One as likely as the other," answered Sancho; "though I could tell Signor Carrasco that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a rotten sack; for I have felt my pulse, and find myself strong enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified, before now, to my master." "Take heed, Sancho," quoth the bachelor, "for honours change manners; and it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know even your own mother." "That," answered Sancho, "may be the case with those that are born among the mallows; but not with one whose soul, like mine, is covered four inches thick with the grace of an old Christian;—no, no, I am not one of the ungrateful sort." "Heaven grant it," said Don Quixote; "but we shall see when the government comes: and methinks I have it already in my eye."

The knight now requested Sampson Carrasco, if he were a poet, to do him the favour to compose some verses for him, as a farewell to his lady, and to place a letter of her name at the beginning of each verse, so that the initials joined together might make *Dulcinea del Toboso*. The bachelor said that, though he was not one of the great poets of Spain, who were said to be three-and-a-half in number, he would endeavour to comply with his request; at the same time, he

"Santiago y cierra Espana," is the cry of the Spaniards at the onset in battle.

foresaw that it would be no easy task, as the name consisted of seventeen letters; for if he made four stanzas of four verses each, there would be a letter too much, and if he made them of five, which are called Decimas or Redondillas, there would be three letters wanting: however, he said that he would endeavour to sink a letter as well as he could, so that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso should be included in the four stanzas. "Let it be so by all means," said Don Quixote; "for, when the name is not plain and manifest, the lady is always doubtful whether the verses be really composed for her." On this point they agreed, and also that they should set out within eight days from that time. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep his intention secret, especially from the priest and master Nicholas, as well as his niece and housekeeper, lest they might endeavour to obstruct his honourable purpose. Carrasco promised to attend to his caution, and took his leave, after obtaining a promise on his part to send him tidings of his progress whenever an opportunity offered. Sancho also went home to prepare for the intended expedition.

## CHAPTER V.

*Of the discreet and pleasant conversation which passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa.*

ENTERING on the present chapter, the translator of this history says that he takes it to be apocryphal, because Sancho therein expresses himself in a style very different from what might be expected from his shallow understanding, and speaks with an acuteness that seems wholly above his capacity; nevertheless he would not omit the translation of it, in compliance with the duty of his office, and therefore proceeded as follows:—

Sancho went home in such high spirits that his wife observed his gaiety a bow-shot off, insomuch that she could not help saying, "What makes you look so blithe, friend Sancho?" To which he answered: "Would to Heaven, dear wife, I were not so well pleased as I seem to be!" "I know not what you mean, husband," replied she, "by saying you wish you were not so much pleased; now, silly as I am, I cannot guess how any one can desire not to be pleased." "Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho, "I am thus merry because I am about to return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is going again in search after adventures, and I am to accompany him: for so my fate wills it. Besides, I am merry with the hopes of finding another hundred crowns like those we have spent; though it grieves me to part from you and my children; and if Heaven would be pleased to give me bread, dryshod and at home, without dragging me over crags and cross-paths, it is plain that my joy would be better grounded, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you: so that I was right in saying that I should be glad if it pleased Heaven I were not so well pleased." "Look you, Sancho," replied Teresa, "ever since you have been a knight-errant man, you talk in such a roundabout manner that nobody can understand you." "It is enough, wife," said Sancho, "that God understands me. For He is the understander of all things; and so much for that. And do you hear, wife, it behoves you to take special care of Dapple for these three or four days to come, that he may be in a condition to bear arms; so double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling: for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and



to give and take with giants, fiery dragons, and goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings, and bleatings, all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to do with Yangueses and enchanted Moors." "I believe, indeed, husband," replied Teresa, "that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing, and therefore I shall not fail to beseech Heaven to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap." "I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, "that did I not expect, ere long, to see myself governor of an island, I vow I should drop down dead upon the spot." "Not so, good husband," quoth Teresa: "let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Do you live, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without a government you came into the world, without a government you have lived till now, and without it you can be carried to your grave, whenever it shall please God. How many folks are there in the world that have no government? and yet they live, and are reckoned among the people. The best sauce in the world is hunger, and as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if perchance, Sancho, you should get a government, do not forget me and your children. Consider that your son Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if his uncle the abbot means to breed him up to the church. Consider also that Mary Sancha your daughter will not break her heart if we marry her; for I am mistaken if she has not as much mind to a husband as you have to a government: and verily say I, better a daughter but humbly married than highly kept." "In good faith, dear wife," said Sancho, "if Heaven be so good to me that I get anything like a government, I will match Mary Sancha so highly that there will be no coming near her without calling her your ladyship." "Not so, Sancho," answered Teresa; "the best way is to marry her to her equal; for if you lift her from clouted shoes to high heels, and, instead of her russet coat of fourteenpenny stuff, give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk; and instead of plain Molly and thou, she be called madam and your ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, showing her home-spun country stuff." "Peace, fool," quoth Sancho, "she has only to practise two or three years, and the gravity will set upon her as if it were made for her: and if not, what matters it? Let her be a lady, and come of it what will." "Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho," answered Teresa; "and do not seek to raise yourself higher, but remember the proverb, 'Wipe your neighbour's son's nose and take him into your house.' It would be a pretty business, truly, to marry our Mary to some great count or knight, who, when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker's brat, and I know not what else. No, not while I live, husband; I have not brought up my child to be so used; do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care: for there is Lope Tocho, John Tocho's son, a lusty, hale young man, whom we know, and I am sure he has a sneaking kindness for the girl; to him she will be very well married, considering he is our equal, and will be always under our eye; and we shall be all as one, parents and children, grandsons and sons-in-law, and so the peace and blessing of Heaven will be among us all; and do not you be for marrying her at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her, nor she understand herself." "Hark you, beast, and wife for Barabbas," replied Sancho, "why would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one who may bring me grandchildren that may be styled your lordships?—Look you, Teresa, I have always heard my betters say, 'He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay;' and it would be wrong, now that fortune is knocking at our door, not to open it and bid her welcome. 'Let us spread our sail to the favourable gale, now that it blows.'"—It was this language from

Sancho, and more of the same kind which followed, that made the translator suspect the present chapter to be apocryphal.

"Do you not think, animal," continued Sancho, "that it would be well for me to get hold of some good rich government that may lift us out of the dirt, so that I may wed Mary Sancha to any one I please? You will then see how people will call you Donna Teresa Panza, and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions, carpets, and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewomen of the parish. No, no, stay as you are, and be always the same thing, like a figure in the hangings, without being ever higher or lower. But no more of this, little Sancha shall be a countess in spite of your teeth." "Take care what you say, husband," answered Teresa; "for I am afraid this countess-ship will be my daughter's undoing. But you must do as you please—make her a duchess or a princess; but it shall never be with my consent. I always like to see things suited like to like, and cannot abide to see folks take upon them when they should not. Plain Teresa was I christened, and my name was never made to be dizened either with Dons or Donnas. My father's name was Cascajo, and I, being your wife, am called Teresa Panza, though indeed, by good right, I should be called Teresa Cascajo; but the laws follow the prince's will. I am content with that name as it is, without being burthened with Donna, to make it so heavy that I should not be able to carry it; and I would not have people cry out, when they see me decked out like any countess or governess, "Look how stately madam hog-feeder struts it! Yesterday she toiled at her distaff from morning to night, and went to mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head, for lack of a veil; and to-day, forsooth, she goes with her farthingale, her embroideries, and all so lofty as if we did not know her!" Heaven keep me in my seven, or my five senses, or as many as I have; for I have no mind to expose myself after this manner. Go you, husband, to your governing and islanding, and puff yourself up as you please; as for my girl and me, by the life of my father, we will neither of us stir a step from our own town: for the proverb says,

The wife that expects to have a good name  
Is always at home, as if she were lame:  
And the maid that is honest, her chiefest delight  
Is still to be doing from morning to night.

Go you, with your Don Quixote, to your adventures, and leave us to our ill fortunes; God will better them for us, if we deserve it; though truly I cannot guess who made him a Don, for neither his father nor his grandfather had any such title." "Out of all question," quoth Sancho, "some evil spirit must have got into that body of thine! Heaven bless thee, woman! what a heap of stuff hast thou been twisting together, without either head or tail! What has Cascajo, embroideries, or the proverbs to do with what I am saying? Why, thou foolish ignorant prater (for so I may well call thee, since thou canst neither understand what I say, nor see what is for thy own good), had I told thee that our daughter was to throw herself headlong from some high steeple, or go gipsying about the world as did the Infanta Donna Urraca, thou wouldst have been right in not coming into my mind; but if, in two turns of a hand, and less than the twinkling of an eye, I can equip her with a Don and Your Ladyship and raise thee from the straw to sit under a canopy of state, and upon a sofa with more velvet cushions than all the Almohadas\* of Morocco had Moors in their lineage, why wilt thou not consent, and desire what I desire?" "Would you know

\* A play on the word Almohada, which signifies a cushion, and is also the name of a famous tribe of Arabs in Africa.

why, husband?" answered Teresa. "It is because of the proverb, which says, 'He that covers thee discovers thee.' The poor man is scarcely looked at, while every eye is turned upon the rich; and if the poor man grows rich and great, then I warrant you there is work enough for your grumblers and backbiters, who swarm everywhere like bees."

"Hearken to me, Teresa," answered Sancho, "and listen to what I am going to say; mayhap thou hast never heard it before in all thy life: and I do not speak now of my own head, but from the speeches of that good father the preacher, who held forth to us last Lent in this village, who, if I remember right, said that the things which are present before our eyes take a stronger hold on our minds than things past."

All this parade of reasoning, so out of character in Sancho, tended to confirm the opinion of the translator that this chapter could not possibly be genuine. "That being the case," continued Sancho, "when we see any person finely dressed, and set off with rich apparel and with a train of servants, we are moved to show him respect; for, though we cannot but remember certain scurvy matters either of poverty or parentage, that formerly belonged to him, but which being long gone by are almost forgotten, we only think of what we see before our eyes. And if, as the preacher said, the person so raised by good luck, from nothing, as it were, to the tip-top of prosperity, be well-behaved, generous, and civil, and gives himself no ridiculous airs, pretending to vie with the old nobility, take my word for it Teresa, nobody will twit him with what he was, but will respect him for what he is: except, indeed, the envious, who hate every man's good luck." "I don't understand you, husband," replied Teresa; "do what you think fit, and do not crack my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes; but if you are revolved to do as you say"—"Resolved, you should say, wife," quoth Sancho, "and not revolved." "Do not trouble yourself to mend my words," answered Teresa; "I speak as it pleases God, and meddle not with your fine notions. I say if you hold still in the same mind of being a governor, take your son Sancho with you, and train him up to your calling, for it is fit that sons should learn their father's trade." "When I have a government," quoth Sancho, "I will send for him by the post; and also money to you, which I shall have in abundance, for people are always ready enough to lend their money to governors; and mind you clothe the boy so that he may look, not like what he is, but what he will be." "Send you the money," quoth Teresa, "and I will make him as fine as a palm branch." "We are agreed, then," quoth Sancho, "that our daughter is to be a countess?" "The day that I see her a countess," answered Teresa, "I shall reckon I am laying her in her grave: but I say again, you must do as you please, for to this burden women are born—they must obey their husbands if they are ever such block-heads;" and then she began to weep as bitterly as if she already saw little Sancha dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised that, though he must make her a countess, he would put it off as long as possible. Thus ended their dialogue, and Sancho went to pay his master another visit, in order to confer on the subject of their departure.

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## CHAPTER VI.

*Of what passed between Don Quixote, his niece, and housekeeper, which is one of the most important chapters in the whole history.*

THE niece and housekeeper of Don Quixote, during the conversation of Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo, were not idle ; for they were led to suspect, from a thousand symptoms, that he was inclined to break loose a third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry ; and therefore endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from his unhappy purpose : but it was all preaching in the desert, and hammering on cold iron. Among the many dialogues which passed between them on the subject, the housekeeper said to him, " Indeed, sir, if you will not tarry quietly at home, and leave off rambling over hills and dales like a troubled spirit in quest of those same adventures, which I call misadventures, I am fully resolved to pray to Heaven and the king to put a stop to it." To which Don Quixote replied : " Mistress housekeeper, what answer Heaven will return to your complaints I know not, any more than what his majesty will give you ; I only know that, if I were king, I would excuse myself answering the infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily presented to him. Indeed, one of the greatest fatigues to which monarchs are subject is the hearing and answering of every person who chooses to address them ; and therefore I should be sorry if he were troubled with my concerns." " Pray, sir," said the housekeeper, " are there no knights in his majesty's court ?" " Yes, many," replied Don Quixote ; " and highly necessary they are to keep up the state and dignity of princes." " Would it not, then, be better," replied she, " that your worship should be one of them, so that you might quietly serve your king and lord at court ?" " Look you, friend," answered Don Quixote, " all knights cannot be courtiers, neither can, nor ought, all courtiers to be knights-errant. There must be some of every station in the world, and though we are all knights, there is a great difference between us ; for the courtier-knight traverses the globe only on a map, without expense or fatigue, suffering neither heat nor cold, hunger nor thirst ; whereas the true knight-errant, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the atmosphere, by night and by day, on foot and on horseback, explores every quarter of the habitable world. Nor do we know our enemies in picture only, but in their proper persons, and attack them upon every occasion, without standing upon trifles, or upon the laws of duelling, such as whether our adversary bears a shorter or longer lance or sword—whether he is protected by holy relics, or wears any secret coat of mail, or whether the sun be duly divided or not : with other ceremonies of the same stamp, used in single combats between man and man, which thou dost not understand, but I do. And thou must know, further, that the true knight-errant, though he should espy ten giants whose heads not only touch, but overtop, the clouds, and though each of them stalk on two prodigious towers instead of legs, and hath arms like the main-masts of huge and mighty ships of war, and each eye like a great mill-wheel, and glowing like a fiery furnace ; yet must he in no wise be affrighted, but, on the contrary, with gentle demeanour and an undaunted heart, encounter, assail, and, if possible, in an instant vanquish and rout them, although they should come defended by the impenetrable coat of a certain shell-fish, harder than diamond ; and, instead of swords, armed with dreadful sabres of Damascus steel, or, as I have seen more than once, huge maces pointed with the same metal. All this I have said, mistress housekeeper, that thou mayst understand

the difference between one species of knight and another ; and it were to be wished that all princes could duly appreciate this last, or rather first order—I mean the knights-errant, who were, in times past, the bulwark not only of one, but of many kingdoms.”

“Ah, dear uncle !” said the niece, “be assured all the stories you tell us of knights-errant are fables and lies ; and their histories deserve to be burnt, or at least to be marked by a Sanbenito,\* or some badge, that their wickedness may be known.” “Now, by the God in whom I live !” said Don Quixote, “were you not my own sister’s daughter, I would make such an example of you, for the blasphemy you have uttered, that the whole world should resound with it. What ! a young baggage who scarcely knows how to manage a dozen of bobbins, presume to raise her voice in censure of the histories of knights-errant ! What would Sir Amadis have said to this ?—though he, indeed, I believe, would have pardoned thee ; for he was the most humble and most courteous knight of his time, and, moreover, a great protector of damsels. But thy profanity might have reached the ears of others, from whose indignation thou wouldst not have escaped so easily ; for all are not equally gentle and courteous. Neither are all those who call themselves knights really so : for some are not sterling gold, but base, counterfeit stuff, which, though deceiving the sight, cannot stand the test of truth. There are low fellows, who strain and swell even to bursting, to appear great ; and others you will see, of exalted rank, who seem desirous only to emulate the base. While the one class rises by ambition or virtue, the other sinks by meanness or vice : yet it is often difficult to distinguish between these varieties, so alike in name, and so different in their actions.” “Bless me, uncle !” quoth the niece, “that you should be so knowing, that, if need were, you might mount a pulpit and hold forth in the streets, and yet so infatuated as to imagine yourself valiant at your time of life, and strong, when, alas ! you are so infirm ; and pretend to make crooked things straight, though bent yourself under the weight of years : and, above all, set up for a knight, when you are no such thing !—some gentry may indeed pretend to that honour, but those who are poor must not look so high.”

“Thou art right, niece,” answered Don Quixote ; “and I could tell thee such things concerning lineages as would surprise thee : but, not choosing to mix sacred with profane subjects, I forbear. You must know, my friends, that all the genealogies in the world may be reduced to four kinds. The first are those families who from a low beginning have raised and extended themselves, until they have reached the highest pinnacle of human greatness ; the second are those of high extraction, who have preserved their original dignity ; the third sort are those who, from a great foundation, have gradually dwindled, until, like a pyramid, they terminate in a small point. The last, which are the most numerous class, are those who have begun and continued low, and who must end the same : such are the great mass of the people. Of the first kind we have an example in the Ottoman family, (whose founder, from the lowly rank of a shepherd,) has attained its present height. Of the second order, examples may be adduced from sundry hereditary princes, who peaceably govern within the limits of their own dominions without seeking to enlarge or contract them. Of those who began great, and have ended in a point, there are thousands of instances ; for all the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all that infinite herd (if I may so call them) of princes, monarchs, and lords, the Medes, Assyrians, Greeks, Persians, and Barbarians—I say, all these families and states, as well as their founders, have ended in a point—that is, in nothing ; for it is impossible now to find any of their descendants, and, if they

\* A coat of black canvas painted over with flames and devils. It is worn by heretics, when going to be burnt by order of the Inquisition.

were in existence, it would be in some low and abject station. Of the lower race I have nothing to say, only that they serve to swell the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or eulogy. From all that I have said you must clearly see, my good simpletons, that genealogies are involved in endless confusion, and that those only are illustrious and great who are distinguished by their virtue and liberality, as well as their riches: for the great man who is vicious, is only a great sinner; and the rich man who wants liberality is but a miserly pauper. The gratification which wealth can bestow is not in mere possession, nor in lavishing it with prodigality, but in the wise application of it. The poor knight can only manifest his rank by his virtues and general conduct. He must be well-bred, courteous, kind, and obliging: not proud, nor arrogant, no murmurer: above all, he must be charitable, and by two maravedis given cheerfully to the poor he shall display as much generosity as the rich man who bestows large alms by sound of bell. Of such a man no one would doubt his honourable descent, and general applause will be the sure reward of his virtue. There are two roads, my daughters, by which men may attain riches and honour: the one by letters, the other by arms. I have more in me of the soldier than of the scholar; and it is evident, from my propensity to arms, that I was born under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am, as it were, forced into that track, and must follow it in spite of the whole world. Your endeavours, therefore, will be fruitless, in dissuading me from that which Heaven wills, fate ordains, reason demands, and above all, that to which my inclinations irresistibly impel me. Well I know the innumerable toils of knight-errantry; but I know also its honour and reward. The path of virtue is narrow, while that of vice is easy and broad; and equally different are the points to which they lead: the one to life eternal, the other to ignominy and death. I know, as our great Castilian poet expresses it, that—

Through these rough paths, to gain a glorious name,  
We climb the steep ascent that leads to fame;  
They miss the road who quit the rugged way,  
And in the smoother tracks of pleasure stray."

"Ah, woe is me!" quoth the niece; "my uncle a poet too! He knows everything; nothing comes amiss to him! I will lay a wager that, if he had a mind to turn mason, he could build a house with as much ease as a bird-cage!" "I assure thee, niece," answered Don Quixote, "that were not my whole soul engrossed by the arduous duties of chivalry, I would engage to do anything:—there is not a curious art which I would not acquire, especially that of making bird-cages and tooth-picks."

A knocking at the door was now heard, and finding, upon inquiry, that it was Sancho Panza, the housekeeper, to avoid the sight of him whom she abhorred, ran to hide herself while the niece let him in. His master Don Quixote received him with open arms, and, being closeted together, a conversation ensued, not inferior to the former.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Of what passed between Don Quixote and his squire, with other remarkable occurrences.*

As soon as the housekeeper saw that Sancho and her master were shut up together, she suspected the drift of their conference: and doubting not but that

another unfortunate expedition would be the result, she put on her veil and set off, full of trouble and anxiety, to seek the bachelor Sampson Carrasco : thinking that as he was a well-spoken person, and a new acquaintance of her master, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a project. She found him walking to and fro in the courtyard of his house, and she immediately fell down on her knees before him. The bachelor seeing her in this situation, and that she was apparently suffering under some heavy affliction, said to her, "What is the matter, mistress housekeeper? What has befallen you, that you seem ready to give up the ghost?" "Nothing at all, dear sir," quoth she, "only that my master is most certainly breaking forth." "How breaking forth, mistress?" demanded Sampson; "has he burst in any part of his body?" "No, but he is breaking forth into his old madness, signor bachelor," she replied; "he is surely in the mind to be strolling again about the wide world for the third time, in search of adventures, as he calls them. The first time, he was brought home to us laid athwart an ass, all battered and bruised. The second time he returned in an ox-waggon, locked up in a cage, and so changed, poor soul, that his own mother would not have known him; so feeble, wan, and withered, and his eyes sunk into the farthest corner of his brains, insomuch that it took me above six hundred eggs to get him a little up again, as Heaven and the world is my witness, and my hens, that will not let me lie." "I can easily believe that," answered the bachelor; "for your hens are too well bred and fed to say one thing and mean another. Then these apprehensions for your master are the whole and sole cause of your trouble, are they, mistress housekeeper?" "Yes, sir," answered she. "Be in no pain then," replied the bachelor, "but go home in Heaven's name, and get me something warm for breakfast, and on your way repeat the prayer of St. Apollonia, if you know it; I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders." "Bless me!" replied the housekeeper, "the prayer of St. Apollonia, say you? that might do something if my master's distemper laid in his gums; but alas! it is all in his brain." "I know what I say, mistress housekeeper," replied Sampson; "get you home, and do not stand disputing with me; for you know I am a Salamancau bachelor of arts, and there is no bachelorising beyond that." Then away went the housekeeper home, while the bachelor repaired to the priest, with whom he held a consultation, the issue of which will come out in due time.

During the interview between Don Quixote and Sancho, some conversation took place, which the history relates at large with great accuracy and truth. "I have now, sir," quoth Sancho to his master, "reduced my wife to consent that I should go with your worship wherever you please to carry me." "Reduced, thou shouldst say, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and not 'reduced.'" "Once or twice already," answered Sancho, "I have besought your worship not to mind my words, when you know my meaning; and when you do not, say, Sancho, or devil, I understand thee not; and then if I do not explain myself, you may correct me, for I am so focile." "I do not understand thee now, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for I know not the meaning of 'focile.'" "So focile," answered Sancho, "means, I am so much so." "I understand thee still less now," replied Don Quixote. "Why, if you do not understand me," answered Sancho, "I cannot help it; I know no more, so Heaven help me!" "O! now I have it," answered Don Quixote, "thou wilt say that thou art so docile, so pliant, and so tractable, that thou wilt readily comprehend whatever I say, and will learn whatever I shall teach thee." "I will lay a wager," quoth Sancho, "you took me from the first, only you had a mind to puzzle me, that you might hear some more of my blunders." "Perhaps thou mayest be right there," answered Don Quixote; "but tell me,

what says Teresa?" "Teresa," quoth Sancho, "says that fast bind, fast find, and that we must have less talking, and more doing: for he who shuffles is not he who cuts, and, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;' and I say, though there is but little in woman's advice, yet he that won't take it is not over wise." "I say so too," replied Don Quixote; "proceed, Sancho, for thou talkest admirably to-day." "The case is this," replied Sancho, "that, as your worship very well knows, we are all mortal—here to-day, and gone to-morrow; that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep; and that nobody can promise himself longer life than God pleases: for when death knocks at the door, he turns a deaf ear to all excuses—nothing can stay him, neither force, nor entreaties, nor sceptres, nor mitres: for so it is said both in the street and in the pulpit." "All this is true," said Don Quixote, "but I do not perceive what thou wouldst be at." "What I would be at," quoth Sancho, "is that your worship would be pleased to allow me wages—so much a month, as long as I shall serve you, and that, in case of need, the same may be paid out of your estate: for I have no mind to trust to rewards, which may come late or never; Heaven help me with my own, which I would be glad to know, be it little or much: for the hen sits, if it be but upon one egg; and many littles make a mickle, and while something is getting, nothing is losing. In good truth, should it fall out that your worship should give me that same island you have promised me (but which I am afraid will never come), I would not wish to make a hard bargain, but am willing that my wages should be deducted from the rent of such island fairly, cantity for cantity." "Is not 'quantity' as good as 'cantity,' friend Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "I understand you," quoth Sancho; "I suppose now, I should have said 'quantity,' and not 'cantity,' but that signifies nothing, since your worship knew my meaning." "Yes, and to the very bottom of it," returned Don Quixote. "I plainly see the mark at which thou art levelling thy proverbs; but hear me, Sancho: I should have no objection to appoint thee wages had I ever met with any example among the histories of knights-errant that showed the least glimmering of any such monthly or yearly stipend. I have read all, or most of those histories, and do not remember ever to have read that any knight-errant allowed his squire fixed wages; on the contrary, they all served upon courtesy: and when least expecting it, if their masters were fortunate, they were rewarded with an island, or something equal to it; at all events, they were certain of title and rank. If, Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, thou art willing to return to my service, in Heaven's name do so; but thou art mistaken if thou hast any hope that I shall act in opposition to the ancient usages of chivalry. Return home, therefore, Sancho, and inform thy wife of my determination; and if she is willing and thou art disposed to stay with me upon the terms I mentioned—*bene quidem*; if not, we will at least part friends: for if the dove-house wants not bait, it will never want pigeons; and take notice, son, that a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good claim better than bad pay. I talk thus, Sancho, to show thee that I also can discharge a volley of proverbs. But, to be plain with thee, if thou art not disposed to accompany me upon courtesy, and follow my fortunes, the Lord have thee in his keeping, and make thee a saint; for I shall never want squires more obedient, more diligent, and at the same time, less talkative and selfish than thou art."

On hearing this fixed resolution, the hopes of Sancho were overclouded, and his heart sunk within him: for hitherto he had never supposed it possible that his master would go without him for the world's worth; and as he was standing thoughtful and dejected, Sampson Carrasco entered the chamber, followed by the niece and housekeeper, who were curious to hear what arguments he would use to dissuade the knight from his threatened expedition. The waggish



bachelor approached him with great respect, and after embracing him, said, in an elevated tone : " O flower of knight-errantry ! O resplendent light of arms ! O mirror and glory of the Spanish nation ! May it please Heaven that all those who shall seek to prevent or impede your third sally be lost in the labyrinth of their own wiles, nor ever accomplish their evil desire ! " Then turning to the housekeeper, he said : " Now, mistress housekeeper, you may save yourself the trouble of saying the prayer of St. Appollonia ; for I know that it is the positive determination of the stars that Signor Don Quixote shall resume his glorious career, and I should greatly burthen my conscience did I not give intimation thereof, and persuade this knight no longer to restrain the force of his valorous arm, nor check the virtuous ardour of his soul, since by delay he defrauds the injured world of redress, orphans of protection, damsels of deliverance, widows of relief, and matrons of support, with other matters of this nature, dependent on knight-errantry. Go on then, dear Signor Don Quixote, my brave and gallant knight ! Lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow ; and if anything be wanting to hasten the execution of your design, here am I, ready to assist you with my life and fortune ; if your excellency stand in need of a squire, I shall esteem myself singularly fortunate in having the honour to serve you in that capacity. " " Did I not tell thee, " said Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, " that I should be in no want of squires ? Behold who now offers himself ! The renowned bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the darling and delight of the Salamancan schools ! sound and active of body, patient of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, no prater—in short, possessing all the qualifications requisite in the squire of a knight-errant ? But Heaven forbid that, to gratify my own private inclination, I should endanger this pillar of literature, this urn of genius, and lop off so flourishing a branch of the noble and liberal arts. No, let our new Sampson abide in his country, and do honour to the grey hairs of his venerable parents, by becoming its ornament. I will be content without a squire, since Sancho deigns not to accompany me. " " I do deign, " said Sancho, with eyes swimming in tears ; " it shall never be said of me, dear master, ' the bread eaten, the company broke up. ' I am not come of an ungrateful stock : for all the world knows, especially our village, who the Panzas were, that have gone before me. Besides, I know, by many good works and better words, your worship's inclination to do me a kindness : and if I have said too much upon the article of wages, it was to please my wife, who, when once she sets about persuading one to a thing, no mallet drives the hoops of a tub as she does to get her will : but a man must be a man, and a woman a woman ; and since I am a man elsewhere, I will also be one in my own house, in spite of anybody : so your worship has nothing to do but to look after your will and its codicil, in such manner as it cannot be rebuked ; and let us set out immediately, that the soul of Signor Sampson may be at rest, as he is obliged in conscience, he says, to persuade your worship to make a third sally ; and I again offer myself to serve your worship faithfully and loyally, as well and better than all the squires that ever served knight-errant in past or present times. "

The bachelor listened in admiration to Sancho, for though he had read the first part of the history, he had hardly conceived it possible that he should really be so pleasant a fellow as he is therein described ; but now he could believe all that had been said of him : in short, he set down both the master and man as the most extraordinary couple the world had ever yet produced. Don Quixote and Sancho being now perfectly reconciled, they agreed, with the approbation of the great Carrasco, their oracle, to depart within three days, in which time they might have leisure to provide what was necessary for the expedition, and especially a complete helmet, which Don Quixote declared to be indispensable. Sampson engaged to procure one from a friend, who he was sure would not

refuse it ; though he confessed the brightness of the steel was not a little obscured by tarnish and rust. The niece and housekeeper, on hearing this determination, made a woeful outcry, inveighing bitterly against Carrasco, who had been acting agreeably to a plan previously concerted with the priest and barber. They tore their hair, scratched and disfigured their faces, like the funeral mourners\* of former times, and lamented the approaching departure of their master as if it were his death.

Three days were now employed in preparation, at the end of which time, Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, they issued forth in the evening, unobserved by any except the bachelor, who insisted on bearing them company half a league from the village. The knight was mounted on his good Rozinante, and the squire on his trusty Dapple, his wallets stored with food, and his purse with money, providentially supplied by his master in case of need. When Sampson took his leave, he expressed an earnest desire to have advice of his good or ill fortune, that he might rejoice or condole with him, as the laws of friendship required. Don Quixote having promised to comply with this request, the bachelor returned to the village, and the knight and squire pursued their way towards the great city of Toboso.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Wherein is related what befel Don Quixote as he was going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso.*

"BLESSED be the mighty Alla !" exclaims Cid Hamet Benengeli, at the beginning of this eighth chapter, "blessed be Alla !" thrice uttering these pious ejaculations, upon seeing Don Quixote and Sancho again take the field ; and he adds, that from this point the readers of this delightful history may reckon that the exploits and pleasantries of the knight and his squire will recommence, and he entreats them to fix their attention only on the future achievements of the great adventurer, which now begin upon the road to Toboso, as did the former in the plain of Montiel. Nor, indeed, is this any very unreasonable request, considering what great things he promises. And thus he proceeds.

Don Quixote and Sancho were now left together, and scarcely had Sampson quitted them when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray, which both knight and squire regarded as a good omen. It must be confessed that the snorting and braying of Dapple exceeded the neighings of the steed ; whence Sancho gathered that his good luck was to rise above and exceed that of his master. But whether he drew this inference from any skill in judicial astrology is not known, as the history is silent in that particular ; certainly he had been heard to say, when he happened to fall or stumble, that he wished he had not gone out that day, for nothing was to be got by stumbling or falling but a torn shoe or a broken rib ; wherein, although a simpleton, he was not far out of the way.

"Friend Sancho," said Don Quixote to his squire, "the night comes on apace, and it will be dark before we reach Toboso, whither I am resolved to go before I undertake any other adventure. There will I receive the farewell benediction of the peerless Dulcinea, by which I shall secure the happy accomplishment of every perilous enterprise : for nothing in this life inspires a knight-errant with so much valour as the favour of his mistress." "I believe it," answered Sancho ; "but I am of opinion it will be difficult for your worship to

\* It was formerly the custom to hire these mourners or bewailers, to lament over the body of the deceased.

speak with her alone—at least, in any place where you may receive her benediction; unless she tosses it over the pales of the yard where I saw her last, when I carried her the letter that gave an account of the pranks your worship was playing on the mountain.” “Didst thou conceive those to be pales, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote, “over which thou didst behold that paragon of gentility and beauty? Impossible! Thou must mean galleries, arcades, or cloisters, of some rich and royal palace.” “All that may be,” answered Sancho; “but if I do not forget, to me they seemed pales, or I have a very shallow memory.” “However, let us go thither, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for, so I but gaze on her, be it through pales, the chinks of a hut, or lattice window, the smallest ray from the bright sun of her beauty will soon enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart, that I shall remain without a rival either in prudence or valour.” “In truth, sir,” answered Sancho, “when I saw this sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not bright enough to cast forth any beams, owing, I take it, to the dust from the grain which, I told you, her ladyship was winnowing, and which overcast her face like a cloud.” “What, Sancho!” said Don Quixote, “dost thou persist in saying and believing that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat—an employment so unsuitable to persons of distinction, who are devoted to other exercises and amusements more becoming their elevated station? It seems thou dost not remember, Sancho, our poet’s verses, in which he describes the labours of the four nymphs in their crystal mansions, when they raised their heads above the delightful Tagus, and seated themselves on the verdant mead to work those rich stuffs which, as described by the ingenious bard, were all embroidered with gold, silk, and pearls. And thus my lady must have been employed when thou sawest her; but the envy of some wicked enchanter changes and transforms everything that should give me pleasure; and, therefore, should the author of that history of me which is said to be published, be some enemy of mine, he may, I fear, have been very inaccurate, mingling a thousand lies with a single truth, and digressing into idle tales unworthy of true and genuine history. O envy! thou root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of virtues! There is no other vice, Sancho, which has not some object of pleasure to excuse it: but envy is attended only with nothing but disgust, malice, and rancour.” “That is what I say, too,” replied Sancho; “and I take it for granted, in that same legend or history which the bachelor Carrasco tells us he has seen, my reputation is tossed about like a tennis-ball. Now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, nor have I wealth enough to be envied. It may be true, indeed, what they say, that I am somewhat sly, and a little inclined to roguish tricks; but then I was always reckoned more simple than knavish. Besides, these same historians ought to spare me a little, if I had nothing else in me but my religion, for I am a true Catholic, and have a mortal hatred to the Jews. But let them say what they will; naked I came, and naked must go. I neither lose nor win; and so my name be but in print, and go about the world merrily from hand to hand, not a fig shall I care; they may say of me whatever they list.”

“You remind me, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “of what happened to a famous poet of our own times, who wrote an abusive satire upon the ladies of the court; but, not having expressly named a certain female of rank, so that it was doubtful whether she was included in it or not, she took occasion to reproach him for the omission, and desired to know what he had seen in her that she was to be excluded, and commanded him, at his peril, to enlarge his satire, and introduce her in the supplement. The poet acquiesced, and did not spare her character; but the lady, in order to be famous, was well content to be infamous. The same kind of ambition was that of the shepherd who set fire to the temple of Diana, accounted one of the seven wonders of the world, only that his name

might live in future ages : and though, in order to defeat his purpose, it was commanded by public edict that his name should never be mentioned either in speech or writing, yet it is known to have been Erostatus. A parallel instance is that which happened to the great emperor Charles the Fifth, when he went to look over the famous church of the Rotunda, which, by the ancients, was called the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, but now by a better name—the church of all saints. It is the only entire edifice remaining of heathen Rome, and one of the most considerable records of the greatness and magnificence of that city. It is circular in form, spacious, and very light within, though it has but one window, being a circular opening at the top, through which the emperor looked down to view the interior of the structure. He was attended by a Roman knight, who pointed out to him all the beauties of that noble edifice ; and after they had descended from the skylight, the knight said to him, ‘ Sacred sir, a thousand times I felt inclined to clasp your majesty in my arms, and cast myself down with you from the top to the bottom of the church, that my name might be eternal.’ ‘ I thank you,’ answered the emperor, ‘ for not indulging your ambitious thoughts upon this occasion, and shall take care in future that your loyalty be not exposed to so severe a trial, and therefore command you never to let me see you again.’ He then dismissed him, but not without a princely token of his generosity. This love of fame, Sancho, is a very active principle within us. What, thinkest thou, cast Horatius down from the bridge, armed at all points, into the Tiber ? What burnt the arm and hand of Mutius ? What impelled Curtius to throw himself into the flaming gulf that opened itself in the midst of Rome ? What made Cæsar pass the Rubicon in opposition to every presage ? What made the valiant Spaniards, under the courteous and intrepid Cortes, destroy their ships on the shores of a new world ? These and a multitude of other great exploits, were the effects of that unquenchable thirst after distinction—that fame which mortals aspire to, as the only meet recompense of great and glorious deeds ; though we, who are Catholic Christian knights-errant, ought to fix our hopes on that high reward placed in the celestial and eternal regions, which is happiness perfect and everlasting : unlike that shadow of glory which, being only of this world, must perish with it. Since then we seek a Christian reward, O my Sancho, let our works be conformable to the religion we profess. In slaying giants we must destroy pride and arrogance ; we must vanquish envy by generosity ; wrath, by a serene and humble spirit ; gluttony and sloth, by temperance and vigilance ; licentiousness, by chastity and inviolable fidelity to the sovereign mistresses of our hearts ; indolence, by traversing the world in search of every honourable opportunity of obtaining renown as knights and Christians. Such, Sancho, are the means by which we must gain that applause which is the reward of exalted merit.” “ I understand very well what your worship has been saying,” quoth Sancho ; “ but, for all that, I wish you would be so kind as to dissolve me one doubt which has come into my head.” “ Resolve, thou wouldst say, Sancho,” said Don Quixote : “ declare it, in Heaven’s name, and I will satisfy thee as far as I am able.” “ Pray tell me, sir,” proceeded Sancho, “ those Julys or Augusts, and all those mighty heroes you spoke of, who are dead—where are they now ?” “ The Gentiles,” answered Don Quixote, “ are doubtless in hell ; the Christians, if they were good Christians, are either in purgatory or in heaven.” “ Very well,” quoth Sancho ; “ but pray, sir, tell me whether the sepulchres in which the bodies of those great lords lie interred have silver lamps burning before them, and whether the walls of their chapels are adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, old perukes, legs, waxen eyes, and the like ; and if not with these, pray how are they adorned ?” “ The sepulchres of the heathens were for the most part sumptuous temples,” answered Don Quixote ; “ but the ashes of Julius Cæsar were deposited in an

urn, placed upon the top of a pyramid of stone of a prodigious magnitude, now called the obelisk of St. Peter. The sepulchre of the Emperor Adrian was a fortress in Rome, as large as a goodly-sized village, formerly called Moles Adriani, and now the castle of St. Angelo. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb which was numbered among the seven wonders of the world : but neither these, nor any other of the numerous sepulchres of the Gentiles, were decorated with winding-sheets, or any other offerings or signs, intended to denote the holiness of the deceased." "That is what I am coming to," replied Sancho ; "and now pray tell me which is the most difficult, to raise a dead man to life, or to slay a giant ?" "The answer is very obvious," answered Don Quixote ; "to raise a dead man." "There I have caught you !" quoth Sancho. "Then his fame who raises the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk, and cures the sick ; who has lamps burning near his grave, and good Christians always in his chapels, adoring his relics upon their knees—his fame, I say, shall be greater both in this world and the next, than that which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant in the world ever had or ever shall have." "I grant it," answered Don Quixote. "Then," replied Sancho, "the bodies and relics of saints have this power and grace, and these privileges, or how do you call them, and with the license of our holy mother church have their lamps, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, perukes, eyes, and legs, whereby they increase people's devotion, and spread abroad their own Christian fame. Kings themselves carry the bodies or relics of saints upon their shoulders, kiss the fragments of their bones, and adorn their chapels and most favourite altars with them." "Certainly, but what wouldst thou infer from all this, Sancho ?" quoth Don Quixote. "What I mean," said Sancho, "is, that we had better turn saints immediately, and we shall then soon get that fame we are seeking after. And pray take notice, sir, that it was but yesterday—I mean very lately—a couple of poor barefooted friars were canonised, and people now reckon it a greater happiness to touch or kiss the iron chains that bound them, and which are now held in greater veneration than Orlando's sword in the armoury of our lord the king, Heaven save him ; so that it is better to be a poor friar, of the meanest order, than the bravest knight-errant : because four dozen of good penitent lashes are more esteemed in the sight of God than two thousand tilts with a lance, though it be against giants, goblins, or dragons." "I confess," answered Don Quixote, "all this is true : but we cannot all be friars ; and many and various are the ways by which God conducts His elect to heaven. Chivalry is a kind of religious profession ; and some knights are now saints in glory." "True," quoth Sancho ; "but I have heard say there are more friars in heaven than knights-errant." "It may well be so," replied Don Quixote, "because their number is much greater than that of knights-errant." "And yet," quoth Sancho, "there are abundance of the errant sort." "Abundance, indeed," answered Don Quixote ; "but few who deserve the name of knight."

In this and the like conversation they passed that night and the following day, without having encountered anything worth relating, to the no little mortification of Don Quixote : but the next day they came in view of the great city of Toboso, at the sight of which Don Quixote's spirits were much elevated, and those of Sancho as much dejected ; because he knew not the abode of Dulcinea, nor had he ever seen her in his life, any more than his master. Thus both were in a state of suffering, the one anxious to see her, and the other anxious because he had not seen her ; for Sancho knew not what he should do in case his master should despatch him to the city. Don Quixote having determined not to enter it until nightfall, he waited in the mean time under the shade of some oak-trees ; and then proceeded towards the city, where things befel them that were things indeed !

## CHAPTER IX.

*Which relates what will be found therein.*

IT was late at night when Don Quixote and Sancho left their retreat and entered Toboso. All the town was hushed in silence: for its inhabitants were sound asleep, stretched out at their ease. The night was clear, though Sancho wished it were otherwise, having occasion for its darkness to conceal his prevarications. No noise was heard in any part save the barking of dogs, which annoyed the ears of Don Quixote, and disquieted Sancho's heart. Now and then, it is true, asses brayed, swine grunted, and cats mewed—sounds which seemed to be augmented by the absence of every other noise. All these circumstances the enamoured knight regarded as boding ill. Nevertheless, he said to his squire: "Son Sancho, lead on to Dulcinea's palace; for it is possible we may find her awake." "To what palace? Body of the sun!" answered Sancho, "that in which I saw her highness was but a little mean house." "It was, I suppose, some small apartment of her castle which she had retired to," said the knight, "to amuse herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and princesses." "Since your worship," quoth Sancho, "will needs have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open? and is it fit that we should stand thundering at them till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar?" "First, however, let us find this castle," replied Don Quixote, "and then I will tell thee how it is proper to act; but look, Sancho—either my eyes deceive me, or that huge dark pile we see yonder must be Dulcinea's palace." "Then, lead on yourself, sir," answered Sancho; "perhaps it may be so; though, if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it just as much as that it is now day."

Don Quixote led the way, and having gone about two hundred paces, he came up to the edifice which cast the dark shade, and, perceiving a large tower, he soon found that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the place: whereupon he said, "We are come to the church, Sancho." "I see we are," answered Sancho; "and pray Heaven we be not come to our graves; for it is no very good sign to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in a blind alley." "God's curse light on thee, blockhead!" said the knight; "where hast thou ever found castles and royal palaces built in blind alleys?" "Sir," replied Sancho, "each country has its customs; so perhaps it is the fashion, here in Toboso, to build your palaces and great edifices in alleys: and, therefore, I beseech your worship to let me look about among these lanes and alleys just before me; and perhaps in one nook or other I may pop upon this same palace; which I wish I may see devoured by dogs, for puzzling and bewildering us at this rate." "Speak with more respect, Sancho, of what regards my lady," said Don Quixote; "let us keep our holidays in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket." "I will curb myself," answered Sancho; "but I cannot bear to think, that though I have seen our mistress's house but once, your worship will needs have me find it at midnight, when you cannot find it yourself, though you must have seen it thousands of times!" "Thou wilt make me desperate, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "come hither, heretic; have I not told thee a thousand times that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea in the whole course of my life, nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace and that

I am enamoured by report alone, and the great fame of her wit and beauty?" "I hear it now," answered Sancho; "and to tell you the truth, I have seen her just as much as your worship." "How can that be?" cried Don Quixote; "didst thou not tell me that thou sawest her winnowing wheat?" "Take no heed of that, sir," replied the squire; "for the fact is, her message, and the sight of her too, were both by hearsay; and I can no more tell who the lady Dulcinea is than I can buffet the moon." "Sancho, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there is a time to jest, and a time when jests are unseasonable. What, because I say that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul, must thou say so likewise, when thou knowest it to be untrue?"

Their conversation was here interrupted by the approach of a man with two mules; and by the sound of a ploughshare which they dragged along the ground, our travellers rightly guessed that he was a husbandman. As he came near, they heard him singing the ballad of the defeat of the French at Roncesvalles; upon which Don Quixote observed, "No good fortune to-night, Sancho—dost thou not hear what that peasant is singing?" "Yes, I do," answered Sancho; "but what is the defeat of Roncesvalles to us? If he had been singing the ballad of Calainos, it would have had just as much to do with the good or bad ending of our business." The country fellow having now come up to them, Don Quixote said to him, "Good-morrow, honest friend; canst thou direct me to the palace of the peerless princess, Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?" "Sir," answered the fellow, "I am a stranger here; for I have been but a few days in the service of a farmer of this town. But the parish priest, or the sexton, who live in yonder house, across the road, can either of them give your worship an account of that same lady princess; for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso; not that I think there is any princess living here, though there are several great ladies, that may every one be a princess in her own house." "Among those, friend," said Don Quixote, "may be her for whom I am inquiring." "Not unlikely," answered the ploughman, "and so Heaven speed you; for it will soon be daybreak." Then pricking on his mules, he waited for no more questions.

Sancho seeing his master perplexed and dissatisfied, said to him: "Sir, the day comes on apace, and we shall soon have the sun upon us, which will not be very pleasant in the streets: so I think we had better get out of this place, and, while your worship takes shelter in some wood hereabouts, I will return and leave not a corner in all the town unsearched, for this house, castle, or palace of my lady; and it shall go hard with me but I find it; and as soon as I have done so, I will speak to her ladyship, and tell her where your worship is waiting for her orders and directions how you may see her without damage to her honour and reputation." "Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou hast uttered a thousand sentences in the compass of a few words. Thy counsel I relish much, and shall most willingly follow it. Come on, son, and let us seek for some shelter: then shalt thou return and seek out my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours." Sancho was impatient till he got his master out of the town, lest his lies should be detected: he therefore hastened on as fast as possible, and when they had got about the distance of two miles, the knight retired into a shady grove, while the squire returned in quest of the lady Dulcinea; on which embassy things occurred well worthy of credit and renewed attention.

## CHAPTER X.

*Wherein is related the cunning used by Sancho, in enchanting the lady Dulcinea ; with other events no less ludicrous than true.*

EXPRESSING an apprehension that the contents of the present chapter would not be believed, the author of this grand history says he felt much inclined to suppress it, because the knight's frenzy appears herein to be carried to an excess beyond all conception. Notwithstanding this diffidence he has, however, detailed the whole truth, without adding or diminishing, determined not to regard any doubts that might be entertained of his veracity; and he was in the right, for truth will ever rise above falsehood, like oil above water: he proceeds, therefore, as follows.

Don Quixote having retired into a grove near the city of Toboso, despatched Sancho, with orders not to return into his presence till he had spoken to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to grant her captive knight permission to wait upon her, and that she would deign to bestow on him her benediction, whereby he might secure complete success in all his encounters and arduous enterprises. Sancho promised to execute his commands, and to return with an answer no less favourable than that which he had formerly brought him. "Go, then, son," replied Don Quixote, "and be not in confusion when thou standest in the blaze of that sun of beauty. Happy thou above all the squires in the world! Deeply impress on thy memory the particulars of thy reception—whether she changes colour while thou art delivering thy embassy, and betrays agitation on hearing my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her, if perchance thou shouldst find her seated on the rich Estrado;\* or, if standing, mark whether she is not obliged to sustain herself sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other; whether she repeats her answer to thee three or four times; whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from harsh to soft again; whether she raises her hand to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered—in short, observe all her actions and motions: for by an accurate detail of them I shall be enabled to penetrate into the secret recesses of her heart, touching the affair of my love: for let me tell thee, Sancho, if thou knowest it not already, that with lovers the external actions and gestures are couriers, which bear authentic tidings of what is passing in the interior of the soul. Go, friend, and may better fortune than mine conduct thee: be thou more successful than my anxious heart will bode during the painful period of thy absence." "I will go, and return quickly," quoth Sancho. "In the mean time, good sir, cheer up, and remember the saying, that a good heart breaks bad luck; and if there is no hook, there is no bacon, and where we least expect it, the hare starts; this I say because, though we could not find the castle nor palace of my lady Dulcinea in the dark, now that it is daylight I reckon I shall soon find it, and then—let me alone to deal with her." "Verily, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou dost apply thy proverbs most happily: yet Heaven grant me better luck in the attainment of my hopes!"

Sancho now switched his Dapple, and set off, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups and leaning on his lance, full of melancholy and confused fancies, where we will leave him, and attend Sancho Panza, who departed no less perplexed and thoughtful: insomuch that, after he had got

\* That part of the floor at the upper end of the room which is raised, and where the ladies sit upon cushions to receive visits.



out of the grove and looked behind him to ascertain that his master was out of sight, he alighted, and sitting down at the foot of a tree he began to hold a parley with himself. "Tell me now, brother Sancho," quoth he, "whither is your worship going? Are you going to seek some ass that is lost?" "No, verily." "Then what are you going to seek?" "Why, I go to look for a thing of nothing—a princess, the sun of beauty, and all heaven together!" "Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this?" "Where? In the great city of Toboso." "Very well; and pray who sent you on this errand?" "Why, the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry and meat to the thirsty." "All this is mighty well; and do you know her house, Sancho?" "My master says it must be some royal palace or stately castle." "And have you ever seen her?" "Neither I nor my master have ever seen her?" "And do you think it would be right or advisable that the people of Toboso should know you are coming to kidnap their princesses and lead their ladies astray! What if, for this offence, they should come and grind your ribs to powder with true dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin?" "Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they please to consider, that I, being only a messenger, am not in fault." "Trust not to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are very choleric, and their honour so ticklish that it will not bear touching." "God's my life! If we should be scented, woe be to us. But why do I go looking for a cat with three legs for another man's pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is just as if one should look for little Mary in Rabena, or a bachelor in Salamanca: the devil, and nobody else, has put me upon such a business!"

This was Sancho's soliloquy, the result of which was to return to it again. "Well," continued he, "there is a remedy for everything but death, who in spite of our teeth, will have us in his clutches. This master of mine, I can plainly see, is mad enough for a straight-waistcoat; and, in truth, I am not much better: nay, I am worse, in following and serving him, if there is any truth in the proverb, 'Show me who thou art with, and I will tell thee what thou art'; or in the other, 'Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed.' He, then, being in truth a madman, and so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, and not know black from white; as plainly appeared when he called the windmills giants, mules dromedaries, and the flock of sheep armies of fighting men, with many more things to the same tune; this being the case, I say, it will not be very difficult to make him believe that a country wench (the first I light upon) is the lady Dulcinea; and, should he not believe it, I will swear to it; and if he swears, I will outswear him; and if he persists, I will persist the more, so that mine shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. By this plan I may, perhaps, tire him of sending me on such errands; or he may take it into his head that some wicked enchanter has changed his lady's form, out of pure spite."

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckoned his business as good as half done; so he stayed where he was till towards evening, that Don Quixote might suppose him travelling on his mission. Fortunately for him, just as he was going to mount his Dapple, he espied three country wenches coming from Toboso, each mounted on a young ass; but whether male or female, the author declares not: probably they were females, as the country-women commonly rode upon she-asses: however, that being a matter of no great importance, it is unnecessary to be at the trouble of ascertaining the point. Sancho no sooner got sight of them than he rode back at a good pace to seek his master Don Quixote, whom he found breathing a thousand sighs and amorous lamentations. When Don Quixote saw him, he said, "Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark

this day with a white or a black stone?" "Your worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on the professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers-on." "Thou bringest me good news, then?" cried Don Quixote. "So good," answered Sancho, "that your worship has only to clap spurs to Rozinante, and get out upon the plain, to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with a couple of her damsels, is coming to pay your worship a visit." "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "what dost thou say? Take care that thou beguilest not my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy." "What should I get," answered Sancho, "by deceiving your worship, only to be found out the next moment? Come, sir, put on, and you will see the princess our mistress all arrayed and adorned—in short, like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold; all strings of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of tissue above ten hands deep; their hair loose about their shoulders, like so many sunbeams blowing about in the wind; and what is more, they come mounted upon three pied belfreys, the finest you ever laid eyes on." "Palfreys, thou wouldst say, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote. "Well, well," answered Sancho, "belfreys and palfreys are much the same thing; but let them be mounted how they will, they are sure the finest creatures one would wish to see; especially my mistress the princess Dulcinea, who dazzles one's senses." "Let us go, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and as a reward for this welcome news, I bequeath to thee the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure and, if that will not satisfy thee, I bequeath thee the colts which my three mares will foal this year upon our village common." "I stick to the colts," answered Sancho: "for we cannot yet reckon up the worth of the spoils."

They were now got out of the wood, and saw the three wenches very near. Don Quixote looked eagerly along the road towards Toboso, and, seeing nobody but the three wenches, he asked Sancho, in much agitation, whether they were out of the city when he left them. "Out of the city!" answered Sancho; "are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see them now before you, shining like the sun at noonday?" "I see only three country girls," answered Don Quixote, "on three asses." "Now, Heaven keep me from the devil," answered Sancho; "is it possible that three palfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should look to you like asses? As the Lord liveth, you shall pluck off this beard of mine if it be so." "I tell thee, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it is as certain they are asses, as that I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza;—at least, so they seem to me." "Sir," quoth Sancho, "say not such a thing; but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and pay reverence to the mistress of your soul." So saying, he advanced forward to meet the peasant girls, and, alighting from Dapple, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter, and, bending both knees to the ground, said to the girl, "Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands turned there into stone, all disorder and without any pulse, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is that wayworn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the knight of the sorrowful figure."

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees by Sancho, and, with wild and staring eyes, surveyed her whom Sancho called his queen; and, seeing nothing but a peasant girl, with a broad face, flat nose, coarse and homely, he was so confounded that he could not open his lips. The wenches were also surprised to find themselves stopped by two men so different in aspect, and both on their knees; but the lady who was stopped, breaking silence, said in an angry tone: "Get out of the road, plague on ye! and let us pass by, for we

are in haste." "O princess, and universal lady of Toboso!" cried Sancho, "is not your magnificent heart melting to see on his knees before your sublimated presence, the pillar and prop of knight-errantry?" "Hey day! what's here to do?" cried another of the girls; "look how your small gentry come to jeer us poor country girls, as if we could not give them as good as they bring: go! get off about your business, and let us mind ours, and so speed you well."

"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, on hearing this: "for I now perceive that fortune, not yet satisfied with persecuting me, has barred every avenue whereby relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, summit of human perfection, thou sole balm to this disconsolate heart that adores thee, though now some wicked enchanter spreads clouds and cataracts over my eyes, changing, and to them only, thy peerless beauty into that of a poor rustic; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it horrible to thy view, bestow on me one kind and amorous look, and let this submissive posture, these bended knees, before thy disguised beauty, declare the humility with which my soul adores thee!" "Marry come up," quoth the wench, "with your idle gibberish; get on with you, and let us go, and we shall take it kindly." Sancho now let go the halter, delighted that he had come off so well with his contrivance.

The imaginary Dulcinea was no sooner set at liberty than, pricking her beast with a sharp-pointed stick, which she held in her hand, she scoured along the field; but the ass, smarting more than usual under the goad, began to kick and wince in such a manner that down came the lady Dulcinea to the ground. Don Quixote instantly ran to her assistance, and Sancho to replace the pannel that had got under the ass's belly. Don Quixote was then proceeding to raise his enchanted mistress, but the lady saved him that trouble: for, immediately upon getting up from the ground, she retired three or four steps back, took a little run, then, clapping both hands upon the ass's crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride like a man. "By Saint Roque!" cried Sancho, "our lady mistress is lighter than a bird, and could teach the nimblest Cordovan or Mexican how to mount: she springs into a saddle at a jump, and without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass; and her damsels are not a whit short of her, for they all fly like the wind!" And this was the truth: for, Dulcinea being remounted, the other two made after her, full speed, without looking behind them for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes as far as he was able, and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said: "What dost thou think now, Sancho? See how I am persecuted by enchanters! Mark how far their malice extends, even to depriving me of the pleasure of seeing my mistress in her own proper form! Surely I was born to be an example of wretchedness, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill fortune are aimed! And thou must have observed, too, Sancho, that these traitors were not contented with changing and transforming the countenance of my Dulcinea, but they must give her the base and uncouth figure of a country wench; at the same time robbing her of that which is peculiar to ladies of rank—the fragrant scent which they imbibe from being always among flowers and sweet perfumes; for, if thou wilt believe me, Sancho, when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey (as thou sayest, though it appeared to me but an ass) she gave me such a whiff of undigested garlick as almost poisoned my very soul." "O base rabble," cried Sancho, "O barbarous and evil-minded enchanters! O! that I might see you all strung and hung up by the gills like smoked herrings! Cunning ye are, much ye can, and much evil ye do. One would have thought it might have satisfied ye, rogues as ye are! to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail.

and all her features from beauty to ugliness, without meddling with her breath, by which we might have guessed at what was hid beneath her ugly crust—though, to say the truth, to me she did not appear in the least ugly, but rather all beauty, which was raised to the highest pitch by a mole she had on her right lip, like a whisker, with seven or eight red hairs on it, like threads of gold, and above a span long!” “As to the mole,” said Don Quixote, “according to the correspondence subsisting between the moles of the face and those of the body, Dulcinea should have another on her person, on the same side as that on her face; but, indeed, hairs of the length thou sayest are somewhat of the longest for moles.” “Yet I can assure your worship,” answered Sancho, “that there they were, and looked as if they had been born with her.” “I believe it, friend,” replied Don Quixote, “for Nature has placed nothing about Dulcinea but what is finished and perfect: and therefore, had she an hundred moles, like those of which thou speakest, in her they would not be moles, but moons and resplendent stars. But tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, was it a side-saddle, or a pillion?” “It was a side-saddle,” answered Sancho, “with a field covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it.” “And that I should not see all this!” exclaimed Don Quixote. “Again I say, and a thousand times will I repeat it, I am the most unfortunate of men!” The sly rogue Sancho had much difficulty to forbear laughing, to think how exquisitely his master was gulled. After more dialogue of the same kind, they mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to Saragossa, still intending to be present at a solemn festival annually held in that city; but before they reached it, events befel them which for their importance, variety, and novelty, well deserve to be recorded and read.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Of the strange adventure which befel the valorous Don Quixote, with the cart, or wain, of the Cortes of Death.\**

DON QUIXOTE proceeded on his way at a slow pace, exceedingly pensive, musing on the base trick the enchanters had played him, in transforming his lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a peasant wench; nor could he devise any means of restoring her to her former state. In these meditations his mind was so absorbed that, without perceiving it, the bridle dropped on Rozinante's neck, who, taking advantage of the liberty thus given him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass with which those parts abounded. Sancho endeavoured to rouse him: “Sorrow,” said he, “was made for man, not for beasts, sir; but if men give too much way to it, they become beasts. Take heart, sir; recollect yourself, and gather up Rozinante's reins: cheer up, awake, and show that you have courage befitting a knight-errant! What, in the devil's name, is the matter? Why are you so cast down? Are we here, or in France? Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world! The welfare of a single knight-errant is of more consequence than all the enchantments and transformations on earth.” — “Peace, Sancho,” cried Don Quixote, in no very faint voice; “peace, I say, and utter no blasphemies against that enchanted

\* These Autos are dramatic allegories, symbolical of religious mysteries: they were represented on the festival of the Corpus Christi, and the Octave, not only at the theatres, but before the councils of state, and even the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition. These allegorical shows are now wisely prohibited.

lady, of whose disgrace and misfortune I am the sole cause, since they proceed entirely from the envy that the wicked bear to me." "So say I," quoth Sancho, "for who saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief, I vow." "Well, indeed, mayst thou say so," replied Don Quixote; "thou who sawst her in the full lustre of her beauty: as the enchantment affected not thy sight, nor concealed her perfections from thee. Against me alone, and against my eyes, was the force of its poison directed. Nevertheless, Sancho, I suspect that thou didst not give me a true description of her beauty; for, if I remember right, thou saidst her eyes were of pearl; now, eyes that look like pearl are rather those of a fish than of a lady. I imagine the eyes of Dulcinea must be of verdant emeralds, arched over with two celestial bows, that serve for eyebrows. Thou must, therefore, take those pearls from her eyes, and apply them to her teeth; for doubtless, Sancho, thou hast mistaken teeth for eyes." "It may be so," answered Sancho, "for her beauty confounded me, as much as her ugliness did your worship. But let us recommend all to God, who alone knows what shall befall us in this vale of tears—this evil world of ours, in which there is scarcely anything to be found without some mixture of wickedness, imposture, and knavery. One thing, dear sir, troubles me more than all the rest; which is to think what must be done when your worship shall overcome some giant or knight-errant, and send him to present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea. Where shall this poor giant, or miserable vanquished knight, be able to find her? Methinks I see them sauntering up and down Toboso, and gaping about, like fools, for my lady Dulcinea; and though they should meet her in the middle of the street, they will know her no more than they would my father." "Perhaps, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "the enchantment may not extend to the vision of vanquished knights or giants;—however, we will make the experiment upon one or two of the first I overcome, and send them with orders to return and give me an account of their reception." "Your worship is quite in the right," replied Sancho, "for by this trial we shall surely come at the knowledge: and if she is hid from your worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers: and so that the lady Dulcinea have health and contentment, we, for our parts, ought to make shift and bear it as well as we can, seeking our adventures, and leaving it to time to do his work, who is the best doctor for these and worse grievances."

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by the passing of a cart across the road, full of the strangest-looking people imaginable; it was without any awning above, or covering to the sides, and the carter who drove the mules had the appearance of a frightful demon. The first figure that caught Don Quixote's attention, was that of Death, with a human visage; close to him sat an angel, with large painted wings: on the other side stood an emperor, with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death's feet sat the god Cupid, not blindfold, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows: a knight also appeared among them, in complete armour; only instead of a morion, or casque, he wore a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours; and there were several other persons of equal diversity in appearance. Such a sight coming thus abruptly upon them, somewhat startled Don Quixote, and the heart of Sancho was struck with dismay. But with the knight, surprise soon gave place to joy; for he anticipated some new and perilous adventure; and under this impression, with a resolution prepared for any danger, he planted himself just before the cart, and cried out in a loud menacing voice, "Carter, coachman, or devil, or whatever be thy denomination, tell me instantly what thou art, whither going, and who are the persons thou conveyest in that vehicle, which, by its freight, looks like Charon's ferry-boat?"

To which the devil calmly replied : "Sir, we are travelling players, belonging to Angulo el Malo's company. To-day, being the Octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing a piece representing the 'Cortes of Death;' this evening we are to play it again in the village just before us; and, not having far to go, we travel in the dresses of our parts, to save trouble." This young man represents Death; he an angel: that woman, who is our author's wife, plays a queen; the other a soldier; this one is an emperor, and I am the devil, one of the principal personages of the drama: for in this company I have all the chief parts. If your worship desires any further information, I am ready to answer your questions: for, being a devil, I know everything." "Upon the faith of a knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "when I first espied this cart, I imagined some great adventure offered itself; but appearances are not always to be trusted. Heaven be with you, good people; go and perform your play, and if there be anything in which I may be of service to you, command me, for I will do it most readily, having been, from my youth, a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations."

While they were speaking, one of the motley crew came up capering towards them, in an antic dress, frisking about with his morris-bells, and three full-blown ox-bladders tied to the end of a stick. Approaching the knight, he flourished his bladders in the air, and bounced them against the ground close under the nose of Rozinante, who was so startled by the noise that Don Quixote lost all command over him, and having got the curb between his teeth, away he scampered over the plain, with more speed than might have been expected from such an assemblage of dry bones. Sancho, seeing his master's danger, leaped from Dapple and ran to his assistance; but, before his squire could reach him, he was upon the ground, and close by him Rozinante, who fell with his master, the usual termination of Rozinante's frolics. Sancho had no sooner dismounted, to assist Don Quixote, than the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon Dapple, and thumping him with the bladders, fear at the noise, more than the smart, set him also flying over the field towards the village where they were going to act. Thus Sancho, beholding at one and the same moment Dapple's flight and his master's fall, was at a loss to which of the two duties he should first attend: but, like a good squire and faithful servant, the love he bore to his master prevailed over his affection for his ass; though as often as he saw the bladders hoisted in the air, and fall upon the body of his Dapple, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and he would rather those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eyes than on the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this tribulation he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished; and, as he helped him to get upon Rozinante, he said, "Sir, the devil has run away with Dapple." "What devil?" demanded Don Quixote. "He with the bladders," answered Sancho. "I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, "though he should hide himself in the deepest and darkest dungeon of the earth. Follow me, Sancho; for the cart moves but slowly, and the mules shall make compensation for the loss of Dapple." "Stay, sir," cried Sancho, "you may cool your anger, for I see the devil has left Dapple, and gone his way." And so it was; for Dapple and the devil having tumbled, as well as Rozinante and his master, the merry imp left him and made off on foot to the village, while Dapple turned back to his rightful owner. "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "it will not be amiss to chastise the insolence of this devil on some of his company, even upon the emperor himself." "Good your worship," quoth Sancho: "do not think of such a thing, but take my advice and never meddle with players; for they are a people mightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get off scot-free. As they are merry folks and give pleasure, everybody

favours them, and is ready to stand their friend; particularly if they are of the king's or some nobleman's company, who look and dress like any princes." "That capering buffoon shall not escape with impunity, though he were favoured by the whole human race!" cried Don Quixote, as he rode off in pursuit of the cart, which was now very near the town, and he called aloud, "Halt a little, merry sirs; stay, and let me teach you how to treat cattle belonging to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote's words were loud enough to be heard by the players, who, perceiving his adverse designs upon them, instantly jumped out of the cart, Death first, and after him the emperor, the carter-devil, and the angel; nor did the queen or the god Cupid stay behind; and, all armed with stones, waited in battle-array, ready to receive Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing the gallant squadron, with arms uplifted, ready to discharge such a fearful volley, checked Rozinante with the bridle, and began to consider how he might most prudently attack them. While he paused, Sancho came up, and seeing him on the point of attacking that well-formed brigade, remonstrated with him. "It is mere madness, sir," said he, "to attempt such an enterprise. Pray consider there is no armour proof against stones and brick, unless you could thrust yourself into a bell of brass. Besides, it is not courage, but rashness, for one man singly to encounter an army, where Death is present and where emperors fight in person, assisted by good and bad angels. But if that is not reason enough, remember that, though these people all look like princes and emperors, there is not a real knight among them." "Now, indeed," said Don Quixote, "thou hast hit the point, Sancho, which can alone shake my resolution; I neither can nor ought to draw my sword, as I have often told thee, against those who are not dubbed knights. To thee it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to thy Dapple; and from this spot I will encourage and assist thee by my voice and salutary instructions." "Good Christians should never revenge injuries," answered Sancho: "and I dare say that Dapple is as forgiving as myself, and ready to submit his case to my will and pleasure, which is to live peaceably with all the world, as long as Heaven is pleased to grant me life." "Since this is thy resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho, and honest Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adventures; for this country, I see, is likely to afford us many and very extraordinary ones." He then wheeled Rozinante about, Sancho took his Dapple, and Death, with his flying squadron, having returned to their cart, each pursued his way. Thus happily terminated the awful adventure of Death's caravan—thanks to the wholesome advice that Sancho Panza gave his master; who, the next day, encountering an enamoured knight-errant, met with an adventure not a whit less important than the one just related.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Of the strange adventure which befel the valorous Don Quixote with the brave knight of the mirrors.*

DON QUIXOTE and his squire passed the night following their encounter with Death under some tall, umbrageous trees; and as they were refreshing themselves, by Sancho's advice, from the store of provisions carried by Dapple, he said to his master, "What a fool, sir, should I have been had I chosen, for my reward, the spoils of your worship's first adventure, instead of the three

ass-colts ! It is a true saying, 'A sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing.'" "However, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "hadst thou suffered me to make the attack which I had premeditated, thy share of the booty would have been at least the emperor's crown of gold, and Cupid's painted wings ; for I would have plucked them off perforce, and delivered them into thy hands." "The crowns and sceptres of your theatrical emperors," answered Sancho, "are never pure gold, but tinsel or copper." "That is true," replied Don Quixote ; "nor would it be proper that the decorations of a play should be otherwise than counterfeit, like the drama itself, which I would have thee hold in due estimation, as well as the actors and authors, for they are all instruments of much benefit to the commonwealth, continually presenting a mirror before our eyes, in which we see lively representations of the actions of human life : nothing, indeed, more truly portrays to us what we are, and what we should be, than the drama. Tell me, hast thou never seen a play in which kings, emperors, popes, lords, and ladies are introduced, with divers other personages ; one acting the ruffian, another the knave ; one the merchant, another the soldier ; one a designing fool, another a foolish lover ; and observed that, when the play is done, and the actors undressed, they are all again upon a level ?" "Yes, marry have I," quoth Sancho. "The very same thing, then," said Don Quixote, "happens on the stage of this world, on which, some play the part of emperors, others of popes—in short, every part that can be introduced in a comedy ; but, at the conclusion of this drama of life, death strips us of the robes which make the difference between man and man, and leaves us all on one level in the grave." "A brave comparison !" quoth Sancho ; "though not so new but that I have heard it many times, as well as that of the game at chess ; which is that, while the game is going, every piece has its office, and, when it is ended, they are all huddled together, and put into a bag :—just as we are put together into the ground when we are dead." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art daily improving in sense." "And so I ought," answered Sancho ; "for some of your worship's wisdom must needs stick to me ; as dry and barren soil, by well dunging and digging, comes at last to bear good fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation has been the dung laid upon the barren soil of my poor wit, and the tillage has been the time I have been in your service and company ; by which I hope to produce fruit like any blessing, and such as will not disparage my teacher, nor let me stray from the paths of good-breeding, which your worship has made in my shallow understanding." Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's affected style ; but he really did think him improved, and was frequently surprised by his observations, when he did not display his ignorance by soaring too high. His chief strength lay in proverbs, of which he had always abundance ready, though perhaps not always fitting the occasion, as may often have been remarked in the course of this history.

In this kind of conversation they spent great part of the night, till Sancho felt disposed to let down the portcullises of his eyes, as he used to say when he was inclined to sleep. So, having unrigged his Dapple, he turned him loose into pasture ; but he did not take off the saddle from Rozinante's back, it being the express command of his master that he should continue saddled whilst they kept the field, and were not sleeping under a roof, in conformity to an ancient established custom religiously observed among knights-errant, which was to take off the bridle, and hang it on the pommel of the saddle, but by no means to remove the saddle. Sancho observed this rule, and gave Rozinante the same liberty he had given to Dapple. And here it may be noticed that the friendship subsisting between this pair was so remarkable, that there is a tradition handed down from father to son, that the author of this faithful history compiled several chapters expressly upon that subject ; but, to maintain the decorum due to an



heroic work, he would not insert them. Nevertheless, he occasionally mentions these animals, and says, that when they came together they always fell to scratching one another with their teeth, and when they were tired, or satisfied, Rozinante would stretch his neck at least half a yard across that of Dapple; and both fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three days in that posture—at least as long as they were undisturbed, or till hunger compelled them to seek food. The author is said to have compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, or that of Pylades and Orestes. How steady, then, must have been the friendship of these two peaceable animals—to the shame of men, who are so regardless of its laws! Hence the sayings, “A friend cannot find a friend;” “Reeds become darts;” and “From a friend to a friend, the bug,” &c.\* Nor let it be taken amiss that any comparison should be made between the mutual cordiality of animals and that of men; for much useful knowledge and many salutary precepts have been taught by the brute creation. We are indebted, for example, to the stork for the clyster, and for emetics to the dog; from which animal we may also learn gratitude, as well as vigilance from cranes, foresight from ants, modesty from elephants, and loyalty from horses.

At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, while Don Quixote slumbered beneath a branching oak. But it was not long before he was disturbed by a noise near him; he started up, and looking in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, could discern two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting, said to the other, “Alight friend, and unbridle the horses; for this place will afford them pasture, and offers to me that silence and solitude which my amorous thoughts require.” As he spoke, he threw himself on the ground, and in this motion a rattling of armour was heard, which convinced Don Quixote that this was a knight-errant; and going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with some difficulty aroused him, he said in a low voice, “Friend Sancho, we have got an adventure here.” “Heaven send it be a good one,” answered Sancho; “and pray, sir, where may this same adventure be?” “Where, sayest thou, Sancho?” replied Don Quixote, “turn thine eyes that way, and thou wilt see a knight-errant lying extended, who seems to me not over happy in his mind; for I just now saw him dismount and throw himself upon the ground, as if much oppressed with grief, and his armour rattled as he fell.” “But how do you know,” quoth Sancho, “that this is an adventure?” “Though I cannot yet positively call it an adventure, it has the usual signs of one—but listen, he is tuning an instrument, and seems to be preparing to sing.” “By my troth, so he is,” cried Sancho, “and he must be some knight or other in love.” “As all knights-errant must be,” quoth Don Quixote; “but hearken, and we shall discover his thoughts by his song, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” Sancho would have replied, but the knight of the wood, whose voice was only moderately good, began to sing, and they both attentively listened to the following words:—

## SONNET.

Bright authoress of my good or ill,  
 Prescribe the law I must observe :  
 My heart, obedient to thy will,  
 Shall never from its duty swerve.  
 If you refuse my griefs to know,  
 The stifled anguish seals my fate

\* “From a friend to a friend, a bug in the eye,” is a proverb applied to the false professions of friendship.

But if your ears would drink my woe,  
Love shall himself the tale relate.

Though contraries my heart compose,  
Hard as the diamond's solid frame,  
And soft as yielding wax that flows,  
To thee, my fair, 'tis still the same.

Take it, for ev'ry stamp prepared :  
Imprint what characters you choose :  
The faithful tablet, soft or hard,  
The dear impression ne'er shall lose.

With a deep sigh that seemed to be drawn from the very bottom of his heart, the knight of the wood ended his song ; and after some pause, in a plaintive and dolorous voice, he exclaimed, "O thou most beautiful and most ungrateful of woman-kind ! O divine Casildea de Vandalia ! Wilt thou then suffer this thy captive knight to consume and pine away in continual peregrinations, and in severest toils ? Is it not enough that I have caused thee to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world, by all the knights of Navarre, of Leon, of Tartesia, of Castile, and in fine, by all the knights of La Mancha ?" "Not so," said Don Quixote, "for I am of La Mancha, and never have made such an acknowledgment, nor ever will admit an assertion so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress. Thou seest, Sancho, how this knight raves—but let us listen ; perhaps he will make some farther declaration." "Ay, marry will he," replied Sancho, "for he seems to be in a humour to complain for a month to come." But they were mistaken ; for the knight hearing voices near them, proceeded no farther in his lamentations, but, rising up, said aloud in a courteous voice, "Who goes there ? What are ye ? Of the number of the happy, or of the afflicted ?" "Of the afflicted," answered Don Quixote. "Come to me, then," answered the knight of the wood, "and you will find sorrow and misery itself." These expressions were uttered in so moving a tone that Don Quixote, followed by Sancho, went up to the mournful knight, who, taking his hand, said to him, "Sit down here, sir knight, for to be assured that you profess the order of chivalry, it is sufficient that I find you here, encompassed by solitude and the cold dews of night : the proper station for knights-errant." "A knight I am," replied Don Quixote, "and of the order you name ; and, although my heart is the mansion of misery and woe, yet can I sympathise in the sorrows of others ; from the strain I just now heard from you, I conclude that yours are of the amorous kind—arising, I mean, from a passion for some ungrateful fair."

Whilst thus discoursing, they were seated together on the ground, peaceably and sociably, not as if, at daybreak, they were to fall upon each other with mortal fury. "Perchance you, too, are in love, sir knight," said he of the wood to Don Quixote. "Such is my cruel destiny," answered Don Quixote ; "though the sorrows that may arise from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than calamities." "That is true," replied the knight of the wood, "provided our reason and understanding be not affected by disdain, which when carried to excess is more like vengeance." "I neve' was disdained by my mistress," answered Don Quixote. "No, verily," quoth Sancho, who stood close by, "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as butter." "Is this your squire ?" demanded the knight of the wood. "He is," replied Don Quixote. "I never in my life saw a squire," said the knight of the wood, "who durst presume to speak where his lord was conversing : at least there stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips when I was speaking." "I faith !" quoth Sancho, "I have talked, and can

talk before one as good as—and perhaps,—but let that rest; perhaps the less said the better.” The knight of the wood’s squire now took Sancho by the arm, and said, “Let us two go where we may chat squire-like together, and leave these masters of ours to talk over their loves to each other: for I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning.” “With all my heart,” quoth Sancho, “and I will tell you who I am, that you may judge whether I am not fit to make one among the talking squires.” The squires then withdrew, and a dialogue passed between them as lively as that of their masters was grave.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*Wherein is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood, with the wise and pleasant dialogue between the two squires.*

SQUIRES and knights being thus separated, the latter were engaged on the subject of their loves, while the former gave an account to each other of their lives. The history first relates the conversation between the servants, and afterwards proceeds to that of the masters. Having retired a little apart, the squire of the wood said to Sancho, “This is a toilsome life we squires to knights-errant lead; in good truth, we eat our bread by the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses laid upon our first parents.” “You may say, too, that we eat it by the frost of our bodies,” added Sancho; for who has to bear more cold, as well as heat, than your miserable squires to knights-errant? It would not be quite so bad if we could always get something to eat; for good fare lessens care; but how often we must pass whole days without breaking our fast—unless it be upon air!” “All this may be endured,” quoth he of the wood, “with the hopes of reward: for that knight-errant must be unlucky indeed who does not speedily recompense his squire with, at least, a handsome government, or some pretty earldom.” “I,” replied Sancho, “have already told my master that I should be satisfied with the government of an island; and he is so noble and so generous that he has promised it me a thousand times.” “And I,” said he of the wood, “should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry, and I have my master’s word for it too.” “Why then,” quoth Sancho, “belike your master is some knight of the church, and so can bestow rewards of that kind on his squires; mine is only a layman. Some of his wise friends advised him once to be an archbishop, but he would be nothing but an emperor, and I trembled all the while, lest he should take a liking to the church; because you must know I am not gifted that way—to say the truth, sir, though I look like a man I am a very beast in such matters.” “Let me tell you, friend,” quoth he of the wood, “you are quite in the wrong; for these island governments are often more plague than profit. Some are crabbed, some beggarly, some—in short the best of them are sure to bring more care than they are worth, and are mostly too heavy for the shoulders that have to bear them. I suspect it would be wiser in us to quit this thankless drudgery and stay at home, where we may find easier work and better pastime; for he must be a sorry squire who has not his nag, his brace of greyhounds, and an angling-rod to enjoy himself with at home.” “I am not without these things,” answered Sancho; “it is true I have no horse, but then I have an ass which is worth twice as much as my master’s steed. Heaven send me a bad Easter, and may it be the first that comes, if I would swap with him, though he should offer me four bushels of barley to boot: no, faith, that would not I,

though you may take for a joke the price I set upon my Dapple; for dapple, sir, is the colour of my ass. Greyhounds I cannot be in want of, as our town is overstocked with them: besides, the rarest sporting is that we find at other people's cost." "Really and truly, brother squire," answered he of the wood, "I have resolved with myself to quit the frolics of these knights-errant, and get home again and look after my children; for I have three like Indian pearls." "And I have two," quoth Sancho, "fit to be presented to the Pope himself in person; especially my girl, that I am breeding up for a countess, if it please Heaven, in spite of her mother." "And pray, what may be the age of the young lady you are breeding up for a countess?" demanded he of the wood. "Fifteen years, or thereabouts," answered Sancho, "and she is as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter." "These are qualifications," said he of the wood, "not only for a countess, but for a wood-nymph! Ah, the young slut! How buxom must the jade be!" To this Sancho answered, somewhat angrily, "She is no slut, nor was her mother one before her; nor whilst I live shall either of them be so, God willing: so pray speak more civilly, for such language is unbecoming one brought up like you, among knights-errant, who are good breeding itself." "Why! brother squire, you don't understand what praising is," quoth he of the wood. "What! do you not know that, when some knight at a bull-feast gives the bull a home thrust with his lance, or when a thing is well hit off, it is common to say,—'Ah! how cleverly the rascal did it?' which, though it seems to be a slander, is in fact great commendation! I would have you renounce every son or daughter whose actions do not make them deserving of such compliments." "I do renounce them," answered Sancho, "and since you mean so well by it, you may call my wife and children all the sluts and jades you please; for all they do or say is excellent, and well worthy of such praises; and that I may return and see them again, I beseech Heaven to deliver me from mortal sin—that is, from this dangerous profession of squireship into which I have run a second time, drawn and tempted by a purse of a hundred ducats which I found one day among the mountains. In truth, the devil is continually setting before my eyes, here, there, and everywhere, a bag full of gold pistoles, so that methinks at every step I am laying my hand upon it, hugging it, and carrying it home, buying lands, settling rents, and living like a prince; and while this runs in my head, I can bear all the toil which must be suffered with this foolish master of mine, who, to my knowledge, is more of the madman than the knight."

"Indeed, friend," said the squire of the wood, "you verify the proverb, which says, 'that covetousness bursts the bag.' Truly, friend, now you talk of madmen there is not a greater one in the world than my master. The old saying may be applied to him, 'Other folks' burdens break the ass's back;' for he gives up his own wits to recover those of another, and in searching after that which, when found, may chance to hit him in the teeth." "By the way, he is in love, it seems?" said Sancho. "Yes," quoth he of the wood, "with one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the most whimsical dames in the world; but that is not the foot he halts on at present; he has some other crotchets in his pate, which we shall hear more of anon." "There is no road so even but it has its stumbling-places," replied Sancho; "in other folks' houses they boil beans, but in mine, whole kettles-full. Madness will have more followers than discretion, but, if the common saying is true, that there is some comfort in having partners in grief, I may comfort myself with you, who serve as crack-brained a master as my own." "Crack-brained but valiant," answered he of the wood, "and more knavish than either." "Mine," answered Sancho, "has nothing of the knave in him: so far from it, he has a soul as pure as a pitcher,

and would not harm a fly; he bears no malice, and a child may persuade him it is night at noonday: for which I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, in spite of all his pranks." "For all that, brother," quoth he of the wood, "if the blind lead the blind, both may fall into the ditch. We had better turn us fairly about, and go back to our homes: for they who seek adventures find them sometimes to their cost."

Here the squire of the wood observing Sancho to spit very often, as if very thirsty, "Methinks," said he, "we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths: but I have got, hanging at my saddle-bow, that which will loosen them;" when, rising up, he quickly produced a large bottle of wine, and a pasty half a yard long, without any exaggeration; for it was made of so large a rabbit that Sancho thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a kid; and, after due examination, "How," said he, "do you carry such things about with you?" "Why, what did you think?" answered the other; "did you take me for some starveling squire? No, no, I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse than a general carries with him upon a march." Sancho fell to, without waiting for entreaties, and swallowed down huge mouthfuls in the dark. "Your worship," said he, "is indeed a squire, trusty and loyal, round and sound, magnificent and great withal, as this banquet proves (if it did not come by enchantment); and not a poor wretch like myself, with nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, and that so hard that you may knock out a giant's brains with it: and four dozens of carobes\* to bear it company, with as many filberts—thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the fancy he has taken, that knights-errant ought to feed, like cattle, upon roots and wild herbs." "Troth, brother," replied he of the wood, "I have no stomach for your wild pears, nor sweet thistles, nor your mountain roots; let our masters have them, with their fancies and their laws of chivalry, and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats and this bottle at the pommel of my saddle, happen what will; and such is my love and reverence for it, that I kiss and hug it every moment;" and as he spoke he put it into Sancho's hand, who grasped it, and, applying it straightway to his mouth, continued gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour; then, having finished his draught, he let his head fall on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, said, "O the rascal! How catholic it is!" "You see, now," quoth he of the wood, "how properly you commend this wine in calling it rascal." "I agree with you now," answered Sancho, "and own that it is no discredit to be called rascal when it comes in the way of compliment. But tell me, by all you love best, is not this wine of Ciudad Real?" "Thou art a rare taster," answered he of the wood; "it is indeed of no other growth, and has, besides, some years over its head." "Trust me for that," quoth Sancho: "depend upon it I always hit right, and can guess to a hair. And this is all natural in me; let me but smell them, and I will tell you the country, the kind, the flavour, the age, strength, and all about it; for you must know I have had in my family, by the father's side, two of the rarest tasters that were ever known in La Mancha; and I will give you a proof of their skill. A certain hogshead was given to each of them to taste, and their opinion asked as to the condition, quality, goodness, or badness, of the wine. One tried it with the tip of his tongue; the other only put it to his nose. The first said the wine savoured of iron; the second said it had rather a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested that the vessel was clean, and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to what they had said. Time went on; the wine was sold off.

\* A pod so called in La Mancha, with a flat pulse in it, which green or ripe is harsh, but sweet and pleasant after it is dried.

and, on cleaning the cask, a small key, hanging to a leathern thong, was found at the bottom. Judge then, sir, whether one of that race may not be well entitled to give his opinion in these matters." "That being the case," quoth he of the wood, "we should leave off seeking adventures, and, since we have a good loaf, let us not look for cheesecakes, but make haste and get home to our own cots, for there God will find us, if it be His will." "I will serve my master till he reaches Saragossa," quoth Sancho; "then mayhap we shall turn over a new leaf."

Thus the good squires went on talking, and eating and drinking, until it was full time that sleep should give their tongues a respite, and allay their thirst, for to quench it seemed impossible; and both of them, still keeping hold of the almost empty bottle, fell fast asleep; in which situation we will leave them at present.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*In which is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood.*

PEACEABLY and amicably the two knights continued to converse; and among other things the history informs us that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, "In fact, sir knight, I must confess that, by destiny, or rather by choice, I became enamoured of the peerless Casildea de Vandalia:—peerless I call her because she is without her peer, either in rank, beauty, or form. Casildea repaid my honourable and virtuous passion by employing me as Hercules was employed by his step-mother, in many and various perils: promising me, at the end of each of them, that the next should crown my hopes: but, alas! she still goes on, adding link after link to the chain of my labours, insomuch that they are now countless; nor can I tell when they are to cease, and my tender wishes be gratified. One time she commanded me to go and challenge Giralda,\* the famous giantess of Seville, who is as stout and strong as if she were made of brass, and, though never stirring from one spot, is the most changeable and unsteady woman in the world. I came, I saw, I conquered—I made her stand still, and fixed her to a point: for, during a whole week, no wind blew but from the north. Another time she commanded me to weigh those ancient statues, the fierce bulls of Guisando,† an enterprise better suited to a porter than a knight. Another time she commanded me to plunge headlong into Cabra's cave, (direful mandate!) and bring her a particular detail of all the lies enclosed within its dark abyss. I stopped the motion of Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisanda, I plunged headlong into the cavern of Cabra, and brought to light its hidden secrets; yet still my hopes are dead—O how dead! And her commands and disdains alive—O how alive! In short, she has now commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight whom I meet to confess that, in beauty, she excels all others now in existence; and that I am the most valiant and the most enamoured knight in the universe. In obedience to this command I have already traversed the greatest part of Spain, and have vanquished divers knights who have had the presumption to contradict me. But what I value myself most upon is having vanquished, in single combat, that renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beau-

\* A brass statue on a steeple at Seville, which serves for a weathercock.

† Two large statues in that town, supposed to have been placed there by Metellus, in the time of the Romans.

tiful than his Dulcinea ; and I reckon that, in this conquest alone, I have vanquished all the knights in the world ; for this Don Quixote has conquered them all, and I, having overcome him, his glory, his fame, and his honour, are consequently transferred to me. All the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote I therefore consider as already mine, and placed to my account."

Don Quixote was amazed at the assertions of the knight of the wood, and had been every moment on the point of giving him the lie ; but he restrained himself that he might convict him of falsehood from his own mouth ; and therefore he said, very calmly, "That you may have vanquished, sir knight, most of the knights-errant of Spain, or even of the whole world, I will not dispute ; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha I have much reason to doubt. Some one resembling him, I allow, it might have been, though, in truth, I believe there are not many like him." "How say you ?" cried he of the wood : "by the canopy of heaven, I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him surrender to me ! He is a man of an erect figure, withered face, long and meagre limbs, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, with large black moustaches, and styles himself the 'knight of the sorrowful figure.' The name of his squire is Sancho Panza ; he presses the back, and governs the reins, of a famous steed called Rozinante—in a word, the mistress of his thoughts is one Dulcinea del Toboso, formerly called Aldonzo Lorenzo, as my Casildea, being of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the name of Casildea de Vandalia. And now, if I have not sufficiently proved what I have said, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe !" "Softly, sir knight," said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to say. You must know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the dearest friend I have in the world, insomuch that he is, as it were, another self ; and, notwithstanding the very accurate description you have given of him, I am convinced, by the evidence of my senses, that you have never subdued him. It is, indeed, possible that, as he is continually persecuted by enchanters, some one of these may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame which his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired him over the whole face of the earth." A proof of their malice occurred but a few days since, when they transformed the figure and face of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into the form of a mean rustic wench. And now if, after all, you doubt the truth of what I say, behold the true Don Quixote himself before you, ready to convince you of your error, by force of arms, on foot, or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please." He then rose up, and, grasping his sword, awaited the determination of the knight of the wood, who, very calmly, said in reply, "A good paymaster wants no pledge : he who could vanquish Signor Don Quixote, under transformation, may well hope to make him yield in his proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means perform their feats in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight, that the sun may witness our exploits ; and let the condition of our combat be, that the conquered shall remain entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, provided that he require nothing of him but what a knight may with honour submit to." Don Quixote having expressed himself entirely satisfied with these conditions, they went to seek their squires, whom they found snoring, in the very same posture as that in which sleep had first surprised them. They were soon awakened by their masters, and ordered to prepare the steeds, so that they might be ready, at sunrise, for a bloody single combat. At this intelligence Sancho was thunderstruck, and ready to swoon away with fear for his master, from what he had been told, by the squire of the wood, of his knight's prowess. Both the squires, however, without saying a word, went to seek their cattle ; and the three horses and Dapple, having smelt each other out, were found all very sociably together.

"You must understand, brother," said the squire of the wood to Sancho, "that it is not the custom in Andalusia for the seconds to stand idle, with their arms folded, while their godsons\* are engaged in combat. So this is to give you notice that, while our masters are at it, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another." "This custom, signor squire," answered Sancho, "may pass among ruffians; but among the squires of knights-errant no such practice is thought of—at least I have not heard my master talk of any such custom; and he knows by heart all the laws of knight-errantry. But, supposing there is any such law, I shall not obey it. I would rather pay the penalty laid upon such peaceable squires, which, I dare say, cannot be above a couple of pounds of wax; † and that will cost me less money than plasters to cure a broken head. Besides, how can I fight when I have got no sword, and never had one in my life?" "I know a remedy for that," said he of the wood; "here are a couple of linen bags of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and so, with equal weapons, we will have a bout at bag-blows." "With all my heart," answered Sancho; "for such a battle will only dust our jackets." "It must not be quite so, either," replied the other; "for, lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half-a-dozen clean and smooth pebbles, of equal weight; and thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage." "Body of my father!" answered Sancho, "what sable fur, what bottoms of carded cotton, forsooth, you would put into the bags, that we may not break our bones to powder! But I tell you what, master, though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, I shall not fight. Let our masters fight, and take the consequences; but let us drink and live, for time takes care to rid us of our lives, without our seeking ways to go before our appointed term and season." "Nay," replied he of the wood, "do let us fight, if it be but for half an hour." "No, no," answered Sancho, "I shall not be so rude nor ungrateful as to have any quarrel with a gentleman after eating and drinking with him. Besides, who the devil can set about dry fighting without being provoked to it?" "If that be all," quoth he of the wood, "I can easily manage it; for, before we begin our fight, I will come up, and just give you three or four handsome cuffs, which will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse." "Against that trick," answered Sancho, "I have another not a whit behind it; which is, to take a good cudgel, and, before you can come near enough to waken my choler, I will bastinado yours into so sound a sleep, that it shall never awake but in another world. Let me tell you I am not a man to suffer my face to be handled, so let every one look to the arrow; though the safest way would be to let that same choler sleep on—for one man knows not what another can do, and some people go out for wool and come home shorn. In all times, God blessed the peacemakers and cursed the peace-breakers. If a baited cat turns into a lion, Heaven knows what I, that am a man, may turn into: and therefore I warn you, master squire, that all the damage and mischief that may follow from our quarrel must be placed to your account." "Agreed," replied he of the wood. "God send us daylight, and we shall see what is to be done."

And now a thousand sorts of birds, glittering in their gay attire, began to chirp and warble in the trees, and in a variety of joyous notes seemed to hail the blushing Aurora, who now displayed her rising beauties from the bright arcades and balconies of the east, and gently shook from her locks a shower of liquid pearls, sprinkling that reviving treasure over all vegetation. The willows

\* In tilts and tournaments the seconds were a kind of godfathers to the principals, and certain ceremonies were performed on those occasions.

† Small offences, in Spain, are fined at a pound or two of white wax, for the tapers in churches, &c., and confessors frequently enjoin it as a penance.



distilled their delicious manna, the fountains smiled, the brooks murmured, the woods and meads rejoiced at her approach. But scarcely had hill and dale received the welcome light of day, and objects become visible, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the squire of the wood's nose, which was so large that it almost overshadowed his whole body. Its magnitude was indeed extraordinary; it was moreover a hawk-nose, full of warts and carbuncles, of the colour of a mulberry, and hanging two fingers' breadth below his mouth. The size, the colour, the carbuncles, and the crookedness, produced such a countenance of horror, that Sancho, at the sight thereof, began to tremble from head to foot, and he resolved within himself to take two hundred cuffs before he would be provoked to attack such a hobgoblin.

Don Quixote also surveyed his antagonist, but, the beaver of his helmet being down, his face was concealed; it was evident, however, that he was a strong-made man, not very tall, and that over his armour he wore a kind of surtout or loose coat, apparently of the finest gold cloth, besprinkled with little moons of polished glass, which made a very gay and shining appearance; a large plume of feathers, green, yellow, and white, waved about his helmet. His lance, which was leaning against a tree, was very large and thick, and headed with pointed steel, above a span long. All these circumstances Don Quixote attentively marked, and inferred, from appearances, that he was a very potent knight, but he was not therefore daunted, like Sancho Panza; on the contrary, with a gallant spirit, he said to the knight of the mirrors, "Sir knight, if your eagerness for combat has not exhausted your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether your countenance corresponds with your gallant demeanour." "Whether vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, sir knight," answered he of the mirrors, "you will have time and leisure enough for seeing me; and if I comply not now with your request, it is because I think it would be an indignity to the beauteous Casildea de Vandalia to lose any time in forcing you to make the confession required." "However, while we are mounting our horses," said Don Quixote, "you can tell me whether I resemble that Don Quixote whom you said you had vanquished." "As like as one egg is to another," replied he of the mirrors; "though, as you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not affirm that you are actually the same person." "I am satisfied that you acknowledge you may be deceived," said Don Quixote; "however, to remove all doubt, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in raising your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall be convinced I am not the vanquished Don Quixote."

They now mounted without more words, and Don Quixote wheeled Rozinante about, to take sufficient ground for the encounter, while the other knight did the same; but before Don Quixote had gone twenty paces, he heard himself called by his opponent, who, meeting him half-way, said, "Remember, sir knight, our agreement, which is, that the conquered shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror." "I know it," answered Don Quixote; "provided that which is imposed shall not transgress the laws of chivalry." "Certainly," answered he of the mirrors. At this juncture the squire's strange nose presented itself to Don Quixote's sight, who was no less struck than Sancho, inasmuch that he looked upon him as a monster, or some creature of a new species. Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with Long-nose, lest, perchance, he should get a flip from that dreadful snout, which would level him to the ground, either by force or fright. So he ran after his master, holding by the stirrup-leather, and when he thought it was nearly time for him to face about, "I beseech your worship," he cried, "before you turn,

to help me into yon cork-tree, where I can see better and more to my liking the brave battle you are going to have with that knight." "I rather believe, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that thou art for mounting a scaffold to see the bull-sports without danger." "To tell you the truth, sir," answered Sancho, "that squire's monstrous nose fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him." "It is indeed a fearful sight," said Don Quixote, "to any other but myself; come, therefore, and I will help thee up."

While Don Quixote was engaged in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, the knight of the mirrors took as large a compass as he thought necessary, and, believing that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or any other signal, he turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active nor more slightly than Rozinante, and at his best speed, though not exceeding a middling trot, he advanced to encounter the enemy; but, seeing him employed with Sancho, he reined in his steed and stopped in the midst of his career; for which his horse was most thankful, being unable to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rozinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself that, as the history relates, this was the only time in his life that he approached to something like a gallop; and with this unprecedented fury he soon came up to where his adversary stood, striking his spurs rowel-deep into the sides of his charger, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place where he had been checked in his career. At this fortunate juncture Don Quixote met his adversary, embarrassed not only with his horse but his lance, which he either knew not how, or had not time, to fix in its rest, and therefore our knight, who saw not these perplexities, assailed him with perfect security, and with such force that he soon brought him to the ground, over his horse's crupper, leaving him motionless and without any signs of life. Sancho, on seeing this, immediately slid down from the cork-tree, and in all haste ran to his master, who alighted from Rozinante and went up to the vanquished knight, when, unlacing his helmet to see whether he was dead, or if yet alive, to give him air, he beheld—but who can relate what he beheld—without causing amazement, wonder, and terror, in all that hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigy and semblance of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco! "Come hither, Sancho," cried he aloud, "and see, but believe not; make haste, son, and mark what wizards and enchanters can do!" Sancho approached, and seeing the face of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over. All this time the overthrown cavalier showed no signs of life. "My advice is," said Sancho, "that, at all events, your worship should thrust your sword down the throat of this man, who is so like the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: for in despatching him you may destroy one of those enchanters, your enemies." "Thou sayest not amiss," quoth Don Quixote, "for the fewer enemies the better." He then drew his sword to put Sancho's advice into execution, when the squire of the mirrors came running up, but without the frightful nose, and cried aloud, "Have a care, Signor Don Quixote, what you do; for it is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire." Sancho seeing his face now shorn of its deformity, exclaimed, "The nose! where is the nose?" "Here it is," said the other; taking from his right-hand pocket a pasteboard nose, formed and painted in the manner already described; and Sancho, now looking earnestly at him, made another exclamation, "Blessed Virgin defend me!" cried he, "is not this Tom Cecial, my neighbour?" "Indeed am I," answered the unnosed squire; "Tom Cecial I am, friend Sancho Panza, and I will tell you presently what tricks brought me hither; but now, good Sancho, entreat, in the mean time, your

master not to hurt the knight of the mirrors at his feet ; for he is truly no other than the rash and ill-advised bachelor Sampson Carrasco, our townsman."

By this time the knight of the mirrors began to recover his senses, which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat and said, "You are a dead man, sir knight, if you confess not that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia ; you must promise also, on my sparing your life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her from me, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit ; and, if she leaves you at liberty, then shall you return to me without delay—the fame of my exploits being your guide—to relate to me the circumstances of your interview ; these conditions being strictly conformable to the terms agreed on before our encounter, and also to the rules of knight-errantry." "I confess," said the fallen knight, "that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed, though clean locks of Casildea ; and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you the exact and particular account which you require of me."

"You must likewise confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight you vanquished was not Don Quixote de la Mancha, but some one resembling him ; as I do confess and believe that, though resembling the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, you are not he, but some other whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness to restrain the impetuosity of my rage, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest." "I confess, judge, and believe everything, precisely as you do yourself," answered the disjointed knight ; "and now suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if my bruises do not prevent me." Don Quixote raised him with the assistance of his squire, on whom Sancho still kept his eyes fixed ; and though from some conversation that passed between them he had much reason to believe it was really his old friend Tom Cecial, he was so prepossessed by all that his master had said about enchanters, that he would not trust his own eyes. In short, both master and man persisted in their error ; and the knight of the mirrors, with his squire, much out of humour and in ill-plight, went in search of some convenient place where he might searchcloth himself and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to Saragossa, where the history leaves them to give some account of the knight of the mirrors and his well-snouted squire.

## CHAPTER XV.

### *Giving an account of the knight of the mirrors and his squire.*

DON QUIXOTE was exceedingly happy, elated, and vain-glorious at his triumph over so valiant a knight as he imagined him of the mirrors to be, and from whose promise he hoped to learn whether his adored mistress still remained in a state of enchantment. But Don Quixote expected one thing, and he of the mirrors intended another : his only care at present being to get, as soon as possible, plasters for his bruises. The history then proceeds to tell us that when the bachelor Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume his functions of knight-errantry, he had previously consulted with the priest and the barber upon the best means of inducing Don Quixote to stay peaceably and quietly at home ; and it was agreed by general vote, as well as by the particular advice of Carrasco, that they should let Don Quixote make another sally (since it seemed impossible to detain him), and that the bachelor should then also sally forth

like a knight-errant, and take an opportunity of engaging him to fight; and after vanquishing him, which they held to be an easy matter, he should remain, according to a previous agreement, at the disposal of the conqueror, who should command him to return home, and not quit it for the space of two years, or till he had received further orders from him.) They doubted not but that he would readily comply, rather than infringe the laws of chivalry; and they hoped that, during this interval, he might forget his follies, or that some means might be discovered of curing his malady.) Carrasco engaged in the enterprise, and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's neighbour, a merry shallow-brained fellow, proffered his service as squire. Sampson armed himself in the manner already described, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit nose to his face for the purpose of disguising himself; and, following the same road that Don Quixote had taken, they were not far off when the adventure of Death's car took place; but it was in the wood they overtook him, which was the scene of the late action, and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary conceit that the bachelor was not the bachelor, that gentleman, not meeting even so much as nests, where he thought to find birds, would have been incapacitated for ever from taking the degree of licentiate.)

Tom Cecial, after the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the bachelor, "Most certainly, Signor Carrasco, we have been rightly served. It is easy to plan a thing, but very often difficult to get through with it. Don Quixote is mad, and we are in our senses; he gets off sound and laughing, and your worship remains sore and sorrowful: now, pray, which is the greater madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose?" "The difference between these two sorts of madmen is," replied Sampson, "that he who cannot help it will remain so, and he who deliberately plays the fool may leave off when he thinks fit." "That being the case," said Tom Cecial, "I was mad when I desired to be your worship's squire, and now I desire to be so no longer, but shall hasten home again." "That you may do," answered Sampson, "but, for myself, I cannot think of returning to mine, till I have soundly banged this same Don Quixote. It is not now with the hope of curing him of his madness, that I shall seek him, but a desire for revenge; the pain of my ribs will not allow me to entertain a more charitable purpose." In this humour they went on talking till they came to a village, where they luckily met with a bone-setter, who undertook to cure the unfortunate Sampson. Tom Cecial now returned home, leaving his master meditating schemes of revenge; and though the history will have occasion to mention him again hereafter, it must now attend the motions of our triumphant knight.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

*Of what befel Don Quixote with a worthy gentleman of La Mancha.*

DON QUIXOTE pursued his journey with pleasure, satisfaction, and self-complacency, as already described: imagining, because of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight the world could then boast of. He cared neither for enchantments nor enchanters, and looked upon all the adventures which should henceforth befall him as already achieved and brought to a happy conclusion. He no longer remembered his innumerable sufferings during the progress of his chivalries; the stoning that demolished half his grinders, the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the audacity of the Yanguesian carriers and

their shower of pack-staves :—in short, he inwardly exclaimed that, could he devise any means of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea, he should not envy the highest fortune that ever was, or could be, attained by the most prosperous knight-errant of past ages. ✓

He was wholly absorbed in these reflections, when Sancho said to him, "Is it not strange, sir, that I have still before my eyes the monstrous nose of my neighbour Tom Cecial?" "And dost thou really believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the knight of the mirrors was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire thy friend Tom Cecial?" "I know not what to say about it," answered Sancho: "I only know that the marks he gave me of my house, wife, and children, could be given by nobody else; and his face, when the nose was off, was Tom Cecial's, just as I have often seen it—for he lives in the next house to my own; the tone of his voice, too, was the very same." "Come, come, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let us reason upon this matter. How can it be imagined that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come as a knight-errant, armed at all points, to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? Have I ever given him occasion to bear me ill-will? Am I his rival? Or has he embraced the profession of arms, envying the fame I have acquired by them?" "But, then, what are we to say, sir," answered Sancho, "to the likeness of that knight, whoever he may be, to the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire to my neighbour Tom Cecial? If it be enchantment, as your worship says, why were they to be made like those two above all others in the world?" "Trust me, Sancho, the whole is an artifice," answered Don Quixote, "and a trick of the wicked magicians who persecute me. Knowing that I might be victorious, they cunningly contrived that my vanquished enemy should assume the appearance of the worthy bachelor, in order that the friendship which I bear him might interpose between the edge of my sword and the vigour of my arm, and by checking my just indignation, the wretch might escape with life, who, by fraud and violence, sought mine. Indeed, already thou knowest by experience, Sancho, how easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul, and the foul fair; since, not two days ago, thou sawest with thine own eyes the grace and beauty of the peerless Dulcinea in their highest perfection, while to me she appeared under the mean and disgusting exterior of a rude country-wench, with cataracts on her eyes, and a bad smell in her mouth. If, then, the wicked enchanter durst make so foul a transformation, no wonder at this deception of his, in order to snatch the glory of victory out of my hands! However, I am gratified in knowing that, whatever was the form he pleased to assume, my triumph over him was complete." "Heaven knows the truth of all things," answered Sancho; who, well knowing the transformation of Dulcinea to have been a device of his own, was not quite satisfied with his master's elucidations: but he would make no reply, lest he should betray himself.

While thus discoursing, they were overtaken by a gentleman, mounted on a very fine flea-bitten mare, and dressed in a green cloth riding-coat, faced with murrey-coloured velvet, and a hunter's cap of the same; the mare's furniture corresponded in colour with his dress, and was adapted to field sports; a Moorish scimitar hung at his shoulder-belt, which was green and gold; his buskins were wrought like the belt, and his spurs were not gilt, but green, and polished so neatly that, as they suited his clothes, they looked better than if they had been of pure gold. He saluted them courteously, and, spurring his mare, was passing on, when Don Quixote said to him, "If you are travelling our road, signor, and are not in haste, will you favour us with your company?" "Indeed, signor," replied he, "I should not have passed on, but I was afraid your horse might prove unruly in the company of my mare." "Sir," answered

Sancho, "if that be all, you may safely trust your mare; for ours is the noblest and best-behaved horse in the world; and, at such a time, was never guilty of a roguish trick in his life, but once, and then my master and I paid for it sevenfold. I say, again, your worship need not fear; for if she were served up betwixt two dishes, I assure you, he would not so much as look her in the face." The traveller checked his mare, his curiosity being excited by the appearance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried like a cloak-bag, at the pommel of his ass's pannel; but if he stared at Don Quixote, he was himself surveyed with no less attention by the knight, who conceived him to be some person of consequence. His age seemed to be about fifty, though he had but few grey hairs; his face was of the aquiline form, of a countenance neither too gay, nor too grave, and by his whole exterior it was evident that he was no ordinary person. It was not less manifest that the traveller, as he contemplated Don Quixote, thought he had never seen any one like him before. With wonder he gazed upon his tall person, his meagre, shallow visage, his lank horse, his armour, and stately deportment; altogether presenting a figure, like which nothing, for many centuries past, had been seen in that country.

Don Quixote perceived that he had attracted the attention of the traveller, and, being the pink of courtesy, and always desirous of pleasing, he anticipated his questions, by saying, "You are probably surprised, signor, at my appearance, which is certainly uncommon in the present age; but this will be explained when I tell you that I am a knight in search of adventures. I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted ease and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune. I wished to revive chivalry, so long deceased; and for some time past, exposed to many vicissitudes, stumbling in one place, and rising again in another, I have prosecuted my design; succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding wives and orphans—all the natural and proper duties of knights-errant. And thus, by many valorous and Christian exploits, I have acquired the deserved honour of being in print throughout all or most of the nations in the world. Thirty thousand copies are already published of my history, and, Heaven permitting, thirty thousand thousands more are likely to be printed. Finally, to sum up all in a single word, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure! Though self-praise depreciates, I am compelled sometimes to pronounce my own commendations, but it is only when no friend is present to perform that office for me. And now, my worthy sir, that you know my profession, and who I am, you will cease to wonder at my appearance."

After an interval of silence, the traveller in green said, in reply, "You are indeed right, signor, in conceiving me to be struck by your appearance: but you have rather increased than lessened my wonder by the account you give of yourself. How! Is it possible that there are knights-errant now in the world, and that there are histories printed of real chivalries? I had no idea that there was anybody now upon earth who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided wives, or protected orphans: nor should yet have believed it, had I not been now convinced with my own eyes. Thank Heaven! the history you mention of your exalted and true achievements must surely cast into oblivion all the fables of imaginary knights-errant which abound so much, to the detriment of good morals, and the prejudice and neglect of genuine history." "There is much to be said," answered Don Quixote, "upon the question of the truth or fiction of the histories of knights-errant." "Why, is there any one," answered he in green, "who doubts the falsehood of those histories?" "I doubt it," replied Don Quixote—"but no more of that at present; for, if we travel together much farther, I hope to convince you, sir, that you have been wrong in suffering your-

self to be carried in the stream with those who cavil at their truth." The traveller now first began to suspect the state of his companion's intellect, and watched for a further confirmation of his suspicion: but, before they entered into any other discourse, Don Quixote said that, since he had so freely described himself, he hoped he might be permitted to ask who he was. To which the traveller answered, "I, sir knight of the sorrowful figure, am a gentleman, and native of a village where, if it please Heaven, we shall dine to-day. My fortune is affluent, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children, and my friends: my diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, only some decoy partridges, and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, Spanish and Lath, some of history, and some of devotion: those of chivalry have not come over my threshold. I am more inclined to the reading of profane than devout authors, provided they are well written, ingenious, and harmless in their tendency, though, in truth, there are very few books of this kind in Spain. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, and frequently I invite them; my table is neat and clean, and not parsimoniously furnished. I slander no one, nor do I listen to slander from others. I pry not into other men's lives, nor scrutinize their actions. I hear mass every day; I share my substance with the poor, making no parade of my good works, lest hypocrisy and vain-glory, those insidious enemies of the human breast, should find access to mine. It is always my endeavour to make peace between those who are at variance. I am devoted to our blessed Lady, and ever trust in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho was very attentive to the account of this gentleman's life, which appeared to him to be good and holy; and, thinking that one of such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself off his Dapple, and, running up to him, he laid hold of his right stirrup; then, devoutly, and almost with tears, he kissed his feet more than once. "What mean you by this, brother?" said the gentleman; "why these embraces?" "Pray let me kiss on," answered Sancho; "for your worship is the first saint on horseback I ever saw in all my life." "I am not a saint," answered the gentleman, "but a great sinner: you, my friend, must indeed be good, as your simplicity proves." Sancho retired, and mounted his ass again; having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh astonishment in Don Diego.

Don Quixote then asked him how many children he had, at the same time observing that the ancient philosophers, being without the true knowledge of God, held supreme happiness to consist in the gifts of nature and fortune, in having many friends and many good children. "I have one son," answered the gentleman; "and if I had him not, perhaps I should think myself happier: not that he is bad, but because he is not all that I would have him. He is eighteen years old: six of which he has spent at Salamanca, learning the Latin and Greek languages, and, when I wished him to proceed to other studies, I found him infatuated with poetry, and could not prevail upon him to look into the law, which it was my desire he should study; nor into theology, the queen of all sciences. I was desirous that he should be an honour to his family, since we live in an age in which useful and virtuous literature is rewarded by the sovereign—I say virtuous, for letters without virtue are pearls on a dunghill. He passes whole days in examining whether Homer expressed himself well in such a verse of the *Iliad*; whether Martial, in such an epigram, be obscene or not; whether such a line in Virgil should be understood this or that way;—in a word, all his conversation is with these and other ancient poets, such as Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus: for the modern Spanish authors he holds in no esteem." At the same time, in spite of the contempt he seems to

have for Spanish poetry, his thoughts are at this time entirely engrossed by a paraphrase on four verses sent him from Salamanca, and which, I believe, is intended for a scholastic prize."

"Children, my good sir," replied Don Quixote, "are the flesh and blood of their parents, and, whether good or bad, must be loved and cherished as part of themselves. It is the duty of parents to train them up from their infancy, in the paths of virtue and good manners, and in Christian discipline, so that they may become the staff of their age and an honour to their posterity. As to forcing them to this or that pursuit, I do not hold it to be right, though I think there is a propriety in advising them; and, when the student is so fortunate as to have an inheritance, and therefore not compelled to study for his subsistence, I should be for indulging him in the pursuit of that science to which his genius is most inclined; and although that of poetry be less useful than delightful, it does not usually reflect disgrace on its votaries. Poetry I regard as a tender virgin, young and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins—namely, all the other sciences—are assiduous to enrich, to polish, and adorn. She is to be served by them, and they are to be ennobled through her. But this same virgin is not to be rudely handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed in the market-place, nor posted on the corners of gates of palaces. She is of so exquisite a nature that he who knows how to treat her will convert her into gold of the most inestimable value. He who possesses her should guard her with vigilance, neither suffering her to be polluted by obscene, nor degraded by dull and frivolous works. Although she must be in no wise venal, she is not, therefore, to despise the fair reward of honourable labours, either in heroic or dramatic composition. Buffoons must not come near her, neither must she be approached by the ignorant vulgar, who have no sense of her charms; and this term is equally applicable to all ranks; for whoever is ignorant is vulgar. He, therefore, who, with the qualifications I have named, devotes himself to poetry, will be honoured and esteemed by all nations distinguished for intellectual cultivation.

"With regard to your son's contempt for Spanish poetry, I think he is therein to blame. The great Homer, being a Greek, did not write in Latin, nor did Virgil, who was a Roman, write in Greek. In fact, all the ancient poets wrote in the language of their native country, and did not hunt after foreign tongues to express their own sublime conceptions. This custom, therefore, should prevail among all nations: the German poet should not be undervalued for writing in his own tongue; nor the Castilian—nor even the Biscayan—for writing the language of his province. But your son, I should imagine, does not dislike the Spanish poetry, but poets who are unacquainted with other languages, and deficient in that knowledge which might enrich, embellish, and invigorate their native powers: although, indeed, it is generally said that the gift of poesy is innate—that is, a poet is born a poet, and thus endowed by Heaven, apparently without study or art, composes things which verify the saying, *Est deus in nobis*, &c. Thus the poet of nature, who improves himself by art, rises far above him who is merely the creature of study: art may improve, but cannot surpass nature; and therefore it is the union of both which produces the perfect poet. Suffer, then, your son to proceed in the career which the star of his genius points out; for, being so good a scholar, and having already happily mounted the first step of the sciences—that of the learned languages—he may, by their aid, attain the summit of literary eminence, which is no less an honour and an ornament to a gentleman than a mitre to the ecclesiastic, or the long robe to the lawyer. If your son write personal satires, chide him, and tear his performances; but if he write like Horace, reprehending vice in general, commend him; for it is laudable in a poet to employ his pen in a virtuous



cause. Let him direct the shafts of satire against vice, in all its various forms, but not level them at individuals, like some who, rather than not indulge their mischievous wit, will hazard a disgraceful banishment to the Isles of Pontus.\* If the poet be correct in his morals, his verse will partake of the same purity: the pen is the tongue of the mind, and what his conceptions are, such will be his productions. The wise and virtuous subject who is gifted with a poetic genius is ever honoured and enriched by his sovereign, and crowned with the leaves of the tree which the thunderbolt hurts not, as a token that all should respect those brows which are so honourably adorned."

Here Don Quixote paused, having by his rational discourse made his companion waver in the opinion he had formed of his insanity. Sancho, in the mean time, not finding the conversation to his taste, had gone a short distance out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds whom he saw milking their ewes: and just as the traveller, highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ingenuity and good sense, was about to resume the conversation, Don Quixote perceived a cart with royal banners advancing on the same road, and, believing it to be something that fell under his jurisdiction, he called aloud to Sancho to bring him his helmet. Sancho immediately left the shepherds, and pricking up Dapple, hastened to his master, who was about to be engaged in a most terrific and stupendous adventure.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

*Wherein is set forth the extreme and highest point at which the unheard-of courage of Don Quixote ever did or ever could arrive; with the happy conclusion of the adventure of the lions.*

LITTLE expecting a fresh adventure, Sancho, as the history carefully relates, was leisurely buying some curds of the shepherds; and, being summoned in such haste to his master, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to carry them; so that, to prevent their being wasted, he poured them into the helmet; and, satisfied with this excellent device, he hurried away to receive the commands of his lord. "Sancho," said the knight, "give me my helmet: for either I know little of adventures, or that which I descry yonder is one that will oblige me to have recourse to arms." He of the green riding-coat, hearing this, looked on all sides, and could see nothing but a cart coming towards them, with two or three small flags, by which he thought it probable that it was conveying some of the king's money. He mentioned his conjecture to Don Quixote; but he heeded him not—his imagination was too much possessed by adventures, and his only reply was, "Fore-warned, fore-armed; to be prepared is half the victory. I know, by experience, that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor from what quarter, nor at what time, nor in what shape, they may attack me." He then took his helmet from Sancho's hand before he had discharged the curds, and, without observing its contents, clapped it hastily upon his head. The curds being squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of the knight, to his great consternation. "What can this mean, Sancho?" said he; "methinks my skull is softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot! If so, it is certainly not through fear, though I verily believe that this will prove a terrible adventure. Give me something to wipe myself,

\* Alluding to Ovid.

Sancho ; for this copious sweat blinds me." Sancho said nothing, but gave him a cloth ; at the same time, thanking Heaven that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was, so cool to his head : and, observing some white lumps in it, he put them to his nose, and smelling them, "By the lady of my soul," he exclaimed, "these are curds which thou hast put here, thou base unmannerly squire !" Sancho replied with much coolness and cunning, "If they are curds, sir, give them to me and I will eat them—no, now I think of it, the devil may eat them for me, for he only could have put them there. What ! I offer to foul your worship's helmet ! Egad ! it seems as if I had my enchanters too, who persecute me as a creature and member of your worship, and have put that filthiness there to provoke your wrath against me. But, truly this time they have missed their aim ; for I trust to my master's good judgment, who will consider that I have neither curds, nor cream, nor anything like it ; and that if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach than into your worship's helmet." "Well," said Don Quixote, "there may be something in that." The gentleman, who had been observing all that had passed, was astonished ; and still more so at what followed ; for Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, again put it on, and fixing himself firm in his stirrups, adjusting his sword, and grasping his lance, he exclaimed, "Now, come what may, I am prepared to encounter Satan himself !"

They were soon overtaken by the cart with flags, which was attended only by the driver, who rode upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore part of it. Don Quixote planted himself just before them, and said, "Whither go ye, brethren ! What carriage is this ? What does it contain, and what are those banners ?" "The cart is mine," answered the carter, "and in it are two fierce lions, which the general of Oran is sending to court as a present to his majesty ; the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the cart belongs to him." "And are the lions large ?" demanded Don Quixote. "Larger never came from Africa to Spain," said the man on the front of the cart ; "I am their keeper, and in my time have had charge of many lions, but never of any so large as these. They are a male and a female ; the male is in the first cage, and the female is in that behind. Not having eaten to-day, they are now hungry ; and therefore, sir, stand aside, for we must make haste to the place where they are to be fed." "What !" said Don Quixote, with a scornful smile, "Lion-whelps against me ! Against me, your puny monsters ! and at this time of day ! By yon blessed sun ! those who sent them hither shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend ! and, since you are their keeper, open the cages and turn out your savages of the desert : for in the midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them hither to me." "So, so," quoth the gentleman to himself, "our good knight has now given us a specimen of what he is ; doubtless the curds have softened his skull, and made his brains mellow." Sancho now coming up to him, "For Heaven's sake, sir," cried he, "hinder my master from meddling with these lions ; for if he does, they will tear us all to pieces." "What then, is your master so mad," answered the gentleman, "that you really fear he will attack such fierce animals ?" "He is not mad," answered Sancho, "but daring." "I will make him desist," replied the gentleman ; and, going up to Don Quixote, who was importuning the keeper to open the cages, "Sir," said he, "knights-errant should engage in adventures that, at least, afford some prospect of success, and not such as are altogether desperate ; for the valour which borders on temerity has in it more of madness than courage. Besides, sir knight, these lions do not come to assail you : they are going to be presented

to his majesty ; and it is, therefore, improper to detain them or retard their journey." "Sweet sir," answered Don Quixote, "go hence, and mind your decoy partridge and your stout ferret, and leave every one to his functions. This is mine, and I shall see whether these gentlemen lions will come against me or not." Then, turning to the keeper, he said, "I vow to Heaven, Don Rascal, if thou dost not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin thee to the cart." The carter seeing that the armed lunatic was resolute, "Good sir," said he, "for charity's sake, be pleased to let me take off my mules and get with them out of danger, before the lions are let loose : for should my cattle be killed, I am undone for ever, as I have no other means of living than by this cart and these mules." "Incredulous wretch !" cried Don Quixote, "unyoke and do as thou wilt ; but thou shalt soon see that thy trouble might have been spared."

The carter alighted and unyoked in great haste. The keeper then said aloud, "Bear witness, all here present, that against my will, and by compulsion, I open the cages and let the lions loose. I protest against what this gentleman is doing, and declare all the mischief done by these beasts shall be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above. Pray, gentlemen, take care of yourselves before I open the door ; for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt." Again the gentleman pressed Don Quixote to desist from so mad an action ; declaring to him that he was thereby provoking God's wrath. Don Quixote replied that he knew what he was doing. The gentleman rejoined, and entreated him to consider well of it, for he was certainly deceived. "Nay, sir," replied Don Quixote, "if you will not be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your flea-bitten and save yourself." Sancho too besought him, with tears in his eyes, to desist from an enterprise compared with which that of the windmills, the dreadful one of the fulling-mills, and in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life, were mere tarts and cheesecakes. "Consider, sir," added Sancho, "here is no enchantment, nor anything like it ; for I saw, through the grates and chinks of the cage, the paw of a true lion ; and I guess, by the size of its claw, that it is bigger than a mountain." "Thy fears," answered Don Quixote, "would make it appear to thee larger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me ; and if I perish here, thou knowest our old agreement : repair to Dulcinea—I say no more." To these he added other expressions, which showed the firmness of his purpose, and that all argument would be fruitless. The gentleman would fain have compelled him to desist, but thought himself unequally matched in weapons and armour, and that it would not be prudent to engage with a madman, whose violence and menaces against the keeper were now redoubled ; the gentleman therefore spurred his mare, Sancho his Dapple, and the carter his mules, and all endeavoured to get as far off as possible from the cart, before the lions were let loose. Sancho bewailed the death of his master ; verily believing it would now overtake him between the paws of the lions ; he cursed his hard fortune, and the unlucky hour when he again entered into his service. But, notwithstanding his tears and lamentations, he kept urging on his Dapple to get far enough from the cart. The keeper seeing that the fugitives were at a good distance, repeated his arguments and entreaties, but to no purpose : Don Quixote answered that he heard him, and desired he would trouble himself no more, but immediately obey his commands, and open the door.

Whilst the keeper was unbarring the first gate, Don Quixote deliberated within himself whether it would be best to engage on horseback or not ; and finally determined it should be on foot, as Rozinante might be terrified at the sight of the lions. He therefore leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance,

braced on his shield, and drew his sword; then slowly advancing, with marvellous intrepidity and an undaunted heart, he planted himself before the lion's cage, devoutly commending himself first to God, and then to his mistress Dulcinea.

Here the author of this faithful history breaks out into the following exclamation:—"O most magnanimous, potent, and beyond all expression courageous, Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou mirror of heroes, and grand exemplar of valour! Thou new and second Don Manuel de Leon—the glory and pride of Spanish knights! In what words shall I describe this tremendous exploit—how render it credible to succeeding ages? What praise or panegyric can be imagined, though above all hyperboles hyperbolical, that does not belong to thee? Thou who, alone, firm, fearless, and intrepid, armed with a single sword, and that none of the sharpest, defended with a single shield, and that neither broad nor bright, stoodest expecting and braving two of the fiercest lions that ever roared in Libyan desert! But let thine own unrivalled deeds speak thy praise, valorous Manchegan! for I have no words equal to the lofty theme." Here the author ends his exclamation, and resumes the thread of the history.

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The keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the lion without incurring the resentment of the angry and daring knight, set wide open the door of the first cage, where the monster lay, which appeared to be of an extraordinary size, and of a hideous and frightful aspect. The first thing the creature did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely; after which he threw out some half-yard of tongue, wherewith he licked and washed his face. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides with eyes like red-hot coals: a sight to have struck temerity itself with terror! Don Quixote observed him with fixed attention, impatient for him to leap out of his den, that he might grapple with him and tear him to pieces; to such a height of extravagance was he transported by his unheard-of frenzy! But the generous lion, more gentle than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, turned himself round, and, showing his posteriors to Don Quixote, calmly and quietly laid himself down again in the cage. Upon which Don Quixote ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. "That I will not do," answered the keeper; "for, should I provoke him, I shall be the first whom he will tear to pieces. Be satisfied, signor cavalier, with what is done, which is everything in point of courage, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open to him and the liberty to come forth; and since he has not yet done so, he will not come out to-day. The greatness of your worship's courage is already sufficiently shown: no brave combatant, as I take it, is bound to do more than to challenge his foe, and wait his coming in the field; and if the antagonist does not meet him, the disgrace falls on him, while the challenger is entitled to the crown of victory." "That is true," answered Don Quixote; "shut the door, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have here seen me perform. It should be known that you opened the door to the lion; that I waited for him; that he came not out; again I waited for him; again he came not out; and again he laid himself down. I am bound to no more—enchancements, avaut! So Heaven prosper right and justice, and true chivalry! Shut the door, as I told thee, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that from your own mouth they may have an account of this exploit."

The keeper closed the door, and Don Quixote, having fixed the linen cloth with which he had wiped the curds from his face upon the point of his lance,


began to hail the troop in the distance, who, with the gentleman in green at their head, were still retiring, but looking round at every step, when, suddenly, Sancho observed the signal of the white cloth. "May I be hanged," cried he, "if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, for he is calling to us!" They all stopped, and saw that it was Don Quixote that had made the sign; and, their fear in some degree abating, they ventured to return slowly, till they could distinctly hear the words of Don Quixote, who continued calling to them. When they had reached the cart again, Don Quixote said to the driver, "Now, friend, put on your mules again, and in Heaven's name proceed; and, Sancho, give two crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for this delay." "That I will, with all my heart," answered Sancho; "but what is become of the lions? are they dead or alive?" The keeper then very minutely, and with due pauses, gave an account of the conflict, enlarging, to the best of his skill, on the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the daunted lion would not, or durst not, stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while; and, upon his representing to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion, and to force him out, he had at length, very reluctantly, permitted him to close it again. "What sayest thou to this, Sancho?" said Don Quixote; "can any enchantment prevail against true courage? Enchanters may, indeed, deprive me of good fortune; but of courage and resolution they never can." Sancho gave the gold crowns; the carter yoked his mules; the keeper thanked Don Quixote for his present, and promised to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself, when he arrived at court. "If, perchance, his majesty," said Don Quixote, "should inquire who performed it, tell him the Knight of the Lions: for henceforward I resolve that the title I have hitherto borne, of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, shall be thus changed, converted, and altered: and herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names at pleasure."

The cart now went forward, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and Don Diego de Miranda (which was the name of the traveller in green) pursued their way. This gentleman had not spoken a word for some time, his attention having been totally engrossed by the singular conduct and language of Don Quixote, whom he accounted a sensible madman, or one whose madness was mingled with good sense. He had never seen the first part of our knight's history, or he would have felt less astonishment at what he had witnessed: but now he knew not what to think, seeing him, in his conversation, so intelligent and sensible, and in his actions so foolish, wild, and extravagant. "What," thought he, "could be more absurd than to put a helmet full of curds upon his head, and then believe that enchanters had softened his skull? Or what could equal his extravagance in seeking a contest with lions?"

Don Quixote interrupted these reflections by saying, "Doubtless, signor, you set me down as extravagant and mad; and no wonder if such should be your thoughts, for my actions indicate no less. Nevertheless, I would have you know that I am not quite so irrational as I possibly may appear to you. It is a gallant sight to see a cavalier in shining armour, prancing over the lists, at some gay tournament, in sight of the ladies; it is a gallant sight when, in the middle of a spacious square, a brave cavalier, before the eyes of his prince, transfixes, with his lance, a furious bull; and a gallant show do all those knights make who, in military or other exercises, entertain, enliven, and do honour to their prince's court; but far above all these is the knight-errant who, through deserts and solitudes, through crossways, through woods, and over mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, which he undertakes and accomplishes, only to obtain a glorious and immortal fame. It is a nobler sight, I say, to behold a knight-errant in the act of succouring a widow in some

desert, than a courtier-knight complimenting a damsel in the city. All knights have their peculiar functions. Let the courtier serve the ladies, adorn his prince's court with rich liveries, entertain the poorer cavaliers at his splendid table, order jousts, manage tournaments, and show himself great, liberal, and magnificent, above all, a good Christian, and thus will he fulfil his duties; but let the knight-errant search the remotest corners of the world; enter the most intricate labyrinths; assail, at every step, impossibilities; brave, in wild uncultivated deserts, the burning rays of the summer sun and the keen inclemency of the winter's wind and frost; let not lions daunt him, nor spectres affright, nor dragons terrify him; for to seek, to attack, to conquer them all, is his particular duty. Therefore, sir, as it has fallen to my lot to be one of the number of knights-errant, I cannot decline undertaking whatever seems to me to come within my department: which was obviously the case in regard to the lions, although, at the same time, I know it to be the excess of temerity. Well I know, that fortitude is a virtue placed between the two extremes of cowardice and rashness: but it is better the valiant should rise to the extreme of temerity than sink to that of cowardice: for, as it is easier for the prodigal than the miser to become liberal; so it is much easier for the rash than the cowardly to become truly brave. In enterprises of every kind, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little; for it sounds better to be called rash and daring than timorous and cowardly."

"All that you have said and done, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Diego, "is levelled by the line of right reason; and I think if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship's breast, as their proper depository and register. But, as it grows late, let us quicken our pace, and we shall soon reach my habitation, where you may repose yourself after your late toil, which, if not of the body, must have been a labour of the mind." "I accept your kind offer with thanks," said the knight; then, proceeding a little faster than before, they reached, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the mansion of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called the Knight of the Green Riding-coat.



## BOOK II.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

*Of what befel Don Quixote in the castle, or house, of the knight of the green riding-coat; with other extraordinary matters.*

DON QUIXOTE, on approaching Don Diego's house, observed it to be a spacious mansion, having, after the country fashion, the arms of the family roughly carved in stone over the great gates, the buttery in the court-yard, the cellar under the porch, and likewise several earthen wine-jars placed around it, which, being of the ware of Toboso, recalled to his memory his enchanted and metamorphosed Dulcinea; whereupon, sighing deeply, he broke out into the following exclamation:—

“O pledges, once my comfort and relief,  
Though pleasing still, discovered now with grief!

O ye Tobosian jars, that bring back to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my most bitter sorrow!” This was overheard by the poetical scholar, Don Diego's son; he having, with his mother, come out to receive him; and both mother and son were not a little astonished at the appearance of their guest, who, alighting from Rozinante, very courteously desired leave to kiss the lady's hands. “Madam,” said Don Diego, “this gentleman is Don Quixote de la Mancha, the wisest and most valiant knight-errant in the world; receive him, I pray, with your accustomed hospitality.” The lady, whose name was Donna Christina, welcomed him with much kindness and courtesy, which Don Quixote returned in expressions of the utmost politeness. The same kind of compliments passed between him and the student, with whom Don Quixote was much pleased, judging him, by his conversation, to be a young man of wit and good sense.

Here the original author gives a particular account of Don Diego's house, describing all that is usually contained in the mansion of a wealthy country gentleman; but the translator of the history thought fit to pass over in silence these minute matters, as inconsistent with the general tenor of the work, which, while it carefully admits whatever is essential to truth, rejects all uninteresting and superfluous details.

Don Quixote was led into a hall, and Sancho having unarmed him, he remained in his wide Walloon breeches, and in a chamois doublet, stained all over with the rust of his armour; his band was of the college cut, unstarched, and without lace: his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes waxed. He girt on his trusty sword, which was hung at a belt made of a sea-wolf's skin, on account of a weakness he was said to have been troubled with in his loins; and

over the whole he wore a cloak of good grey cloth. But, first of all, with five or six kettles of water (for there are doubts as to the exact number) he washed his head and face. The water still continued of a whey colour—thanks to Sancho's gluttony, and his foul curds, that had so defiled his master's visage. Thus accoutred, with a graceful and gallant air Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the student was waiting to entertain him till the table was prepared; for the lady Donna Christina wished to show her noble guest that she knew how to regale such visitors.

While the knight was unarming, Don Lorenzo (for that was the name of Don Diego's son) had taken an opportunity to question his father concerning him. "Pray, sir," said he, "who is this gentleman? for my mother and I are completely puzzled both by his strange figure and the title you give him." "I scarcely know how to answer you, son," replied Don Diego; "and can only say that, from what I have witnessed, his tongue belies his actions; for he converses like a man of sense, and acts like an outrageous madman. Talk you to him, and feel the pulse of his understanding, and exercise all the discernment you possess, to ascertain the real state of his intellects; for my part I suspect them to be rather in a distracted condition."

Don Lorenzo accordingly addressed himself to Don Quixote; and, among other things, in the course of their conversation Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father, sir, has informed me of the rare talents you possess, and particularly, that you are a great poet." "Certainly not a great poet," replied Lorenzo: "it is true I am fond of poetry, and honour the works of good poets; but have no claim to the title my father is pleased to confer upon me." "I do not dislike this modesty," answered Don Quixote; "for poets are usually very arrogant, each thinking himself the greatest in the world." "There is no rule without an exception," answered Don Lorenzo; "and surely there may be some who do not appear too conscious of their real merits." "Very few, I believe," said Don Quixote; "but I pray, sir, tell me what verses are those you have now in hand which your father says engross your thoughts; for if they be some gloss or paraphrase, I should be glad to see them, as I know something of that kind of writing. If they are intended for a poetical prize, I would advise you to endeavour to obtain the second. The first is always determined by favour, or the high rank of the candidate; but the second is bestowed according to merit: so that the third becomes the second, and the first no more than the third, according to the usual practice in our universities. The first, however, I confess, makes a figure in the list of honours." "Hitherto," said Don Lorenzo to himself, "I have no reason to judge thee to be mad;—but let us proceed. I presume, sir," said he, "you have frequented the schools;—what science, pray, has been your particular study?" "That of knight-errantry," answered Don Quixote, "which is equal to poetry, and even somewhat beyond it." "I am ignorant what science that is," replied Don Lorenzo, "never having heard of it before." "It is a science," replied Don Quixote, "which comprehends all, or most of the other sciences; for he who professes it must be learned in the law, and understand distributive and commutative justice, that he may know not only how to assign to each man what is truly his own, but what is proper for him to possess; he must be conversant in divinity, in order to be able to explain, clearly and distinctly, the Christian faith which he professes; he must be skilled in medicine, especially in botany, that he may know both how to cure the diseases with which he may be afflicted, and collect the various remedies which Providence has scattered in the midst of the wilderness, nor be compelled on every emergency to be running in quest of a physician to heal him; he must be an astronomer, that he may if necessary ascertain by the stars the



exact hour of the night, and what part or climate of the world he is in; he must understand mathematics, because he will have occasion for them; and, taking it for granted that he must be adorned with all the cardinal and theological virtues, I descend to other more minute particulars, and say that he must know how to swim as well as it is reported of Fish Nicholas; \* he must know how to shoe a horse and repair his saddle and bridle; and to return to higher concerns, he must preserve his faith inviolable towards Heaven, and also to his mistress; he must be chaste in his thoughts, modest in his words, liberal in good works, valiant in exploits, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and steadfastly adhering to the truth, even at the hazard of his life. Of all these great and small parts, a good knight-errant is composed. Consider, then, Signor Don Lorenzo, whether the student of knight-errantry hath an easy task to accomplish, and whether such a science may not rank with the noblest that are taught in the schools." "If your description be just, I maintain that it is superior to all others," replied Don Lorenzo. "How! if it be just?" cried Don Quixote. "What I mean, sir," said Don Lorenzo, "is, that I question whether knights-errant do, or ever did, exist; and especially adorned with so many virtues." "How many are there in the world," exclaimed the knight, "who entertain such doubts; and I verily believe that, unless Heaven would vouchsafe, by some miracle, to convince them, every exertion of mine to that end would be fruitless! I shall not, therefore, waste time in useless endeavours, but will pray Heaven to enlighten you, and lead you to know how useful and necessary knight-errantry was in times past, and how beneficial it would be now were it restored—yes, now, in these sinful times, when sloth, idleness, gluttony, and luxury triumph." "Our guest has broke loose," quoth Don Lorenzo to himself; "still, it must be acknowledged he is a most extraordinary madman."

Their conversation was now interrupted, as they were summoned to the dining-hall; but Don Diego took an opportunity of asking his son what opinion he had formed of his guest. "His madness, sir, is beyond the reach of all the doctors in the world," replied Don Lorenzo; "yet it is full of lucid intervals." They now sat down to the repast, which was such as Don Diego had said he usually gave to his visitors: neat, plentiful, and savoury. Don Quixote was, moreover, particularly pleased with the marvellous silence that prevailed throughout the whole house, as if it had been a convent of Carthusians.

The cloth being taken away, grace said, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to repeat the verses which he intended for the prize. "I will do as you desire," replied he, "that I may not seem like those poets who, when entreated, refuse to produce their verses; but, if unasked, often enforce them upon unwilling hearers: mine, however, were not written with any view to obtain a prize, but simply as an exercise." "It is the opinion of an ingenious friend of mine," said Don Quixote, "that these kinds of composition are not worth the trouble they require; because the paraphrase can never equal the text; they seldom exactly agree in sense, and often deviate widely. He says that the rules for this species of poetry are much too strict: suffering no interrogations, nor such expressions as 'said he,' 'I shall say,' and the like; nor changing verbs into nouns, nor altering the sense; with other restrictions which, you well know, confine the writer." "Truly, Signor Don Quixote," said Don Lorenzo, "I would fain catch your worship tripping in some false Latin, but I cannot: for you slide through my fingers like an eel." "I do not comprehend your meaning," said Don Quixote. "I will explain

\* A Sicilian, native of Catania, who lived in the latter part of the sixteenth century. He was commonly called *Pesce-cola*, or the Fish-Nicholas, and is said to have lived so much in the water, from his infancy, that he could cleave the waves in the midst of a storm like a marine animal.

myself another time," replied Don Lorenzo, "and will now recite the text and its comment."

### THE TEXT.

Could I recall departed joy,  
 Though barr'd the hopes of greater gain,  
 Or now the future hours employ  
 That must succeed my present pain.

### THE PARAPHRASE.

All fortune's blessings disappear,  
 She's fickle as the wind ;  
 And now I find her as severe  
 As once I thought her kind.  
 How soon the fleeting pleasures pass'd !  
 How long the lingering sorrows last !  
 Unconstant goddess, in thy haste,  
 Do not thy prostrate slave destroy ;  
 I'd ne'er complain, but bless my fate,  
*Could I recall departed joy.*

Of all thy gifts I beg but this ;  
 Glut all mankind with more,  
 Transport them with redoubled bliss,  
 But only mine restore.  
 With thought of pleasure once possess'd,  
 I'm now as curst as I was bless'd :  
 Oh, would the charming hours return,  
 How pleas'd I'd live, how free from pain  
 I ne'er would pine, I ne'er would mourn,  
*Though barr'd the hopes of greater gain.*

But oh, the blessing I implore  
 Not fate itself can give !  
 Since time elaps'd exists no more,  
 No power can bid it live.  
 Our days soon vanish into nought,  
 And have no being but in thought.  
 Whate'er began must end at last,  
 In vain we twice would youth enjoy,  
 In vain would we recall the past,  
*Or now the future hours employ.*

Deceiv'd by nope, and rack'd by fear,  
 No longer life can please ;  
 I'll then no more its torments bear,  
 Since death so soon can ease.  
 This hour I'll die—but, let me pause—  
 A rising doubt my courage awes.  
 Assist, ye powers that rule my fate,  
 Alarm my thoughts, my rage restrain,  
 Convince my soul there's yet a state  
*That must succeed my present pain.*

As soon as Don Lorenzo had recited his verses, Don Quixote started up, and, grasping him by the hand, exclaimed in a loud voice, "By Heaven, noble youth, there is not a better poet in the universe, and you deserve to wear the laurel, not of Cyprus, nor of Gaëta, as a certain poet said, whom Heaven forgive, but of the universities of Athens, did they now exist, and those of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca! If the judges deprive you of the first prize, may they be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and may the Muses never cross the threshold of their doors! Be pleased, sir, to repeat some other of your more lofty verses; for I would fain have a further taste of your admirable genius."

How diverting that the young poet should be gratified by the praises of one whom he believed to be a madman! O flattery, how potent is thy sway! how wide are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! This was verified in Don Lorenzo, who, yielding to the request of Don Quixote, repeated the following sonnet on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe:—

## SONNET.

The nymph who Pyramus with love inspired  
Pierces the wall, with equal passion fir'd:  
Cupid from distant Cyprus thither flies,  
And views the secret breach with laughing eyes.

Here silence, vocal, mutual vows conveys,  
And, whisp'ring eloquent, their love betrays:  
Though chain'd by fear, their voices dare not pass,  
Their souls, transmitted through the chink, embrace.

Ah woeful story of disastrous love!  
Ill-fated haste that did their ruin prove!  
One death, one grave, unite the faithful pair,  
And in one common fame their mem'ries share.

"Now Heaven be thanked," exclaimed Don Quixote, "that, among the infinite number of rhymers now in being, I have at last met with one who is truly a poet, which you, sir, have proved yourself by the composition of that sonnet."

Four days was Don Quixote nobly regaled in Don Diego's house; at the end of which he begged leave to depart, expressing his thanks for the generous hospitality he had experienced; but as inactivity and repose, he said, were unbecoming knights-errant, the duties of his function required him to proceed in quest of adventures, which he was told might be expected in abundance in those parts, and sufficient to occupy him until the time fixed for the tournament of Saragossa, where it was his intention to be present. Previously, however, he meant to visit the cave of Montesinos, concerning which so many extraordinary things were reported, and at the same time to discover, if possible, the true source of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son applauded his honourable resolution, desiring him to furnish himself with whatever their house afforded for his accommodation: since his personal merit and noble profession justly claimed their services.

At length the day of his departure came—a day of joy to Don Quixote, but of sorrow to Sancho Panza, who was too sensible of the comforts and abundance that reigned in Don Diego's house not to feel great unwillingness to return to the hunger of forests and wildernesses, and to the misery of ill-provided wallets. However, these he filled and stuffed with what he thought most necessary; and Don Quixote, on taking leave of Don Lorenzo, said, "I know

not whether I have mentioned it to you before, but if I have, I repeat it, that whenever you may feel disposed to shorten your way up the rugged steep that leads to the temple of fame, you have only to turn aside from the narrow path of poetry, and follow the still narrower one of knight-errantry, which may, nevertheless, raise you in a trice to imperial dignity." With these expressions Don Quixote completed, as it were, the evidence of his madness, especially when he added, "Heaven knows how willingly I would take Signor Don Lorenzo with me to teach him how to spare the lowly and trample the oppressor under foot—virtues inseparable from my profession; but since your laudable exercises, as well as your youth, render that impossible, I shall content myself with admonishing you, in order to become eminent as a poet, to be guided by other men's opinions rather than your own: for no parents can see the deformity of their own children, and still stronger is this self-deception with respect to the offspring of the mind." The father and son again wondered at the medley of extravagance and good sense which they observed in Don Quixote, and the unfortunate obstinacy with which he persevered in the disastrous pursuit that seemed to occupy his whole soul. After repeating compliments and offers of service, and taking formal leave of the lady of the mansion, the knight and the squire—the one mounted upon Rozinante, the other upon Dapple—quitted their friends and departed.

## CHAPTER XIX.

*Wherein are related the adventures of the enamoured shepherd, with other truly pleasing incidents.*

DON QUIXOTE had not travelled far, when he overtook two persons like ecclesiastics or scholars, accompanied by two country fellows, all of whom were mounted upon asses. One of the scholars carried behind him a small bundle of linen and two pair of thread stockings, wrapped up in green buckram like a portmanteau; the other appeared to have nothing but a pair of new black fencing foils, with their points guarded. The countrymen carried other things, which showed that they had been making purchases in some large town, and were returning with them to their own village. But the scholars and the countrymen were astonished, as all others had been, on first seeing Don Quixote, and were curious to know what man this was so different in appearance from other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and hearing they were travelling the same road, he offered to bear them company, begging them to slacken their pace, as their asses went faster than his horse: and, to oblige them, he briefly told them who he was, and that his employment and profession was that of a knight-errant, seeking adventures over the world. He told them his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative "the knight of the lions."

All this to the countrymen was Greek or gibberish: but not so to the scholars, who soon discovered the soft part of Don Quixote's skull: they nevertheless viewed him with respectful attention, and one of them said, "If, sir knight, you are not fixed to one particular road, as those in search of adventures seldom are, come with us, and you will see one of the greatest and richest weddings that has ever been celebrated in La Mancha, or for many leagues round." "The nuptials of some prince, I presume?" said Don Quixote. "No," replied the scholar, "only that of a farmer and a country maid: he the wealthiest in this part of the country, and she the most beautiful that eyes ever beheld. The preparations are very uncommon: for the wedding is to be cele-

brated in a meadow near the village where the bride lives, who is called Quiteria the Fair, and the bridegroom Camacho the Rich; she is about the age of eighteen, and he twenty-two, both equally matched: though some nice folks, who have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, pretend that the family of Quiteria the Fair has the advantage over that of Camacho; but that is now little regarded, for riches are able to solder up abundance of flaws. In short, this same Camacho is as liberal as a prince; and, intending to be at some cost in this wedding, has taken it into his head to convert a whole meadow into a kind of arbour, shading it so that the sun itself will find some difficulty to visit the green grass beneath. He will also have morris-dances, both with swords and bells; for there are people in the village who jingle and clatter them with great dexterity. As to the number of shoe-clappers\* invited, it is impossible to count them; but what will give the greatest interest to this wedding is the effect it is expected to have on the slighted Basilius.

"This Basilius is a swain of the same village as Quiteria; his house is next to that of her parents, and separated only by a wall, whence Cupid took occasion to revive the ancient loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basilius was in love with Quiteria from his childhood, and she returned his affection with a thousand modest favours, insomuch that the loves of the two children Basilius and Quiteria became the common talk of the village. When they were grown up, the father of Quiteria resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access to his family; and to relieve himself of all fears on his account, he determined to marry his daughter to the rich Camacho: not choosing to bestow her on Basilius, whose endowments are less the gifts of fortune than of nature: in truth, he is the most active youth we know: a great pitcher of the bar, an excellent wrestler, a great player at cricket, runs like a buck, leaps like a wild goat, and plays at ninepins as if by witchcraft; sings like a lark, and touches a guitar delightfully; and, above all, he handles a sword like the most skilful fencer." "For this accomplishment alone," said Don Quixote, "the youth deserves to marry not only the fair Quiteria, but Queen Genebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Launcelot and all opposers." "To my wife with that," quoth Sancho, who had hitherto been silent and listening; "for she will have everybody marry their equal, according to the proverb, 'Every sheep to its like.' I shall take the part, too, of honest Basilius, and would have him marry the lady Quiteria; and Heaven send them good luck, and a blessing"—meaning the contrary—"light on all that would keep true lovers asunder." "If love only were to be considered," said Don Quixote, "parents would no longer have the privilege of judiciously matching their children. Were daughters left to choose for themselves, there are those who would prefer their father's serving-man, or throw themselves away on some fellow they might chance to see in the street: mistaking, perhaps, an impostor and swaggering poltroon for a gentleman: since passion too easily blinds the understanding, so indispensably necessary in deciding on that most important point, matrimony, which is peculiarly exposed to the danger of a mistake, and therefore needs all the caution that human prudence can supply, aided by the particular favour of Heaven. A person who proposes to take a long journey, if he is prudent, before he sets forward will look out for some safe and agreeable companion; and should not he who undertakes a journey for life use the same precaution, especially as his fellow-traveller is to be his companion at bed and board, and in all other situations? The wife is not a commodity which, when once bought, you can exchange or return; the marriage bargain, once struck, is irrevocable. It is a noose which, once thrown about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, and

\* "*Zapateadores.*" Dancers that strike the soles of their shoes with the palms of their hands, in time and measure.

cannot be unloosed till cut asunder by the scythe of death. I could say much upon this subject, were I not prevented by my curiosity to hear something more from signor licentiate, concerning the history of Basilius." To which the bachelor—or licentiate, as Don Quixote called him—answered, "I have nothing to add but that from the moment Basilius heard of the intended marriage of Quiteria to Camacho the Rich, he has never been seen to smile, nor speak coherently; he is always pensive and sad, and talking to himself—a certain and clear proof that he is distracted. He eats nothing but a little fruit; and if he sleeps, it is in the fields, like cattle upon the hard earth. Sometimes he casts his eyes up to heaven; and then fixes them on the ground, remaining motionless like a statue. In short, he gives such indications of a love-stricken heart, that we all expect that Quiteria's fatal 'Yes' will be the sentence of his death."

"Heaven will order it better," said Sancho: "for God, who gives the wound, sends the cure. Nobody knows what is to come. A great many hours come in between this and to-morrow; and in one hour, yea, in one minute, down falls the house. I have seen rain and sunshine at the same moment; a man may go to bed well at night, and not be able to stir next morning; and tell me who can boast of having driven a nail in fortune's wheel? Between the Yes and the No of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin. Grant me only that Quiteria loves Basilius with all her heart, and I will promise him a bagful of good fortune: for love, as I have heard say, wears spectacles, through which copper looks like gold, rags like rich apparel, and specks in the eye like pearls." "A curse on thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "what wouldst thou be at? When once thy stringing of proverbs begins, Judas alone—I wish he had thee!—can have patience to the end. Tell me, animal! what knowest thou of nails and wheels, or of anything else?" "O, if I am not understood," replied Sancho, "no wonder that what I say passes for nonsense. But no matter for that—I understand myself: neither have I said many foolish things, only your worship is such a cricket." "Critic—not cricket, fool!—thou corrupter of good language," said the knight. "Pray, sir, do not be so sharp upon me," answered Sancho, "for I was not bred at court, nor studied in Salamanca, to know whether my words have a letter short, or one too many. As Heaven shall save me, it is unreasonable to expect that beggarly Sayagues\* should talk like Toledans—nay, even some of them are not over nicely spoken." "You are in the right, friend," quoth the licentiate, "for how should they who live among the tanyards, or stroll about the market of Zocodover, speak so well as those who are all day walking up and down the cloisters of the great church? Yet they are all Toledans. Purity, propriety, and elegance of style, will always be found among polite, well-bred, and sensible men, though born in Majalahonda:—sensible, I say, because, though habit and example do much, good sense is the foundation of good language. I, gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canon law in Salamanca, and pique myself a little upon expressing myself in clear, plain, and significant terms." "If you had not piqued yourself still more upon managing those foils," said the other scholar, "you might by this time have been at the head of your class, whereas now you are at its tail."

"Look you, bachelor," answered the licentiate, "if you fancy dexterity in the use of the sword of no moment, you are grossly mistaken." "I do not only fancy so," replied Corchuelo, "but, what is more, I am convinced of it, and, if you please, will convince you also by experience; try your foils against my nerves and bodily strength, and you will soon confess that I am in the right. Alight, and make use of your measured steps, your circles, and angles, and

\* The people about Zamora, the poorest in Spain.

science, yet I hope to make you see the stars at noon-day with my artless and vulgar dexterity; for I trust, under Heaven, that the man is yet unborn who shall make me turn my back, or be able to stand his ground against me." "As to turning your back, or not, I say nothing," replied the adept, "though it may happen that, in the first spot you fix your foot on, your grave may be opened, were it only for your contempt of skill." "We shall see that presently," answered Corchuelo; and, hastily alighting, he snatched one of the foils, which the licentiate carried upon his ass. "Hold, gentlemen," cried Don Quixote at this moment, "my interposition may be necessary here; let me be judge of the field, and see that this long-controverted question is decided fairly."

Then, dismounting from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, he planted himself in the midst of the road, just as the licentiate had placed himself in a graceful position to receive his antagonist, who flew at him like a fury; cut and thrust, back-strokes and fore-strokes, single and double: laying it on thicker than hail, and with all the rage of a provoked lion. But the licentiate not only warded off the tempest, but checked its fury by making his adversary kiss the button of his foil, though not with quite so much devotion as if it had been a relic. In short, the licentiate, by dint of clean thrust, counted him all the buttons of a little cassock he had on, and tofe the skirts so that they hung in rags like the tails of the polypus. Twice he struck off his hat, and so worried and wearied him that, through spite, choler, and rage, he flung away the foil into the air with such force that one of the country-fellows present, who happened to be a notary, and went himself to fetch it, made oath that it was thrown near three-quarters of a league; which testimony has served, and still serves, to show and demonstrate that strength is overcome by art. Corchuelo sat down quite spent, and Sancho going up to him said, "Take my advice, master bachelor, and henceforth let your challenges be only to wrestle or pitch the bar; but as to fencing, meddle no more with it: for I have heard it said of your fencers that they can thrust you the point of a sword through the eye of a needle." "I am satisfied," answered Corchuelo, "and have learned, by experience, a truth I could not otherwise have believed." He then got up, embraced the licentiate, and they were better friends than ever. Being unwilling to wait for the scrivener who was gone to fetch the foil, they determined to go forward, that they might reach betimes the village of Quiteria, whither they were all bound. On their way, the licentiate explained to them the merits of the fencing art, which he so well defended by reason and by mathematical demonstration, that all were convinced of the usefulness of the science, and Corchuelo was completely cured of his incredulity.

It now began to grow dark, and as they approached the village, there appeared before them a new heaven, blazing with innumerable stars. At the same time they heard the sweet and mingled sounds of various instruments—such as flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, drums, and bells; and, drawing still nearer, they perceived a spacious arbour, formed near the entrance into the town, hung round with lights, that shone undisturbed by the breeze; for it was so calm, that not a leaf was seen to move. The musicians, who are the life and joy of such festivals, paraded in bands up and down this delightful place, some dancing, others singing, and others playing upon different instruments; in short, nothing was there to be seen but mirth and pleasure. Several were employed in raising scaffolds, from which they might commodiously behold the shows and entertainments of the following day, that were to be dedicated to the nuptial ceremony of the rich Camacho, and the obsequies of poor Basilius. Don Quixote refused to enter the town, though pressed by the countrymen and the bachelor; pleading what appeared to him a sufficient excuse, the practice of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests, rather than

in towns, though under gilded roofs: he therefore turned a little out of the road, much against Sancho's will, who had not yet forgotten the good lodging he had met with in the hospitable mansion of Don Diego.

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## CHAPTER XX.

*Giving an account of the marriage of Camacho the Rich, and also the adventure of Basilius the Poor.*

SCARCELY had the beautiful Aurora appeared, and given bright Phœbus time, by the warmth of his early rays, to exhale the liquid pearls that hung glittering on his golden hair, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, rose up, and proceeded to call his squire Sancho Panza; but, finding him still snoring, he paused and said, "O happy thou above all that live on the face of the earth, who, neither envying nor envied, canst take thy needful rest with tranquillity of soul: neither persecuted by enchanters, nor affrighted by their machinations! Sleep on—a hundred times I say, sleep on! No jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings, nor do anxious thoughts of debts unpaid awake thee; nor care how on the morrow thou and thy little straitened family shall be provided for. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor does the vain pomp of the world disturb thee: for thy chief concern is the care of thy ass; since to me is committed the comfort and protection of thine own person: a burthen imposed on the master by nature and custom. The servant sleeps, and the master lies awake, considering how he is to maintain, assist, and do him kindness. The pain of seeing the heavens obdurate in withholding the moisture necessary to refresh the earth, touches only the master, who is bound to provide in times of sterility and famine, for those who served him in the season of fertility and abundance."

To all this Sancho answered not a word, for he was asleep; nor would he have soon awaked had not Don Quixote jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. At last he awoke, drowsy and yawning, and after turning his face on all sides, he said, "From yonder bower, if I mistake not, there comes a steam and smell that savours more of broiled rashers than of herbs and rushes:—by my faith, a wedding that smells so well in the beginning must needs be a dainty one!" "Peace, glutton," quoth Don Quixote, "and let us go and see this marriage, and what becomes of the disdained Basilius." "Hang him," quoth Sancho, "it matters not what becomes of him: if he is poor he cannot think to wed Quiteria. A pleasant fancy, forsooth, for a fellow who has not a groat in his pocket to look for a yoke-mate above the clouds. Faith, sir, in my opinion a poor man should be contented with what he finds, and not be seeking for truffles at the bottom of the sea. I dare wager an arm that Camacho can cover Basilius with reals from head to foot; and if so, Quiteria would be a pretty jade, truly, to leave the fine clothes and jewels that Camacho can give her for the bar-pitching and fencing of Basilius! The bravest pitch of the bar or cleverest push of the foil will not fetch me a pint of wine from the vintner's: such talents and graces are not marketable wares—let Count Dirlos have them for me; but should they light on a man that has wherewithal—may my life show as well as they do when so coupled! Upon a good foundation a good building may be raised; and the best bottom and foundation in the world is money." "For the love of Heaven, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "put an end to thy harangue. I verily believe, wert thou suffered to go on, thy prating would leave thee no time either to eat or sleep." "Be pleased to remember,



sir," said Sancho, "the articles of our agreement before we sailed from home this last time; one of which was that you were to let me talk as much as I pleased, so it were no' anything against my neighbour, nor against your worship's authority, and, to my thinking, I have made no breach yet in the bargain." "I do not remember any such article, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and, though it were so, it is my pleasure that thou shouldst now hold thy peace, and come along; for already the musical instruments which we heard last night begin again to cheer the valleys, and, doubtless, the espousals will be celebrated in the cool of the morning."

Sancho obeyed his master's commands; and saddling and panneling their steeds, they both mounted, and at a slow pace entered the artificial shade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's sight, was a whole bullock, spitted upon a large elm. The fire by which it was roasted was composed of a mountain of wood, and round it were placed six huge pots—not cast in common moulds, but each large enough to contain a whole shamble of flesh. Entire sheep were swallowed up in them, and floated like so many pigeons. The hares ready flayed, and the fowls plucked, that hung about the branches, in order to be buried in these cauldrons, were without number. Infinite was the wild-fowl and venison hanging about the trees to receive the cool air. Sancho counted above three-score skins, each holding above twenty-four quarts, and all, as appeared afterwards, full of generous wines. Hillocks, too, he saw, of the whitest bread, ranged like heaps of wheat on the threshing-floor, and cheeses, piled up in the manner of bricks, formed a kind of wall. Two cauldrons of oil, larger than dyer's vats, stood ready for frying all sorts of batter-ware; and, with a couple of stout peels, they shovelled them up, when fried, and forthwith immersed them in a kettle of prepared honey that stood near. The men and women cooks were about fifty in number, all clean, all active, and all in good humour. In the bullock's distended belly were sewed up a dozen sucking-pigs, to make it savoury and tender. The spices of various kinds, which seemed to have been bought, not by the pound, but by the hundred weight, were deposited in a great chest, and open to every hand. In short the preparation for the wedding was all rustic, but in sufficient abundance to have feasted an army.

Sancho beheld all with wonder and delight. The first that captivated and subdued his inclinations were the flesh-pots, out of which he would have been glad to have filled a moderate pipkin; next the wine-skins drew his affections; and, lastly, the products of the frying-pans—if such capacious vessels might be so called; and, being unable any longer to abstain, he ventured to approach one of the busy cooks, and, in persuasive and hungry terms, begged leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which the cook answered, "This, friend, is not a day for hunger to be abroad—thanks to rich Camacho. Alight, and look about you for a ladle to skim out a fowl or two, and much good may they do you." "I see no ladle," answered Sancho. "Stay," quoth the cook: "Heaven save me, what a helpless varlet!" So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and, sowsing it into one of the half jars, he fished out three pullets, and a couple of geese, and said to Sancho, "Eat, friend, and make a breakfast of this scum, to stay your stomach till dinner-time." "I have nothing to put it in," answered Sancho. "Then take ladle and all," quoth the cook; "for Camacho's riches and joy supply everything."

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote stood observing the entrance of a dozen peasants at one side of the spacious arbour, each mounted upon a beautiful mare, in rich and gay caparisons, hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and, in a regular troop, made sundry careers about the meadow, with a joyful Moorish cry of "Long live Camacho and Quiteria! he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the world!" Don Quixote

hearing this, said to himself, "These people, it is plain, have never seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; otherwise they would have been less extravagant in the praise of their Quiteria." Soon after there entered, on different sides of the harbour, various sets of dancers, among which was one consisting of four-and-twenty sword-dancers; handsome, sprightly swains, all arrayed in fine white linen, and handkerchiefs wrought with several colours of fine silk. One of those mounted on horseback inquired of a young man who led the sword-dance, whether any of his comrades were hurt. "No," replied the youth; "thank Heaven, as yet we are all well;" and instantly he twined himself in among his companions with so many turns, and so dexterously, that though Don Quixote had often seen such dances before, none had ever pleased him so well. Another dance, also, delighted him much, performed by twelve damsels, young and beautiful, all clad in green stuff of Cuenza, having their hair partly plaited, and partly flowing, all of golden hue, rivalling the sun itself, and covered with garlands of jessamine, roses, and woodbine. They were led up by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, to whom the occasion had given more agility than might have been expected from their years. A Zamora bagpipe regulated their motions, which, being no less sprightly and graceful than their looks were modest and maidenly, more lovely dancers were never seen in the world.

A pantomimic dance now succeeded, by eight nymphs, divided into two ranks—"Cupid" leading the one, and "Interest" the other; the former equipped with wings, bow, quiver, and arrows; the latter gorgeously apparelled with rich and variously coloured silks, embroidered with gold. The nymphs in Cupid's band displayed their names, written in large letters on their backs. "Poetry" was the first; then succeeded "Discretion," "Good Lineage," and "Valour." The followers of "Interest" were "Liberality," "Bounty," "Wealth," and "Security." This band was preceded by a wooden castle, drawn by savages, clad so naturally in ivy, and green cloth coarse and shaggy, that Sancho was startled. On the front and sides of the edifice was written, "The Castle of Reserve." Four skilful musicians played on the tabor and pipe; Cupid began the dance, and, after two movements, he raised his eyes, and, bending his bow, pointed an arrow towards a damsel that stood on the battlements of the castle; at the same time addressing to her the following verses:—

I am the god whose power extends  
Through the wide ocean, earth, and sky;  
To my soft sway all nature bends,  
Compelled by beauty to comply.

Fearless I rule, in calm and storm,  
Indulge my pleasure to the full;  
Things deemed impossible perform,  
Bestow, resume, ordain, annul.

Cupid, having finished his address, shot an arrow over the castle, and retired to his station; upon which Interest stepped forth, and after two similar movements, the music ceasing, he said—

My power exceeds the might of love,  
For Cupid bows to me alone;  
Of all things framed by heaven above,  
The most respected, sought, and known.

My name is Interest; mine aid  
But few obtain, though all desire:  
Yet shall thy virtue, beauteous maid,  
My constant services acquire.

Interest then withdrew, and Poetry advanced ; and, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said—

Let Poetry, whose strain divine  
The wond'rous power of song displays,  
Her heart to thee, fair nymph, consign,  
Transported in melodious lays :

If haply thou wilt not refuse  
To grant my supplicated boon,  
Thy fame shall, wafted by the muse,  
Surmount the circle of the moon.

Poetry having retired from the side of Interest, Liberality advanced ; and, after making her movements, said—

My name is Liberality,  
Alike beneficent and wise,  
To shun wild prodigality,  
And sordid avarice despise.

Yet, for thy favour lavish grown,  
A prodigal I mean to prove—  
An honourable vice, I own,  
But giving is the test of love

In this manner each personage of the two parties advanced and retreated, performing a movement and reciting verses, some elegant and some ridiculous ; of which Don Quixote, though he had a very good memory, only treasured up the foregoing. Afterwards the groups mingled together in a lively and graceful dance ; and when Cupid passed before the castle, he shot his arrows aloft, but Interest flung gilded balls against it. After having danced for some time, Interest drew out a large purse of Roman cat-skin which seemed to be full of money, and throwing it at the castle, it separated and fell to pieces, leaving the damsel exposed and without defence. Whereupon Interest with his followers casting a large golden chain about her neck, seemed to take her prisoner and lead her away captive, while Love and his party endeavoured to rescue her : all their motions, during this contest, being regulated by the musical accompaniments. The contending parties were at length separated by the savages, who with great dexterity repaired the shattered castle, wherein the damsel was again enclosed as before ; and thus the piece ended, to the great satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, Who had composed and arranged the show ? She told him that it was a clergyman of that village, who had a notable head-piece for such kind of inventions. " I would venture a wager," said Don Quixote, " that this bachelor, or clergyman, is more a friend to Camacho than to Basilius, and understands satire better than vespers ; for in his dance he has ingeniously opposed the talents of Basilius to the riches of Camacho." " I hold with Camacho," quoth Sancho, who stood listening ; " the king is my cock." " It is plain," said Don Quixote, " that thou art an arrant bumpkin, and one of those who always cry, long live the conqueror ! " " I know not who I am one of," answered Sancho ; " but this I know, I shall never get such elegant scum from Basilius's pots as I have done from Camacho's." And showing his kettleful of geese and hens, he laid hold of one and began to eat with notable good-will and appetite ; " A fig for the talents of Basilius ! " said he, " for so much thou art worth as thou hast, and

so much thou hast as thou art worth. There are but two lineages in the world, as my grandmother used to say: 'the Have's and the Have-not's,' and she stuck to the Have's. Now-a-days, Master Don Quixote, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of Have than of Know. An ass with golden furniture makes a better figure than a horse with a pack-saddle: so that I tell you again, I hold with Camacho, for the plentiful scum of his kettles are geese and hens, hares and coney; while that of Basilius, if he has any, must be mere dish-water."

"Is thy speech finished, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "I must have done," replied Sancho, "because I see your worship is about to be angry at what I am saying; were it not for that, I have work cut out for three days." "Heaven grant that I may see thee dumb, before I die!" said Don Quixote. "At the rate we go on," quoth Sancho, "before you die, I shall be mumbling clay; in which case I may not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday." "Though it be so ordered," said Don Quixote, "thy silence, O Sancho, will never balance thy past, present, and future prating. Besides, according to the course of nature, I must die before thee, and therefore it will never be my fate to see thy tongue at rest, not even when drinking or sleeping." "Faith, sir," quoth Sancho, "there is no trusting to Goodman Death, who devours lambs as well as sheep; and I have heard our vicar say, 'he tramples just the same upon the high towers of kings, and the low cottages of the poor.' That same ghastly gentleman is more powerful than dainty: far from being squeamish, he eats of everything, and snatches at all; stuffing his wallets with people of all ages and degrees. He is not a reaper that sleeps away the midday heat, for he cuts down and mows at all hours, the dry grass as well as the green. Nor does he stand to chew, but devours and swallows down all that comes in his way; having a wolfish appetite that is never satisfied; and, though he has no belly, he seems to have a perpetual dropsy, and a raging thirst for the lives of all that live, whom he gulps down just as one would drink a jug of cold water." "Hold, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "while thou art well, and do not spoil thy work by over-doing: for, in truth, what thou hast said of death, in thy rustic phrase, might become the mouth of a good preacher. If thou hadst but discretion, Sancho, equal to thy natural abilities, thou mightest take to the pulpit, and go preaching about the world." "A good liver is the best preacher," replied Sancho, "and that is all the divinity I know." "Or need know," said Don Quixote; "but I can in no wise comprehend how, since the fear of Heaven is the beginning of wisdom, thou who art more afraid of a lizard than of Him, shouldst know so much as thou dost." "Good, your worship, judge of your own chivalries, I beseech you," answered Sancho, "and meddle not with other men's fears or valours: for I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours; so pray let me whip off this scum, for all besides is idle talk, which one day or other we must give an account of in the next world." Whereupon he began a fresh assault upon his kettle, with so long-winded an appetite as to awaken that of Don Quixote, who doubtless would have assisted him had he not been prevented by that which must forthwith be related.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

*In which is continued the history of Camacho's wedding, with other delightful incidents.*

As Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation mentioned in the preceding chapter, they suddenly heard a great outcry and noise raised by those mounted on the mares, shouting as they galloped to meet the bride and bridegroom, who were entering the bower, saluted by a thousand musical instruments of all kinds and inventions, accompanied by the parish priest and kindred on both sides, and by a number of the better class of people from the neighbouring towns, all in their holiday apparel. When Sancho espied the bride he said, "In good faith, she is not clad like a country-girl, but like any court lady! By the mass! her breast-piece seems to me at this distance to be of rich coral, and her gown, instead of green stuff of Cuenza, is no less than a thirty-piled velvet! Besides, the trimming, I vow, is of satin! Do but observe her hands—instead of rings of jet, let me never thrive but they are of gold, ay, and of real gold, with pearls as white as a curd, every one of them worth an eye of one's head. Ah, jade! and what fine hair she has! If it be not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in all my life. Then her sprightliness and mien, why, she is a very moving palm-tree, laden with branches of dates: for just so look the trinkets hanging at her hair and about her neck; by my soul, the girl is so covered with plate that she might pass the banks of the Flanders."<sup>\*</sup>

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's homely praises; at the same time he thought that, excepting the mistress of his soul, he had never seen a more beautiful woman. The fair Quiteria looked a little pale, occasioned, perhaps, by a want of rest the preceding night, which brides usually employ in preparing their wedding finery.

The bridal pair proceeded towards a theatre on one side of the harbour, decorated with tapestry and garlands, where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed, and whence they were to view the dances and shows prepared for the occasion. Immediately on their arrival at that place, a loud noise was heard at a distance, amidst which a voice was distinguished calling aloud, "Hold a little, rash and thoughtless people!" On turning their heads they saw that these words were uttered by a man who was advancing towards them, clad in a black doublet, welted with flaming crimson. He was crowned with a garland of mournful cypress, and held in his hand a large truncheon; and, as he drew near, all recognised the gallant Basilius, and waited in fearful expectation of some disastrous result from this unseasonable visit. At length he came up, tired and out of breath, and placed himself just before the betrothed couple; then, pressing his staff, which was pointed with steel, into the ground, he fixed his eyes on Quiteria, and, in a broken and tremulous voice, thus addressed her:—"Ah, false and forgetful Quiteria, well thou knowest that, by the laws of our holy religion, thou canst not marry another man whilst I am living; neither art thou ignorant that, while waiting till time and mine own industry should improve my fortune, I have never failed in the respect due to thy honour. But thou hast cast aside every obligation due to my lawful love, and art going to make another man master of what is mine: a man who is not only enriched,

<sup>\*</sup> To pass the bank of Flanders is a phrase commonly used to express the attempt or execution of an arduous enterprise. They are dangerous sand-banks formed by the waves of the sea.

but rendered eminently happy by his wealth; and, in obedience to the will of Heaven, the only impediment to his supreme felicity I will remove, by withdrawing this wretched being. Long live the rich Camacho with the ungrateful Quiteria! Long and happily may they live, and let poor Basilius die, who would have risen to good fortune had not poverty clipped his wings and laid him in an early grave!"

So saying, he plucked his staff from the ground, and, drawing out a short tuck, to which it had served as a scabbard, he fixed what might be called the hilt into the ground, and, with a nimble spring and resolute air, he threw himself on the point, which, instantly appearing at his back, the poor wretch lay stretched on the ground, pierced through and through, and weltering in his blood.

His friends, struck with horror and grief, rushed forward to help him, and Don Quixote, dismounting, hastened also to lend his aid, and, taking the dying man in his arms, found that he was still alive. They would have drawn out the tuck, but the priest who was present thought that it should not be done till he had made his confession; as, the moment it was taken out of his body, he would certainly expire. But Basilius, not having quite lost the power of utterance, in a faint and doleful voice said, "If, cruel Quiteria, in this my last and fatal agony, thou wouldst give me thy hand, as my spouse, I should hope my rashness might find pardon in heaven, since it procured me the blessing of being thine." Upon which the priest advised him to attend rather to the salvation of his soul than to his bodily appetites, and seriously implore pardon of God for his sins, especially for this last desperate action. Basilius replied that he could not make any confession till Quiteria had given him her hand in marriage, as that would be a solace to his mind, and enable him to confess his sins.

Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's request, said, in a loud voice, that Basilius had made a very just and reasonable request, and, moreover, a very practicable one; and that it would be equally honourable for Signor Camacho to take Quiteria, a widow of the brave Basilius, as if he received her at her father's hand; nothing being required but the simple word, "Yes," which could be of no consequence, since, in these espousals, the nuptial bed must be the grave. Camacho heard all this, and was perplexed and undecided what to do or say; but so much was he importuned by the friends of Basilius to permit Quiteria to give him her hand, and thereby save his soul from perdition, that they at length moved, nay forced, him to say that, if it pleased Quiteria to give it to him, he should not object, since it was only delaying for a moment the accomplishment of his wishes. They all immediately applied to Quiteria, and, with entreaties, tears, and persuasive arguments, pressed and importuned her to give her hand to Basilius; but she, harder than marble, and more immovable than a statue, returned no answer, until the priest told her that she must decide promptly as the soul of Basilius was already between his teeth, and there was no time for hesitation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, in silence, and to all appearance troubled and sad, approached Basilius, whose eyes were already turned in his head, and he breathed short and quick, muttering the name of Quiteria, and giving tokens of dying more like a heathen than a Christian. At last, Quiteria, kneeling down by him, made signs to him for his hand. Basilius unclosed his eyes, and fixing them steadfastly upon her, said, "O Quiteria, thou relenest at a time when thy pity is a sword to put a final period to this wretched life: for now I have not strength to hear the glory thou conferrest upon me in making me thine, nor will it suspend the pain which shortly will veil my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death. What I beg of thee, O fatal star of mine! is that thou give not thy hand out of compliment, or again to deceive me, but to declare that thou

bestowest it upon me as thy lawful husband, without any compulsion on thy will—for it would be cruel in this extremity to deal falsely or impose on him who has been so true to thee.” Here he fainted, and the bystanders thought his soul was just departing. Quiteria, all modesty and bashfulness, taking Basilius’s right hand in hers, said, “No force would be sufficient to bias my will; and, therefore, with all the freedom I have, I give thee my hand to be thy lawful wife, and receive thine, if it be as freely given, and if the anguish caused by thy rash act doth not trouble and prevent thee.” “Yes, I give it thee,” answered Basilius, “neither discomposed nor confused, but with the clearest understanding that Heaven was ever pleased to bestow on me; and so I give and engage myself to be thy husband.” “And I to be thy wife,” answered Quiteria, “whether thou livest many years, or art carried from my arms to the grave.” “For one so much wounded,” observed Sancho, “this young man talks a great deal. Advise him to leave off his courtship, and mind the business of his soul: though to my thinking he has it more on his tongue than between his teeth.”

Basilius and Quiteria being thus, with hands joined, the tender-hearted priest, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the benediction upon them, and prayed to Heaven for the repose of the bridegroom’s soul; who, as soon as he had received the benediction, suddenly started up, and nimbly drew out the tuck which was sheathed in his body. All the spectators were astonished, and some more simple than the rest cried out, “A miracle, a miracle!” But Basilius replied, “No miracle, no miracle, but a stratagem, a stratagem!” The priest, astonished and confounded, ran to feel, with both his hands, the wound, and found that the sword had passed, not through Basilius’s flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron pipe, cunningly fitted to the place, and filled with blood, so prepared as not to congeal. In short, the priest, Camacho, and the rest of the spectators, found they were imposed upon, and completely duped. The bride showed no signs of regret at the artifice: on the contrary, hearing it said the marriage, as being fraudulent, was not valid, she said that she confirmed it anew; it was, therefore, generally supposed that the matter had been concerted with the privacy and concurrence of both parties; which so enraged Camacho and his friends that they immediately had recourse to vengeance, and unsheathing abundance of swords, they fell upon Basilius, in whose behalf as many more were instantly drawn, and Don Quixote, leading the van on horseback, his lance couched, and well covered with his shield, made them all give way. Sancho, who took no pleasure in such kind of frays, retired to the jars out of which he had gotten his charming skimmings; regarding that place as a sanctuary which none would dare to violate.

Don Quixote cried aloud, “Hold, sirs, hold! It is not right to avenge the injuries committed against us by love. Remember that the arts of warfare and courtship are in some points alike; in war, stratagems are lawful, so likewise are they in the conflicts and rivalships of love, if the means employed be not dishonourable. Quiteria and Basilius were destined for each other by the just and favouring will of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how he pleases: Basilius has but this one ewe-lamb, and no one, however powerful, has a right to take it from him: for those whom God hath joined, let no man sunder; and whoever shall attempt it must first pass the point of this lance.” Then he brandished it with such vigour and dexterity that he struck terror into all those who did not know him.

Quiteria’s disdain made such an impression upon Camacho, that he instantly banished her from his heart. The persuasions, therefore, of the priest, who was a prudent, well-meaning man, had their effect; Camacho and his party sheathed their weapons, and remained satisfied; blaming rather the fickleness

of Quiteria than the cunning of Basilius. With much reason Camacho thought within himself that, if Quiteria loved Basilius when a virgin, she would love him also when married; and that he had more cause to thank Heaven for so fortunate an escape than to repine at the loss he had sustained. The disappointed bridegroom and his followers, being thus consoled and appeased, those of Basilius were so likewise; and the rich Camacho, to show that his mind was free from resentment, would have the diversions and entertainments go on as if they had been really married. The happy pair, however, not choosing to share in them, retired to their own dwelling, accompanied by their joyful adherents: for if the rich man can draw after him his attendants and flatterers, the poor man who is virtuous and deserving is followed by friends who honour and support him. Don Quixote joined the party of Basilius, having been invited by them as a person of worth and bravery; while Sancho, finding it impossible to remain and share the relishing delights of Camacho's festival, which continued till night, with a heavy heart accompanied his master, leaving behind the flesh-pots of Egypt, the skimmings of which, though now almost consumed, still reminded him of the glorious abundance he had lost; pensive and sorrowful, therefore, though not hungry, without alighting from Dapple, he followed the track of Rozinante.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

*Wherein is related the grand adventure of the cave of Montesinos, situated in the heart of La Mancha, which the valorous Don Quixote happily accomplished.*

LOOKING upon themselves as greatly obliged for the valour he had shown in defending their cause, the newly-married couple made much of Don Quixote; and judging of his wisdom by his valour, they accounted him a Cid in arms and a Cicero in eloquence; and during three days honest Sancho solaced himself at their expense. The bridegroom explained to them his stratagem of the feigned wound, and told them it was a device of his own, and had been concerted with the fair Quiteria. He confessed, too, that he had let some of his friends into the secret, that they might support his deception. "That ought not to be called deception which aims at a virtuous end," said Don Quixote: "and no end is more excellent than the marriage of true lovers; though love," added he, "has its enemies, and none greater than hunger and poverty, for love is all gaiety, joy, and content."

This he intended as a hint to Basilius, whom he wished to draw from the pursuit of his favourite exercises: for though they procured him fame, they were unprofitable; and it was now his duty to exert himself for the improvement of his circumstances, by lawful and praiseworthy means, which are never wanting to the prudent and active. "The poor, yet honourable, man," said he, "admitting that honour and poverty can be united, in a beautiful wife possesses a precious jewel, and whoever deprives him of her, despoils him of his honour. The chaste and beautiful wife of an indigent man deserves the palm and laurel crowns of victory and triumph. Beauty of itself attracts admiration and love, and the royal eagles and other towering birds stoop to the tempting lure; but if it is found unprotected and exposed to poverty, kites and vultures are continually hovering round it, and watching it as their natural prey. Well, therefore, may she be called the crown of her husband who maintains her ground in so perilous a situation. It was the opinion of a certain sage, O discreet Basilius, that the world contained only one good woman, and he advised



every man to persuade himself that she was fallen to his lot, and he would then live contented. Although unmarried myself, I would venture to offer my counsel to one who should require it in the choice of a wife. In the first place I would advise him to consider the purity of her fame more than her fortune : a virtuous woman seeks a fair reputation not only by being good, but by appearing to be so ; for a woman suffers more in the world's opinion by public indecorum than secret wantonness. If the woman you bring to your house be virtuous, it is an easy matter to keep her so, and even to improve her good qualities ; but if she be otherwise, you will have much trouble to correct her ; for it is not easy to pass from one extreme to the other : it may not be impossible, but certainly it is very difficult."

To all this Sancho listened, and said to himself, "This master of mine tells me when I speak of things of marrow and substance, that I might take a pulpit in my hand, and go about the world preaching ; and well may I say to him that, whenever he begins to string sentences and give out his advice, he may not only take a pulpit in his hand, but two upon each finger, and stroll about your market-places, crying out, 'Mouth, what will you have?' The devil take thee for a knight-errant that knows everything ! I verily thought that he only knew what belonged to his chivalries, but he pecks at everything, and thrusts his spoon into every dish." Sancho muttered this so very loud that he was overheard by his master, who said, "Sancho, what art thou muttering?" "Nothing at all," answered Sancho ; "I was only saying to myself that I wished I had heard your worship preach in this way before I was married ; then perhaps I should have been able to say now, 'The ox that is loose is best licked.'" "Is thy Teresa, then, so bad, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "She is not very bad," answered Sancho ; "neither is she very good, at least not quite so good as I would have her." "Thou art in the wrong, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to speak ill of thy wife, who is the mother of thy children." "We owe each other nothing upon that score," answered Sancho, "for she speaks as ill of me, whenever the fancy takes her—especially when she is jealous ; and then Satan himself cannot bear with her."

Three days they remained with the new-married couple, where they were served and treated like kings ; at the end of which time, Don Quixote requested the student, who was so dexterous a fencer, to procure him a guide to the cave of Montesinos ; for he had a great desire to descend into it, in order to see with his own eyes, if the wonders reported of it were really true. The student told him he would introduce him to a young relation of his, a good scholar, and much given to reading books of chivalry, who would very gladly accompany him to the very mouth of the cave, and also show him the lakes of Ruydera, so famous in La Mancha, and even all over Spain ; adding that he would find him a very entertaining companion, as he knew how to write books and dedicate them to princes. In short, the cousin appeared, mounted on an ass with foal, whose pack-saddle was covered with a double piece of an old carpet or sacking ; Sancho saddled Rozinante, pannelled Dapple, and replenished his wallets : those of the scholar being also well provided ; and thus, after taking leave of their friends, and commending themselves to Heaven, they set out, bending their course directly towards the famous cave of Montesinos.

Upon the road, Don Quixote asked the scholar what were his exercises, his profession, and his studies. He replied that his studies and profession were literary, and his employment, composing books for the press, on useful and entertaining subjects. Among others, he said he had published one that was entitled, "A Treatise on Liveries," wherein he had described seven hundred and three liveries ; with their colours, mottoes, and cyphers ; forming a collection from which gentlemen, without the trouble of inventing, might select

according to their fancy ; for, being adapted to all occasions, the jealous, the disdained, the forsaken, and the absent, might all there be united. "I have, likewise," said he, "just produced another book, which I intend to call, 'The Metamorphoses ; or, Spanish Ovid.' The idea is perfectly novel : for, in a burlesque imitation of Ovid, I have given the origin and history of the Giralda of Seville, the Angel of La Magdalena,\* the Conduit of Vecinguerra at Cordova, the bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the fountains of Degánitos, and the Lavapies in Madrid, not forgetting the Piojo, the golden pipe, and the Priory ; and all these with their several transformations, allegories, and metaphors, in such a manner as at once to surprise, instruct, and entertain. Another book of mine I call, 'A Supplement to Virgil Polydore,'† which treats of the invention of things : a work of vast erudition and study ; because I have there supplied many important matters omitted by Polydore, and explained them in a superior style. Virgil, for instance, forgot to tell us who was the first in the world that caught a cold, and who was first anointed for the French disease. These points I settle with the utmost precision, on the testimony of above five-and-twenty authors, whom I have cited ; so that your worship may judge whether I have not laboured well, and whether the whole world is not likely to profit by such a performance."

Sancho, who had been attentive to the student's discourse, said, "Tell me, sir—so may Heaven send you good luck with your books—can you resolve me—but I know you can, since you know everything—who was the first man that scratched his head ? I, for my part, am of opinion, it must have been our father Adam." "Certainly," answered the scholar ; "for there is no doubt but Adam had a head and hair ; and, this being granted, he, being the first man in the world, must needs have been the first who scratched his head." "That is what I think," said Sancho ; "but tell me now, who was the first tumbler in the world ?" "Truly, brother," answered the scholar, "I cannot determine that point till I have given it some consideration, which I will surely do when I return to my books, and will satisfy you when we see each other again : for I hope this will not be the last time." "Look ye, sir," replied Sancho, "be at no trouble about the matter, for I have already hit upon the answer to my question. Know, then, that the first tumbler was Lucifer, when he was cast or thrown headlong from Heaven, and came tumbling down to the lowest abyss." "You are in the right, friend," quoth the scholar. "That question and answer are not thine, Sancho," said Don Quixote : "thou hast heard them before." "Say no more, sir," replied Sancho, "for, in good faith, if we fall to questioning and answering, we shall not have done before to-morrow morning ; besides, for foolish questions and foolish answers I need not be obliged to any of my neighbours." "Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou hast said more than thou art aware of ; for some there are who bestow much labour in examining and explaining things which when known are not worth recollecting."

In such conversation they pleasantly passed that day, and at night took up their lodging in a small village, which the scholar told Don Quixote was distant but two leagues from the cave of Montesinos, and that if he persevered in his resolution to enter into it, it was necessary to be provided with rope, by which he might let himself down. Don Quixote declared that, if it reached to the abyss, he would see the bottom. They procured, therefore, near a hundred

\* The Angel of La Magdalena is a shapeless figure placed for a weathercock on the steeple of the church of St. Magdalen at Salamanca. The conduit of Vecinguerra carries the rain-water from the streets of Cordova to the Guadalquivir. The fountains of Leganitos, &c. are all situated in the promenades and public places of Madrid.

† He should have said Polydore Virgil. He was a learned Italian, who published, in 1499, the treatise *De rerum Inventoribus*.

fathom of cord ; and about two in the afternoon of the following day arrived at the mouth of the cave, which they found to be wide and spacious, but so much overgrown with briars, thorns, and wild fig-trees, as to be almost concealed. On perceiving the cave, they alighted, and the scholar and Sancho proceeded to bind the cord fast round Don Quixote, and, while they were thus employed, Sancho said, "Have a care, sir, dear sir, what you are about ; do not bury yourself alive, nor hang yourself dangling like a flask of wine let down to cool in a well : for it is no business of your worship to pry into that hole, which must needs be worse than any dungeon." "Tie on," replied Don Quixote, "and hold thy peace ; for such an enterprise as this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me alone." The guide then said, "I beseech your worship, Signor Don Quixote, to be observant, and with a hundred eyes see, explore, and examine what is below ; perhaps many things may there be discovered worthy of being inserted in my book of *Metamorphoses*." "The drum," quoth Sancho, "is in a hand that knows full well how to rattle it."

The knight being well bound—not over his armour, but his doublet—he said, "We have been careless in neglecting to provide a bell, to be tied to me with this rope, by the tinkling of which you might have heard me still descending, and thereby have known that I was alive : but since that is now impossible, be Heaven my guide !" Kneeling down, he first supplicated Heaven for protection and success in an adventure so new, and seemingly so perilous ; then raising his voice, he said, "O mistress of every act and movement of my life, most illustrious and peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* ! if the prayers and requests of thy adventurous lover reach thy ears, by the power of thy unparalleled beauty I conjure thee to listen to them, and grant me thy favour and protection in this moment of fearful necessity, when I am on the point of plunging, ingulfing, and precipitating myself into the profound abyss before me, solely to prove to the world that, if thou favourest me, there is no impossibility I will not attempt and overcome."

So saying he drew near to the cavity, and observing that the entrance was so choked with vegetation as to be almost impenetrable, he drew his sword, and began to cut and hew down the brambles and bushes with which it was covered ; whereupon, disturbed at the noise and rustling which he made, presently out rushed such a flight of huge daws and ravens, as well as bats and other night birds, that he was thrown down, and had he been as superstitious as he was catholic, he would have taken it for an ill omen, and relinquished the enterprise. Rising again upon his legs, and seeing no more creatures fly out, the scholar and Sancho let him down into the fearful cavern ; and, as he entered, Sancho gave him his blessing, and making a thousand crosses over him, said, "God, and the rock of France, together with the Trinity of Gaeta,\* speed thee, thou flower, and cream, and skimming of knights-errant ! There thou goest, Hector of the world, heart of steel and arm of brass ! Once more, Heaven guide thee, and send thee back safe and sound to the light of this world which thou art now forsaking for that horrible den of darkness." The scholar also added his prayers to those of Sancho for the knight's success and happy return.

Don Quixote went down, still calling as he descended for more rope, which they gave him by little and little ; and when the voice, owing to the windings of the cave, could be heard no longer, and the hundred fathom of cordage was all let down, they thought that they should pull him up again, since they could give him no more rope. However, after the lapse of about half an hour, they

\* The Rock of France is a lofty mountain in the district of Alberca. The Trinity of Gaeta is a chapel and convent, founded by King Ferdinand V. of Arragon, on the summit of a promontory before the port of Gaeta and dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

began to gather up the rope, which they did so easily that it appeared to have no weight attached to it, whence they conjectured that Don Quixote remained in the cave; Sancho, in this belief, wept bitterly, and pulled up the rope in great haste, to know the truth; but having drawn it to a little above eight fathoms, they had the satisfaction again to feel the weight. In short, after raising it up to about the tenth fathom, they could see the knight very distinctly; upon which Sancho immediately called to him, saying, "Welcome back again to us, dear sir, for we began to fear you meant to stay below!" But Don Quixote answered not a word; and being now drawn entirely out, they perceived that his eyes were shut, as if he were asleep. They then laid him along the ground, and unbound him; but as he still did not awake, they turned, pulled, and shook him so much, that at last he came to himself, stretching and yawning just as if he had awaked out of a deep and heavy sleep; and looking wildly about him, he said, "Heaven forgive ye, my friends, for having brought me away from the most delicious and charming state that ever mortal enjoyed! In truth, I am now thoroughly satisfied that all the pleasures of this life pass away like a shadow or dream, or fade like a flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O desperately wounded Durandarte! O unhappy Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! And ye unfortunate daughters Ruydera, whose waters show what floods of tears have streamed from your fair eyes!"

The scholar and Sancho listened to Don Quixote's words, which he uttered as if drawn with excessive pain from his entrails. They entreated him to explain, and to tell them what he had seen in that bottomless pit. "Pit, do you call it?" said Don Quixote; "call it so no more, for it deserves not that name, as you shall presently hear." He then told them that he wanted food extremely, and desired they would give him something to eat. The scholar's carpet was accordingly spread upon the grass, and they immediately applied to the pantry of his wallets, and being all three seated in loving and social fellowship, they made their dinner and supper at one meal. When all were satisfied, and the carpet removed, Don Quixote de la Mancha said, "Remain where you are, my sons, and listen to me with attention."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Of the wonderful things which the accomplished Don Quixote de la Mancha declared he had seen in the cave of Montesinos, from the extraordinary nature of which this adventure is held to be apocryphal.*

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun being covered by clouds, its temperate rays gave Don Quixote an opportunity, without heat or fatigue, of relating to his two illustrious hearers what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he began in the following manner:—

"About twelve or fourteen fathoms deep, in this dungeon, there is on the right hand a hollow space, wide enough to contain a large waggon, together with its mules, and faintly lighted by some distant apertures above. This cavity I happened to see, as I journeyed on through the dark, without knowing whither I was going: and, as I was just then beginning to be weary of hanging by the rope, I determined to enter, in order to rest a little. I called out to you aloud, and desired you not to let down more rope till I bidden you; but it seems you heard me not. I then collected the cord you had let down, and coiling it up in a heap, or bundle, I sat down upon it, full of thought, meditating how I

might descend to the bottom, having nothing to support my weight. In this situation, pensive and embarrassed, a deep sleep suddenly came over me, from which, I know not how, I as suddenly awoke, and found that I had been transported into a verdant lawn, the most delightful that Nature could create, or the liveliest fancy imagine. I rubbed my eyes, wiped them, and perceived that I was not asleep, but really awake. Nevertheless I felt my head and breast, to be assured that it was I myself, and not some empty and counterfeit illusion; but sensation, feeling, and the coherent discourse I held with myself, convinced me that I was the identical person which I am at this moment. I soon discovered a royal and splendid palace or castle, whereof the walls and battlements seemed to be composed of bright and transparent crystal; and as I gazed upon it, the great gates of the portal opened, and a venerable old man issued forth and advanced towards me. He was clad in a long mourning cloak of purple bays, which trailed upon the ground; over his shoulders and breast he wore a kind of collegiate tippet of green satin; he had a black Milan cap on his head, and his hoary beard reached below his girdle. He carried no weapons, but held a rosary of beads in his hand as large as walnuts, and every tenth bead the size of an ordinary ostrich egg. His mien, his gait, his gravity, and his goodly presence, each singly and conjointly, filled me with surprise and admiration. On coming up, he embraced me, and said, 'The day is at length arrived, most renowned and valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we who are enclosed in this enchanted solitude have long hoped would bring thee hither, that thou mayest proclaim to the world the things prodigious and incredible that lie concealed in this subterranean place, commonly called the cave of Montesinos—an exploit reserved for your invincible heart and stupendous courage; come with me, illustrious sir, that I may show you the wonders contained in this transparent castle, of which I am warder and perpetual guard: for I am Montesinos himself, from whom this cave derives its name.' He had no sooner told me that he was Montesinos than I asked him whether it was true what was reported in the world above, that with a little dagger he had taken out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and conveyed it to the lady Belerma, agreeable to his dying request. He replied that the whole was true, excepting as to the dagger; for it was not a small dagger, but a bright poniard, sharper than an awl."

"That poniard," interrupted Sancho, "must have been made by Raymond de Hozes, of Seville." "I know not who was the maker," said Don Quixote: "but on reflection, it could not have been Raymond de Hozes, who lived but the other day, whereas the battle of Roncesvalles, where this misfortune happened, was fought some ages ago. But that question is of no importance, and does not affect the truth and connection of the story." "True," answered the scholar; "pray go on, Signor Don Quixote, for I listen to your account with the greatest pleasure imaginable." "And I relate it with no less," answered Don Quixote: "and so to proceed—the venerable Montesinos conducted me to the crystalline palace, where, in a lower hall, formed of alabaster and extremely cool, there stood a marble tomb of exquisite workmanship, whereon I saw extended a knight, not of brass, or marble, or jasper, as is usual with other monuments, but of pure flesh and bones. His right hand, which seemed to me somewhat hairy and nervous (a token of great strength), was laid on the region of his heart; and before I could ask any question, Montesinos, perceiving my attention fixed on the sepulchre, said, 'This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and model of all the enamoured and valiant knights-errant of his time. He is kept here enchanted, as well as myself and many others of both sexes, by that French enchanter Merlin, said to be the devil's son, which, however, I do not credit: though indeed I believe he knows one point more than

the devil himself. How, or why, we are thus enchanted no one can tell ; but time will explain it, and that, too, I imagine, at no distant period. What astonishes me is, that I am as certain as that it is now day, that Durandarte expired in my arms, and that, after he was dead, with these hands I pulled out his heart, which could not have weighed less than two pounds : confirming the opinion of naturalists that a man's valour is in proportion to the size of his heart. Yet, certain as it is that this cavalier is really dead, how comes it to pass that, ever and anon, he sighs and moans as if he were alive ?'—Scarcely were these words uttered, than the wretched Durandarte, crying out aloud, said, ' O my cousin Montesinos ! at the moment my soul was departing, my last request of you was, that after ripping my heart out of my breast with either a poniard or a dagger, you should carry it to Belerma.' The venerable Montesinos hearing this, threw himself on his knees before the complaining knight, and with tears in his eyes, said to him, ' Long, long since, O Durandarte, dearest cousin ! long since did I fulfil what you enjoined on that said day when you expired. I took out your heart with all imaginable care, not leaving the smallest particle of it within your breast ; I then wiped it with a lace handkerchief, and set off at full speed with it for France, having first laid your dear remains in the earth, shedding as many tears as sufficed to wash my hands and clean away the blood with which they were smeared by raking into your entrails ; and furthermore, dear cousin of my soul, at the first place I stopped, after leaving Roncesvalles, I sprinkled a little salt over your heart, and thereby kept it, if not fresh, at least from emitting any unpleasant odour, until it was presented to the lady Belerma ; who, together with you and myself, and your Squire Guadiana, and the duenna Ruydera, with her seven daughters, and two nieces, as well as several others of your friends and acquaintance, have been long confined here, enchanted by the sage Merlin ; and though it is now above five hundred years since, we are still alive. It is true, Ruydera and her daughter and nieces have left us, having so far moved the compassion of Merlin, by their incessant weeping, that he turned them into as many lakes, which at this time, in the world of the living, in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera. The seven sisters belong to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the most holy order of Saint John. Guadiana also, your squire, bewailing your misfortune, was in like manner changed into a river, still retaining his name : but when he reached the surface of the earth, and saw the sun of another sky, he was so grieved at the thought of forsaking you that he plunged again into the bowels of the earth : nevertheless he was compelled by the laws of nature to rise again, and occasionally show himself to the eyes of men and the light of heaven. The lakes which I have mentioned supply him with their waters, and with them, joined by several others, he makes his majestic entrance into the kingdom of Portugal. Yet, wherever he flows, his grief and melancholy still continue, breeding only coarse and unsavoury fish, very different from those of the golden Tagus. All this, O my dearest cousin ! I have often told you before, and since you make me no answer, I fancy you either do not believe, or do not hear me, which, Heaven knows, afflicts me very much. But now I have other tidings to communicate, which if they do not alleviate, will in nowise increase, your sorrow. Open your eyes and behold here, in your presence, that great knight, of whom the sage Merlin has foretold so many wonders—that same Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, who has revived with new splendour the long-neglected order of knight-errantry, and by whose prowess and favour, it may, perhaps, be our good fortune to be released from the spells by which we are here held in confinement : for great exploits are reserved for great men.' ' And though it should not be so,' answered the wretched Durandarte in a faint and low voice—' though it should prove otherwise, O cousin ! I can only say, patience and

shuffle the cards.' Then turning himself on one side, he relapsed into his accustomed silence.

"At that moment, hearing loud cries and lamentations, with other sounds of distress, I turned my head, and saw, through the crystal walls of the palace, a procession in two lines, of beautiful damsels, all attired in mourning, and with white turbans, in the Turkish fashion. These were followed by a lady—for so she seemed by the gravity of her air—clad also in black, with a white veil, so long that it reached the ground. Her turban was twice the size of the largest of the others; she was beetle-browed, her nose somewhat flattish, her mouth wide, but her lips red; her teeth, which she sometimes displayed, were thin-set and uneven, though as white as blanched almonds. She carried in her hand a fine linen handkerchief, in which I could discern a human heart, withered and dry, like that of a mummy. Montesinos told me that the damsels whom I saw were the attendants of Durandarte and Belerma—all enchanted like their master and mistress—and that the female who closed the procession was the lady Belerma herself, who four days in the week walked in that manner with her damsels, singing, or rather weeping, dirges over the body and piteous heart of his cousin; and that if she appeared to me less beautiful than fame reported, it was occasioned by the bad nights and worse days she passed in that state of enchantment: as might be seen by her sallow complexion, and the deep furrows in her face. 'Nor is the hollowness of her eyes and pallid skin to be attributed to any disorders incident to women, since with these she has not for months and years been visited, but merely to that deep affliction which incessantly preys on her heart for the untimely death of her lover, still renewed and kept alive by what she continually carries in her hands: indeed, had it not been for this, the great Dulcinea del Toboso herself, so much celebrated here and over the whole world, would scarcely have equalled her in beauty of person or sweetness of manner.' 'Softly,' said I, 'good Signor Montesinos; comparisons you know are odious, and therefore let them be spared, I beseech you. The peerless Dulcinea is what she is, and the lady Donna Belerma is what she is, and what she has been, and there let it rest.' 'Pardon me, Signor Don Quixote,' said Montesinos, 'I might have guessed that your worship was the lady Dulcinea's knight, and ought to have bit my tongue off rather than it should have compared her to anything less than heaven itself.' This satisfaction being given me by the great Montesinos, my heart recovered from the shock it had sustained on hearing my mistress compared with Belerma." "I wonder," quoth Sancho, "that your worship did not give the old fellow a hearty kicking, and pluck his beard for him till you had not left a single hair on his chin." "No, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "it did not become me to do so; for we are all bound to respect the aged, although not of the order of knighthood; still more those who are so, and who besides are enchanted; but trust me, Sancho, in other discourse which we held together, I fairly matched him."

Here the scholar said, "I cannot imagine, Signor Don Quixote, how it was possible, having been so short a space of time below, that your worship should have seen so many things, and have heard and said so much." "How long, then, may it be since I descended?" quoth Don Quixote. "A little above an hour," answered Sancho. "That cannot be," replied Don Quixote, "for night came on, and was followed by morning three times successively; so that I must have sojourned three days in these remote and hidden parts." "My master," said Sancho, "must needs be in the right; for, as everything has happened to him in the way of enchantment, what seems to us but an hour may there seem full three days and three nights." "Doubtless it must be so," answered Don Quixote. "I hope," said the scholar, "your worship was not

without food all this time?" "Not one mouthful did I taste," said the knight, "nor was I sensible of hunger." "What, then, do not the enchanted eat?" said the scholar. "No," answered Don Quixote, "although some think that their nails and beards still continue to grow." "And pray, sir," said Sancho, "do they never sleep?" "Certainly never," said Don Quixote; "at least, during the three days that I have been amongst them, not one of them has closed an eye, nor have I slept myself." "Here," said Sancho, "the proverb is right: tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art." If your worship keeps company with those who fast and watch, no wonder that you neither eat nor sleep yourself. But pardon me, good master of mine, if I tell your worship that, of all you have been saying, Heaven—I was going to say the devil—take me if I believe one word." "How!" said the scholar, "do you think that Signor Don Quixote would lie? But were he so disposed, he has not had time to invent and fabricate such a tale." "I do not think my master lies," answered Sancho. "What, then, dost thou think?" said Don Quixote. "I think," answered Sancho, "that the necromancers, or that same Merlin who enchanted all those whom your worship says you saw and talked with there below, have crammed into your head all the stuff you have told us, and all that you have yet to say."

"All that is possible," said Don Quixote, "only that it happens not to be so: for what I have related I saw with my own eyes and touched with my own hands. But what wilt thou say when I tell thee that, among an infinite number of wonderful and surprising things shown to me by Montesinos, whereof I will give an account hereafter (for this is not the time or place to speak of them), he pointed out to me three country wenches, dancing and capering like kids about those charming fields, and no sooner did I behold them than I recognised in one of the three the peerless Dulcinea herself, and in the other two the very same wenches that attended her, and with whom we held some parley, on the road from Toboso! Upon my asking Montesinos whether he knew them, he said they were strangers to him, though he believed them to be some ladies of quality lately enchanted; having made their appearance there but a few days before. Nor should that excite my wonder, he said, for many distinguished ladies, both of the past and present times, were enchanted there under different forms; among whom he had discovered Queen Ginebra, and her duenna Quintanonna, cupbearer to Lancelot when he came from Britain."

When Sancho heard his master say all this, he was ready to run distracted, or to die with laughter; for, knowing that he was himself Dulcinea's enchanter, he now made no doubt that his master had lost his senses, and was raving mad. "In an evil hour and a woeful day, dear master of mine," said he, "did you go down to the other world; and in a luckless moment did you meet with Signor Montesinos, who has sent you back to us in this plight. Your worship left us in your right senses, such as Heaven had given you, speaking sentences, and giving advice at every turn;—but now—Lord bless us, how you talk!" "As I know thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "I heed not thy words." "Nor I your worship's," replied Sancho; "you may kill or strike me, if you please, for all those I have said, or shall say, without you correct and mend your own. But tell me, sir, now we are at peace, how, or by what token, did you know the lady your mistress; and, if you spoke to her, what said you, and what did she answer?" "I knew her," answered Don Quixote, "because her apparel was the same that she wore when you showed her to me. I spoke to her, but she answered me not a word; on the contrary, she turned her back upon me, and fled with the speed of an arrow. I would have followed her, but Montesinos dissuaded me from the attempt, as I should certainly lose my labour; and besides, the hour approached when I must quit the cave and return to the



upper world ; he assured me, however, that in due time I should be informed of the means of disenchanting himself, Belerma, Durandarte, and all the rest who were there. While we were thus talking, a circumstance occurred that gave me much concern. Suddenly one of the two companions of the unfortunate Dulcinea came up to my side, all in tears, and, in a low and troubled voice, said to me, 'My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and desires to know how you do : and being at this time a little straitened for money, she earnestly entreats your worship would be pleased to lend her, upon this new cotton petticoat that I have brought here, six reals, or what you can spare, which she promises to return very shortly.' This message astonished me, and, turning to Montesinos, I said to him, 'Is it possible, Signor Montesinos, that persons of quality under enchantment, are exposed to necessity ?' To which he answered, 'Believe, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that what is called necessity prevails everywhere, and extends to all, not sparing even those who are enchanted : and since the lady Dulcinea sends to request a loan of six reals, and the pledge seems to be unexceptionable, give them to her, for without doubt she is in great heed.' 'I will take no pawn,' answered I ; 'nor can I send her what she desires, for I have but four reals in my pocket. I therefore send her those four reals,' being the same thou gavest me the other day, Sancho, to bestow in alms on the poor we should meet with upon the road : and I said to the damsel, 'Tell your lady friend, that I am grieved to the soul at her distresses, and wish I were as rich as a Fucar,\* to remedy them. But pray let her be told that I neither can, nor will, have health while deprived of her amiable presence and discreet conversation : and that I earnestly beseech that she will vouchsafe to let herself be seen and conversed with by this her captive and wayworn knight ; tell her, also, that, when she least expects it, she will hear that I have made a vow like that made by the marquis of Mantua, when he found his nephew Valdovinos ready to expire on the mountain ; which was, not to eat bread upon a tablecloth, and other matters of the same kind, till he had revenged his death. In like manner will I take no rest, but traverse the seven parts of the universe with more diligence than did the infant Don Pedro of Portugal, until her disenchantment be accomplished.' 'All this, and more, your worship owes my lady,' answered the damsel ; and, taking the four reals, instead of making me a curtsy, she cut a caper, full two yards high in the air, and fled."

"Now Heaven defend us !" cried Sancho ; "is it possible there should be anything like this in the world, and that enchanters and enchantment should so bewitch and change my master's good understanding ! O sir ! sir ! for Heaven's sake, look to yourself, take care of your good name, and give no credit to these vanities which have robbed you of your senses." "Thou lovest me, Sancho, I know," said Don Quixote, "and therefore I am induced to pardon thy prattle. To thy inexperienced mind whatever is uncommon, appears impossible ; but, as I have said before, a time may come when I will tell thee of some things which I have seen below, whereof the truth cannot be doubted, and that will make thee give credit to what I have already related."

\* A rich German family of the name of Fugger, ennobled by Charles V.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*In which are recounted a thousand trifling matters, equally pertinent and necessary to the right understanding of this grand history.*

CID HAMET BENENGELI, the translator of this great work from the original of its first author, says that when he came to the chapter that records the adventure of the cave of Montesinos, he found on the margin these words in Hamet's own handwriting :—

“I cannot persuade myself that the whole of what is related in this chapter, as having happened to Don Quixote in the cave of Montesinos, is really true : because the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged are all natural and probable, whereas this of the cave is neither one nor the other, but exceeds all reasonable bounds, and therefore cannot be credited. On the other hand, if we recollect the honour and scrupulous veracity of the noble Don Quixote, it seems utterly impossible that he could be capable of telling a lie : sooner, indeed, would he submit to be transfixed with arrows than be guilty of a deviation from truth. Besides, if we consider the minute and circumstantial details that he entered into, it seems a still greater impossibility that he could in so short a time have invented such a mass of extravagance. Should this adventure, however, be considered as apocryphal, let it be remembered that the fault is not mine. I write it without affirming either its truth or falsehood ; therefore, discerning and judicious reader, judge for thyself, as I neither can nor ought to do more—unless it be just to apprise thee that Don Quixote, on his death-bed, is said to have acknowledged that this adventure was all a fiction, invented only because it accorded and squared with the tales he had been accustomed to read in his favourite books.” But to proceed with our history.

The scholar was astonished no less at the boldness of Sancho Panza than at the patience of his master, but attributed his present mildness to the satisfaction he had just received in beholding his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, though enchanted ; for, had it not been so, he conceived that Sancho's freedom of speech would have had what it richly deserved—a manual chastisement. In truth he thought him much too presuming with the knight, to whom now addressing himself, he said, “For my own part, Signor Don Quixote, I account myself most fortunate in having undertaken this journey, as I have thereby made four important acquisitions. The first is the honour of your worship's acquaintance, which I esteem a great happiness ; the second is a knowledge of the secrets enclosed in this wonderful cave, the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the lakes of Ruydera, which will be of notable use in my Spanish Ovid now in hand ; my third advantage is the discovery of the antiquity of cards, which, it now appears, were in use at least in the days of the Emperor Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words that fell from Durandarte, when, after that long speech of Montesinos, he awaked, and said, ‘Patience, and shuffle the cards.’ Now as he could not have learnt this phrase during his enchantment, he must have learnt it in France, in the days of Charlemagne ; and this discovery also comes in opportunely for my ‘Supplement to Polydore Virgil on Antiquities ;’ for I believe that in his treatise he has wholly neglected the subject of cards—a defect that will now be supplied by me, which will be of great importance, especially as I shall be able to quote an authority so grave and authentic as that of Signor Durandarte. And finally, it has, in the fourth place, been my good fortune thus to come at the knowledge of the true source of the river Guadiana, which has hitherto remained unknown.”

"There is much reason in what you say," quoth the knight; "but if, by Heaven's will, you should obtain a license for printing your books, which I much doubt, to whom would you inscribe them?" "O, sir," said the scholar, "we have lords and grandees in abundance, and are therefore in no want of patrons." "Not so many as you may imagine," said Don Quixote; "for all those who are worthy of such a token of respect are not equally disposed to make that generous return which seems due to the labour, as well as the politeness of the author. It is my happiness to know of one exalted personage\* who makes ample amends for what is wanting in the rest, and with so liberal a measure that, if I might presume to make it known, I should infallibly stir up envy in many a noble breast. But let this rest till a more convenient season; for it is now time to consider where we shall lodge to-night." "Not far hence," said the scholar, "is a hermitage, the dwelling of a recluse, who, they say, was once a soldier, and is now accounted a pious Christian, wise and charitable. Near his hermitage he has built, at his own cost, a small house, which, however, is large enough to accommodate the strangers who visit him." "Does that same hermit keep poultry?" said Sancho. "Few hermits are without them," answered Don Quixote; "for such holy men now are not like the hermits of old in the deserts of Egypt, who were clad with leaves of the palm-tree, and fed on roots of the earth. By commending these, however, I do not mean to reflect upon the hermits of our times; I would only infer that the penances of these days do not equal the austerities and strictness of former times; but this is no reason why they may not be good; at least I account them so: and, at the worst, he who only wears the garb of piety does less harm than the audacious and open sinner."

While they were thus discoursing they perceived a man coming towards them, walking very fast, and switching on a mule laden with lances and halberds. When he came up to them he saluted them, and passed on. "Hold, honest friend," said Don Quixote to him, "methinks you go faster than is convenient for that mule." "I cannot stay," answered the man; "as the weapons which I am carrying are to be made use of to-morrow; I have no time to lose, and so adieu. But, if you would know for what use they are intended, I shall lodge to-night at the inn beyond the hermitage, and should you be travelling on the same road, you will find me there, where I will tell you wonders; and, once more, Heaven be with you." He then pricked on his mule at such a rate that Don Quixote had no time to inquire after the wonders which he had to tell; but, as he was not a little curious, and eager for anything new, he determined immediately to hasten forwards to the inn, and pass the night there, without touching at the hermitage. They accordingly mounted, and took the direct road to the inn, at which they arrived a little before night-fall. The scholar proposed calling at the hermitage just to allay their thirst; upon which Sancho Panza instantly steered Dapple in that direction, and Don Quixote and the scholar followed his example: but, as Sancho's ill-luck would have it, the hospitable sage was not at home, as they were told by the under-hermit, of whom they requested some wine. He told them that his master had no wine, but, if they would like water, he would give them some with great pleasure. "If I had wanted water," quoth Sancho, "there are wells in abundance on the road—O the wedding of Camacho, and the plenty of Don Diego's house! When shall I meet with your like again!"

Quitting the hermitage, they spurred on towards the inn, and soon overtook a lad who was walking leisurely before them. He carried a sword upon his shoulder and upon it a roll or bundle that seemed to contain his apparel, such as breeches, a cloak, and a shirt or two; for he had on an old velvet jerkin,

\* The Count de Lemos, Don Pedro Fernandes de Castro

with some tatters of a satin lining, below which his shirt hung out at large, his stockings were silk, and his shoes square-toed, after the court fashion. He seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen years of age, his countenance was lively, and his body active. He went on gaily singing, to cheer him on his way; and just as they overtook him, they heard the following lines, which the scholar failed not to commit to memory :

For want of the pence to the wars I must go:  
Ah ! had I but money, it would not be so.

"You travel very airily, sir," said Don Quixote to him, "pray, may I ask whither you are bound?" "Heat and poverty," replied the youth, "make me travel in this way: and my intention, sir, is to join the army." "From heat it may well be; but why poverty?" said Don Quixote. "Sir," replied the youth, "I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trowsers, fellows to my jacket; if I wear them out upon the road, they will do me no credit in the city, and I have no money to buy others; for this reason, sir, as well as for coolness, I go thus till I overtake some companies of infantry, which are not twelve leagues hence, where I mean to enlist myself, and then shall be sure to meet with some baggage-waggon to convey me to the place of embarkation, which, they say, is Carthagena: for I had rather serve the king in his wars abroad than be the lacquey of any beggarly courtier at home." "And pray, sir, have you no appointment?" said the scholar. "Had I served some grandee or other person of distinction," answered the youth, "possibly I might have been so rewarded; for in the service of such masters it is no uncommon thing to rise into ensigns or captains, from the servants' hall; but it was always my scurvy fate to be dangling upon foreigners or fellows without a home, who allow so pitiful a salary that half of it goes in starching a ruff; and it would be a miracle indeed for a poor page to meet with preferment in such situations." "But tell me, friend," quoth Don Quixote, "is it possible that, during all the time you have been in service, you could not procure yourself a livery?" "I have had two," answered the page; "but as he who quits a monastery before he confesses, is stripped of his habit and his old clothes are returned him, just so did my masters treat me, for when the business for which they came to court was done, they hurried back into the country, taking away the liveries which they had only given to make a flourish in the town."

"A notable *espilorcheria*,\* as the Italians say," quoth Don Quixote: "however, consider yourself as fortunate in having quitted your former life, with so laudable an intention; for there is nothing more honourable, next to the service which you owe to God, than to serve your king and natural lord, especially in the profession of arms, which, if less profitable than learning, far exceeds it in glory. More great families, it is true, have been established by learning, yet there is in the martial character a certain splendour, which seems to exalt it far above all other pursuits. But allow me, sir, to offer you a piece of advice, which, believe me, you will find worth your attention. Never suffer your mind to dwell on the adverse events of your life; for the worse that can befall you is death, and when attended with honour there is no event so glorious. Julius Cæsar, that valorous Roman, being asked which was the kind of death to be preferred, 'That,' said he, 'which is sudden and unforeseen!' Though he answered like a heathen, who knew not the true God, yet considering human infirmity, it was well said. For, supposing you should be cut off in the very first encounter, either by cannon-shot or the springing of a mine, what does it signify? it is but dying, which is inevitable, and, being over, there it ends.

\* A mean and sordid action.

Terence observes that the corpse of the man who is slain in battle looks better than the living soldier who has saved himself by flight; and the good soldier rises in estimation according to the measure of his obedience to those who command him. Observe, moreover, my son, that a soldier had better smell of gunpowder than of musk; and if old age overtakes you in this noble profession, though lame and maimed, and covered with wounds, it will find you also covered with honour; and of such honour as poverty itself cannot deprive you. From poverty, indeed, you are secure; for care is now taken that veteran and disabled soldiers shall not be exposed to want, nor be treated as many do their negro slaves, when old and past service, turning them out of their houses, and, under pretence of giving them freedom, leave them slaves to hunger, from which they can have no relief but in death. I will not say more to you at present;—but get up behind me and go with us to the inn, where you shall sup with me, and to-morrow morning pursue your journey; and may Heaven prosper and reward your good intentions.” The page declined Don Quixote’s offer of riding behind him, but readily accepted his invitation to supper. Sancho now muttered to himself, “The Lord bless thee for a master!” said he: “who would believe that one who can say so many good things, should tell us such nonsense and riddles about that cave! Well, we shall see what will come of it.”

They reached the inn just at the close of day, and Sancho was pleased that his master did not, as usual, mistake it for a castle. Don Quixote immediately inquired for the man with the lances and halberds, and was told by the landlord that he was in the stable attending his mule. There also the scholar and Sancho disposed of their beasts, failing not to honour Rozinante with the best manger and best stall in the stable.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

*Wherein is begun the braying adventure, and the diverting one of the puppet-show, with the memorable divinations of the wonderful ape.*

DON QUIXOTE being all impatience to hear the wonders which had been promised him by the arms-carrier, immediately went in search of him, and having found him in the stable, he begged him to relate without delay what he had promised on the road. “My wonders,” said the man, “must be told at leisure, and not on the wing. Wait, good sir, till I have done with my mule, and then I will tell you things that will amaze you.” “It shall not be delayed on that account,” answered Don Quixote; “for I will help you.” And so in truth he did, winnowing the barley and cleaning the manger; which condescension induced the man the more willingly to tell his tale. Seating himself, therefore, on a stone bench at the outside of the door, and having Don Quixote (who sat next to him), and the scholar, the page, Sancho Panza, and the innkeeper, for his senate and auditors, he began in the following manner:

“You must know, gentlemen, that in a town four leagues and a half from this place, a certain alderman happened to lose his ass, all through the artful contrivance (too long to be told) of a wench, his maid-servant; and though he tried every means to recover his beast, it was to no purpose. Fifteen days passed, as public fame reports, after the ass was missing, and while the unlucky alderman was standing in the market-place, another alderman of the same town came up to him and said, ‘Pay me for my good news, gossip, for your ass has made its appearance.’ ‘Most willingly, neighbour,’ answered the other; ‘but

tell me—where has he been seen?’ ‘On the mountain,’ answered the other; ‘I saw him there this morning, with no pannel or furniture upon him of any kind, and so lank that it was grievous to behold him. I would have driven him before me and brought him to you, but he is already become so shy that when I went near him he took to his heels and fled to a distance from me. Now, if you like it, we will both go seek him; but first let me put up this of mine at home, and I will return instantly.’ ‘You will do me a great favour,’ said the owner of the lost ass, ‘and I shall be happy at any time to do as much for you.’

“With all these particulars and in these very words is the story told by all who are thoroughly acquainted with the truth of the affair. In short, the two aldermen, hand in hand and side by side, trudged together up the hill; and on coming to the place where they expected to find the ass, they found him not, nor was he anywhere to be seen, though they made diligent search. Being thus disappointed, the alderman who had seen him said to the other, ‘Hark you, friend, I have thought of a stratagem by which we shall certainly discover this animal, even though he had crept into the bowels of the earth, instead of the mountain; and it is this: I can bray marvellously well, and if you can do a little in that way the business is done.’ ‘A little, say you, neighbour?’ quoth the other, ‘before Heaven, in braying, I yield to none—no, not to asses themselves.’ ‘We shall soon see that,’ answered the second alderman; ‘go you on one side of the mountain, while I take the other, and let us walk round it, and every now and then you shall bray, and I will bray; and the ass will certainly hear and answer us, if he still remains in these parts.’ ‘Verily, neighbour, your device is excellent, and worthy your good parts,’ said the owner of the ass. They then separated, according to agreement, and both began braying at the same instant, with such marvellous truth of imitation that, mutually deceived, each ran towards the other, not doubting but that the ass was found; and, on meeting, the loser said, ‘Is it possible, friend, that it was not my ass that brayed?’ ‘No, it was I,’ answered the other. ‘I declare, then,’ said the owner, ‘that, as far as regards braying, there is not the least difference between you and an ass; for in my life I never heard anything more natural.’ ‘These praises and compliments,’ answered the author of the stratagem, ‘belong rather to you than to me, friend; for, by Him that made me, you could give the odds of two brays to the greatest and most skilful brayer in the world; for your tones are rich, your time correct, your notes well sustained, and cadences abrupt and beautiful; in short, I own myself vanquished, and yield to you the palm in this rare talent.’ ‘Truly,’ answered the ass owner, ‘I shall value and esteem myself the more henceforth, since I am not without some endowment. It is true, I fancy that I brayed indifferently well, yet never flattered myself that I excelled so much as you are pleased to say.’ ‘I tell you,’ answered the second, ‘there are rare abilities often lost to the world, and they are ill-bestowed on those who know not how to employ them to advantage.’ ‘Right, brother,’ quoth the owner, ‘though, except in cases like the present, ours may not turn to much account; and even in this business, Heaven grant it may prove of service.’

“This said, they separated again, to resume their braying; and each time were deceived as before, and met again, till they at length agreed, as a signal, to distinguish their own voices from that of the ass, that they should bray twice together, one immediately after the other. Thus, doubling their brayings, they made the tour of the whole mountain, without having any answer from the stray ass, not even by signs. How, indeed, could the poor creature answer, whom at last they found in a thicket, half devoured by wolves? On seeing the body, the owner said, ‘Truly, I wondered at his silence; for, had he not been dead, he certainly would have answered us, or he were no true ass; nevertheless,

neighbour, though I have found him dead, my trouble in the search has been well repaid in listening to your exquisite braying.' 'It is in good hands, friend,' answered the other; 'for, if the abbot sings well, the novice comes not far behind him.'

"Hereupon they returned home hoarse and disconsolate, and told their friends and neighbours all that had happened to them in their search after the ass; each of them extolling the other for his excellence in braying. The story spread all over the adjacent villages, and the devil, who sleeps not, as he loves to sow discord wherever he can, raising a bustle in the wind, and mischief out of nothing, so ordered it that all the neighbouring villagers, at the sight of any of our townspeople, would immediately begin to bray, as it were, hitting us in the teeth with the notable talent of our aldermen. The boys fell to it, which was the same as falling into the hands and mouths of a legion of devils; and thus braying spread far and wide, insomuch that the natives of the town of Bray are as well known and distinguished as the negroes are from white men. And this unhappy jest has been carried so far that our people have often sallied out in arms against their scoffers, and given them battle: neither king nor rook, nor fear nor shame, being able to restrain them. To-morrow, I believe, or next day, those of our town will take the field against the people of another village about two leagues from us, being one of those which persecute us most: and I have brought the lances and halberds which you saw, that we may be well prepared for them. Now these are the wonders I promised you; and if you do not think them such, I have no better for you." And here the honest man ended his story.

At this juncture a man entered the inn, clad from head to foot in chamois-skin, hose, doublet, and breeches, and calling with a loud voice, "Master Host, have you any lodging? for here come the divining ape and the puppet-show of 'Melisendra's deliverance.'" "What, Master Peter!" quoth the innkeeper, "Body of me! then we shall have a rare night of it." This same Master Peter, it should be observed, had his left eye, and almost half his cheek, covered with a patch of green taffeta, a sign that something was wrong on that side of his face. "Welcome, Master Peter," continued the landlord: "where is the ape and the puppet-show? I do not see them." "They are hard by," answered the man in leather; "I came before, to see if we could find lodging here." "I would turn out the duke of Alva himself to make room for Master Peter," answered the innkeeper—"let the ape and the puppets come; for there are guests this evening in the inn who will be good customers to you, I warrant." "Be it so, in God's name," answered he of the patch; "and I will lower the price, and reckon myself well paid with only bearing my charges. I shall now go back and bring on the cart with my ape and puppets;" for which purpose he immediately hastened away.

Don Quixote now inquired of the landlord concerning this Master Peter. "He is," said the landlord, "a famous puppet-player, who has been some time past travelling about these parts with a show of the deliverance of Melisendra by the famous Don Gayferos: one of the best stories and the best performance that has been seen for many a day. He has also an ape whose talents go beyond all other apes, and even those of men; for if a question be put to him he listens attentively, then leaps upon his master's shoulders, and putting his mouth to his ear, whispers the answer to the question he has been asked, which Master Peter repeats aloud. He can tell both what is to come and what is past, and though in foretelling things to come he does not always hit the mark exactly, yet for the most part he is not so much out; so that we are inclined to believe the devil must be in him. His fee is two reals for every question the ape answers, or his master answers for him, which is all the same:

so that Master Peter is thought to be rich. He is a rare fellow, too, and lives the merriest life in the world; talks more than six, and drinks more than a dozen, and all by the help of his tongue, his ape, and his puppets."

By this time Master Peter had returned with his cart, in which he carried his puppets, and also his ape, which was large and without a tail, with posteriors as bare as felt, and a countenance most ugly. Don Quixote immediately began to question him, saying, "Signor diviner, pray tell me what fish do we catch, and what will be our fortune? See, here are my two reals," bidding Sancho to give them to Master Peter, who, answering for the ape, said, "My ape, signor, gives no reply nor information regarding the future: he knows something of the past, and a little of the present." "Bodikins," quoth Sancho, "I would not give a brass farthing to be told what has happened to me: for who can tell that better than myself? and I am not such a fool as to pay for hearing what I already know. But since he knows what is now passing, here are my two reals—and now, good master ape, tell me what my wife Teresa is doing at this moment—I say, what is she busied about?" Master Peter would not take the money, saying, "I will not be paid beforehand, nor take your reward before the service is performed." Then giving with his right hand two or three claps upon his left shoulder, at one spring the ape jumped upon it, and laying its mouth to his ear, chattered and grated his teeth. Having made these grimaces for the space of a credo, at another skip down it jumped on the ground, and straightway Master Peter ran and threw himself on his knees before Don Quixote, and embracing his legs, said, "These legs I embrace, just as I would embrace the two pillars of Hercules, O illustrious reviver of the long-forgotten order of chivalry! O, never-sufficiently extolled knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou reviver of drooping hearts, the prop and stay of the falling, the raiser of the fallen, the staff and comfort to all who are unfortunate!"

Don Quixote was thunderstruck, Sancho confounded, the scholar surprised, —in short, the page, the braying-man, the innkeeper, and every one present, were astonished at this harangue of the puppet-player, who proceeded, saying, "And thou, O good Sancho Panza, the best squire to the best knight in the world, rejoice, for thy good wife Teresa is well, and at this instant is dressing a pound of flax. Moreover, by her left side stands a broken-mouthed pitcher, which holds a very pretty scantling of wine, with which ever and anon she cheers her spirits at her work." "Egad, I verily believe it!" answered Sancho, "for she is a blessed one; and, were she not a little jealous, I would not swap her for the giantess Andandona, who, in my master's opinion, was a brave lady, and a special housewife; though my Teresa, I warrant, is one of those who take care of themselves, though others whistle for it."

"Well," quoth Don Quixote, "he who reads and travels much, sees and learns much. What testimony but that of my own eyes could have persuaded me that there are apes in the world which have the power of divination? Yes, I am indeed Don Quixote de la Mancha, as this good animal has declared, though he has rather exaggerated in regard to my merits; but, whatever I may be, I thank Heaven for endowing me with a tender and compassionate heart, inclined to do good to all, and harm to none." "If I had money," said the page, "I would ask master ape what is to befall me in my intended expedition." To which Master Peter, who had now risen from Don Quixote's feet, answered, "I have already told you that this little beast gives no answers concerning things to come; otherwise, your being without money should have been no hindrance: for to serve Signor Don Quixote here present I willingly give up all views of profit. And now, as in duty bound to give pleasure, I intend to put my puppet-show in order, and entertain all the company in the



inn gratis." The innkeeper rejoiced at hearing this, and pointed out a convenient place for setting up the show—which was done in an instant.

Don Quixote was not entirely satisfied with the ape's divinations, thinking it very improbable that such a creature should, of itself, know anything either of future or past : therefore, whilst Master Peter was preparing his show, he drew Sancho aside to a corner of the stable, where, in a low voice, he said to him, "I have been considering, Sancho, the strange power of this ape, and am convinced that Master Peter, his owner, must have made a tacit or express pact with the devil." "Nay," quoth Sancho, "if the pack be express from the devil, it must needs be a very sooty pack : but what advantage would it be to this same Master Peter to have such a pack?" "Thou dost not comprehend me, Sancho," said Don Quixote : "I only mean that he must certainly have made some agreement with the devil to infuse this power into the ape, whereby he gains much worldly wealth, and in return for the favour, he gives up his soul, which is the chief aim of that great enemy of mankind. What induces me to this belief is finding that the ape answers only questions relative to things past or present, which is exactly what is known by the devil, who knows nothing of the future except by conjecture, wherein he must be often mistaken ; for it is the prerogative of God alone truly to comprehend all things ; to Him nothing is past or future, everything is present. This being the fact, it is plain the ape is inspired by the devil : and I marvel much he has not been questioned by our holy Inquisition, and examined by torture till he acknowledges the authority under which he acts. It is certain that this ape is no astrologer : neither he nor his master know how to raise one of those figures called judicial, although now so much in fashion that there is scarcely a maid-servant, page, or labouring mechanic, who does not pretend to raise a figure, and draw conclusions from the stars as if it were no more than a trick at cards ; thus degrading, by ignorance and imposture, a science no less wonderful than true. I know a lady who asked one of these pretenders whether her little lap-dog would breed, and, if so, what would be the number and colour of its offspring. To which master astrologer, after raising his figure, answered that the bitch would certainly have three whelps, one green, one carnation, and the other mottled. It happened that the bitch died some two days after, of a surfeit ; yet, was master figure-raiser still accounted, like the rest of his brethren, an infallible astrologer."

"But for all that," quoth Sancho, "I should like your worship to desire Master Peter to ask his ape whether all that was true which you told about the cave of Montesinos ; because, for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I take it to be all fibs and nonsense, or at least only a dream." "Thou mayst think what thou wilt," answered Don Quixote : "however, I will do as thou advisest, although I feel some scruples on the subject."

Here they were interrupted by Master Peter, who came to inform Don Quixote that the show was ready, and to request he would come to see it, assuring him that he would find it worthy of his attention. The knight told him that he had a question to put to the ape first, as he desired to be informed by it whether the things which happened to him in the cave of Montesinos were realities, or only sleeping fancies ; though he had a suspicion himself that they were a mixture of both. Master Peter immediately brought his ape, and placing him before Don Quixote and Sancho, said, "Look you, master ape, this worthy knight would know whether certain things which befel him in the cave of Montesinos were real or visionary." Then making the usual signal, the ape leaped upon his left shoulder, and, after seeming to whisper in his ear, Master Peter said, "The ape tells me that some of the things your worship saw, or which befel you in the said cave, are not true, and some probable ;

which is all he now knows concerning this matter—for his virtue has just left him; but if your worship desires to hear more, on Friday next, when his faculty will return, he will answer to your heart's content." "There now," quoth Sancho, "did I not say you would never make me believe all you told us about that same cave?—no, nor half of it." "That will hereafter appear," answered Don Quixote; "for time brings all things to light, though hidden within the bowels of the earth; and now we will drop the subject for the present, and see the puppet-play, for I am of opinion there must be some novelty in it." "Some!" exclaimed Master Peter; "sixty thousand novelties shall you see in this play of mine! I assure you, Signor Don Quixote, it is one of the rarest sights that the world affords this day; *Operibus credite et non verbis*; so let us to work, for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to show."

Don Quixote and Sancho complied with his request, and repaired to the place where the show was set out, filled in every part with small wax candles, so that it made a gay and brilliant appearance. Master Peter, who was to manage the figures, placed himself behind the show, and in front of the scene stood his boy, whose office it was to relate the story and expound the mystery of the piece; holding a wand in his hand to point to the several figures as they entered.

All the people of the inn being fixed, some standing opposite to the show, and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the scholar, seated in the best places, the young interpreter began to say what will be heard or seen by those who may choose to read or listen to what is recorded in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*Wherein is continued the pleasant adventure of the puppet-player, with sundry other matters, all, in truth, sufficiently good.*

TYRIANS and Trojans were all silent:—that is, all the spectators of the show hung upon the lips of the expounder of its wonders, when from behind the scene their ears were saluted with the sound of drums and trumpets, and discharges of artillery. These flourishes being over, the boy raised his voice and said, "Gentlemen, we here present you with a true story, taken out of the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which are in everybody's mouth, and sung by the boys about the streets. It tells you how Don Gayferos delivers his spouse Melisendra, who was imprisoned by the Moors, in the city of Sansuenna, now called Saragossa; and there you may see how Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the ballad,—

Gayferos now at tables plays,  
Forgetful of his lady dear.

That personage whom you see with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hands is the emperor Charlemagne, the fair Melisendra's reputed father, who, vexed at the idleness and negligence of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him: and pray mark with what passion and vehemence he rates him—one would think he had a mind to give him half a dozen raps over the pate with his sceptre; indeed there are some authors who say he actually gave them, and sound ones too, and, after having laid it on roundly about the injury his

honour sustained in not delivering his spouse, it is reported that he made use of these very words—"I have said enough—look to it." Pray observe, gentlemen, how the emperor turns his back, and leaves Don Gayferos in a fret.

"See him now in a rage, tossing the table-board one way, and pieces another! Now calling hastily for his armour, and now asking Don Orlando, his cousin, to lend him his sword Durindana, which Don Orlando refuses, though he offers to bear him company in his perilous undertaking; but the furious knight will not accept of his help, saying that he is able alone to deliver his spouse, though she were thrust down to the centre of the earth. Hereupon he goes out to arm himself, in order to set forward immediately. Now, gentlemen, turn your eyes towards that tower which appears yonder, which you are to suppose to be one of the Moorish towers of Saragossa, now called the *Aljaferia*; and that lady in a Moorish habit, who appears in the balcony, is the peerless Melisendra, who from that window has cast many a wistful look towards the road that leads to France, and soothed her captivity by thinking of the city of Paris and her dear husband. Now behold a strange incident, the like perhaps you never heard of before. Do you not see that Moor stealing along softly, and how, step by step, with his finger on his mouth, he comes behind Melisendra? Hear what a smack he gives on her sweet lips, and see how she spits and wipes her mouth with her white smock-sleeves, and how she frets, and tears her beauteous hair from pure vexation!—as if that was to blame for the indignity. Observe, also, the grave Moor who, stands in that open gallery—he is Marsilius, king of Sansuenna, who seeing the insolence of the Moor, though he is a kinsman, and a great favourite, orders him to be seized immediately, and two hundred stripes given him, and to be led through the principal streets of the city, with criers before, to proclaim his crime, followed by the public whippers with their rods; and see now how all this is put in execution, almost as soon as the fault is committed; for among the Moors there are no citations, nor indictments, nor delays of the law as among us."

"Boy, boy," said Don Quixote, "on with your story in a straight line, and leave your curves and transversals: I can tell you there is often much need of formal process and deliberate trial to come at the truth."

Master Peter also, from behind, said, "None of your flourishes, boy, but do what the gentleman bids you, and then you cannot be wrong; sing your song plainly, and meddle not with counterpoints, for they will only put you out."

"Very well," quoth the boy; and proceeded, saying:—

"The figure you see there on horseback, muffled up in a Gascoigne cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, whom his lady (after being revenged on the impertinence of the Moor) sees from the battlements of the tower, and, taking him for a stranger, holds that discourse with him which is recorded in the ballad:—

If towards France your course you bend,  
Let me entreat you, gentle friend,  
Make diligent inquiry there  
For Gayferos, my husband dear.

The rest I omit, because length begets loathing. It is sufficient that Don Gayferos makes himself known to her, as you may perceive by the signs of joy she discovers, and especially now that you see how nimbly she lets herself down from the balcony, to get on horseback behind her loving spouse. But alas, poor lady! the border of her under-petticoat has caught one of the iron rails of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. But see how Heaven is merciful, and sends relief in the

greatest distress! For now comes Don Gayferos, and, without caring for the richness of her petticoat, see how he lays hold of her, and, tearing her from the hooks, brings her at once to the ground, and then, at a spring, sets her behind him on the crupper, astride like a man, bidding her hold very fast, and clasp her arms about him till they cross and meet over his breast, that she may not fall; because the lady Melisendra was not accustomed to that way of riding.

"Now, gentlemen, observe; hear how the horse neighs and shows how proud he is of the burthen of his valiant master and his fair mistress. See how they now wheel about, and, turning their backs upon the city, scamper away merrily and joyfully to Paris. Peace be with ye, O ye matchless pair of faithful lovers! Safe and sound may you reach your desired country, without impediment, accident, or ill-luck on your journey! May you live as long as Nestor, among friends and relations rejoicing in your happiness, and——"

"Stay, stay, boy," said Master Peter, "none of your flights I beseech you; for affectation is the devil." The boy, making no reply, went on with his story.

"Now, sirs," said he, "quickly as this was done, idle and evil eyes, that pry into everything, are not wanting to mark the descent and mounting of the fair Melisendra, and to give notice to King Marsilius, who immediately ordered an alarm to be sounded; and now observe the hurry and tumult which follow! See how the whole city shakes with the ringing of bells in the steeples of the mosques——"

"Not so," quoth Don Quixote, "Master Peter is very much out as to the ringing of bells, which were not used by the Moors, but kettle-drums and a kind of dulcimer, like our waits; and, therefore to introduce the ringing of bells in Sansuenna is a gross absurdity."

Upon which, Master Peter left off ringing, and said: "Signor Don Quixote, if you stand upon these trifles we shall never please you; do not be so severe a critic. Have we not thousands of comedies full of such mistakes and blunders, and yet are they not everywhere listened to, not only with applause, but admiration?—Go on, boy, and let these folks talk; for, so that my bags are filled, I care not if there be as many absurdities as there are motes in the sun." "You are in the right," quoth Don Quixote; and the boy proceeded:

"See, gentlemen, the squadrons of glittering cavalry that now rush out of the city, in pursuit of the two Catholic lovers! How many trumpets sound, how many dulcimers play, and how many drums and kettle-drums rattle! Alack, I fear the fugitives will be overtaken and brought back tied to their own horse's tail, which would be a lamentable spectacle."

Don Quixote, roused at the din, and seeing such a number of Moors, thought it incumbent on him to succour the flying pair; and, rising up, said in a loud voice, "It shall never be said while I live that I suffered such a wrong to be committed against so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Hold, base-born rabble!—follow him not, or expect to feel the fury of my resentment!"

'Twas no sooner said than done; he unsheathed his sword, and, at one spring, he planted himself close to the show, and with the utmost fury began to rain hacks and slashes on the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some, and beheading others, laming this, and demolishing that; and among other mighty strokes, one fell with mortal force in such a direction that, had not Master Peter dexterously slipped aside, he would have taken off his head as clean as if it had been made of sugar-paste.

"Hold, Signor Don Quixote!" cried out the showman, "hold, for pity's sake!—these are not real Moors that you are cutting and destroying, but puppets of pasteboard. Think of what you are doing: sinner that I am! you will ruin me for ever." These remonstrances were lost upon the exasperated knight, who

still laid about him, showering down and redoubling his blows, fore-stroke and back-stroke, with such fury, that in less than the saying of two credos he demolished the whole machine, hacking to pieces all the tackling and figures. King Marsilius was in a grievous condition, and the Emperor Charlemagne's head, as well as crown, cleft in twain ! The whole audience was in a consternation ; the ape flew to the top of the house, the scholar and the page were panic-struck, and Sancho trembled exceedingly ; for, as he afterwards declared when the storm was over, he had never seen his master in such a rage before.

After this chastisement of the Moors, and the general destruction which accompanied it, Don Quixote's fury began to abate, and he calmly said, "I wish all those were at this moment present who obstinately refuse to be convinced of the infinite benefit that knights-errant are to the world : for, had I not been fortunately at hand, what would have become of good Don Gayferos and the fair Melisendra ? No doubt these infidel dogs would have overtaken them by this time, and treated them with their wonted cruelty.—Long live knight-errantry, above all things in the world !" "In Heaven's name let it live, and let me die !" replied Master Peter, in a dolorous tone, "for such is my wretched fate that I can say with King Roderigo, 'Yesterday I was a sovereign of Spain, and to-day I have not a foot of land to call my own.' It is not half an hour ago, nor scarcely half a minute, since I was master of kings and emperors, my stalls full of horses, and my trunks and sacks full of fine things ; now I am destitute and wretched, poor and a beggar ; and to aggravate my grief, I have lost my ape, who, in truth, will make me sweat for it before I catch him again ; and all this through the rash fury of this doughty knight, who is said to protect orphans, redress wrongs, and do other charitable deeds ; but Heaven be praised ; he has failed in all these good offices towards my wretched self. Well may he be called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, for, alas ! I am undone for ever by the sorrowful disfigurement I see before me."

Sancho Panza was moved to compassion by Master Peter's lamentations, and said to him, "Come, do not weep, Master Peter ; for it breaks my heart to see you grieve and take on so. I can assure you my master Don Quixote is too catholic and scrupulous a Christian to let any poor man come to loss by him : when he finds out that he has done you wrong he will certainly make you amends with interest." "Truly," said Master Peter, "if his worship would but make good part of the damage he has done me I should be satisfied, and he would acquit his conscience : for he that takes from his neighbour, and does not make restitution, can never be saved, that's certain." "I allow it," said Don Quixote ; "but as yet I am not aware that I have anything of yours, Master Peter." "How !" answered Peter : "see the relics that lie on the hard and barren ground ! How were they scattered and annihilated but by the invincible force of your powerful arm ? To whom did their bodies belong but to me ? How did I maintain myself but by them ?" "Here," said Don Quixote, "is a fresh confirmation of what I have often thought, and can now no longer doubt, that those enchanters who persecute me are continually leading me into error by first allowing me to see things as they really are, and then transforming them to my eyes into whatever shape they please. I protest to you, gentlemen, that the spectacle we have just beheld seemed to me a real occurrence, and I doubted not the identity of Melisendra, Don Gayferos, Marsilius, and Charlemagne. I was therefore moved with indignation at what I conceived to be injustice, and, in compliance with the duty of my profession as a knight-errant, I wished to assist and succour the fugitives : and with this good intention I did what you have witnessed. If I have been deceived and things have fallen out unhappily, it is not I who am to blame, but my wicked persecutors. Nevertheless, though this error of mine proceeded not from malice, yet I will condemn myself in costs

—consider, Master Peter, your demand for the damaged figures, and I will pay it you down in current and lawful money of Castile.”

Master Peter made him a low bow, saying, “I expected no less from the unexampled Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the true protector of all needy and distressed wanderers, and let master innkeeper and the great Sancho be umpires and appraisers between your worship and me, of what the demolished figures are, or might be, worth.”

The innkeeper and Sancho consented, whereupon Master Peter, taking up Marsilius, king of Saragossa, without a head, “You see,” said he, “how impossible it is to restore this king to his former state, and therefore I think, with submission to better judgment, that you must award me for his death and destruction four reals and a half.” “Proceed,” quoth Don Quixote. “Then for this gash from top to bottom,” continued Master Peter, taking up the Emperor Charlemagne, “I think five reals and a quartillo would not be too much. “Nor too little,” quoth Sancho. “Nor yet too much,” added the innkeeper; “but split the difference and set him down five reals.” “Give him the whole of his demand,” quoth Don Quixote: for a quartillo more or less is immaterial on this disastrous occasion: but, be quick, Master Peter, for supper-time approaches, and I feel symptoms of hunger.” “For this figure,” quoth Master Peter, “wanting a nose and an eye, which is the fair Melisendra, I must have and can abate nothing of two reals and twelve maravedis.” “Nay,” said Don Quixote, “the devil is in it if Melisendra, with her husband, be not by this time, at least, upon the borders of France: for the horse they rode seemed to me to fly rather than gallop; and therefore do not pretend to sell me a cat for a coney, showing me here Melisendra without a nose, whereas at this very instant, the happy pair are probably solacing themselves at their ease, far out of the reach of their enemies. Heaven help every one to what is their just due: proceed Master Peter, but let us have plain dealing.” Master Peter finding that Don Quixote began to waver, and was returning to his old theme, and not choosing that he should escape, he changed his ground and said, “No, now I recollect, this cannot be Melisendra, but one of her waiting-maids, and so with sixty maravedis I shall be content and well enough paid.”

Thus he went on, setting his price upon the dead and wounded, which the arbitrators moderated to the satisfaction of both parties; and the whole amounted to forty reals and three quartillos, which Sancho having paid down, Master Peter demanded two reals more for the trouble he should have in catching his ape. “Give him the two reals, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “and now would I give two hundred more to be assured that the lady Melisendra and Signor Don Gayferos are at this time in France and among their friends.” “Nobody can tell us that better than my ape,” said Master Peter; “but the devil himself cannot catch him now; though, perhaps, either his love for me, or hunger, will force him to return at night. However, to-morrow is a new day, and we shall then see each other again.”

The bustle of the puppet-show being quite over, they all supped together in peace and good fellowship, at the expense of Don Quixote, whose liberality was boundless. The man who carried the lances and halberds left the inn before daybreak, and after the sun had risen the scholar and the page came to take leave of Don Quixote; the former to return home, and the latter to pursue his intended journey: Don Quixote having given him a dozen reals to assist in defraying his expenses. Master Peter had no mind for any further intercourse with Don Quixote, whom he knew perfectly well, and therefore he also arose before the sun, and, collecting the fragments of his show, he set off with his ape in quest of adventures of his own; while the innkeeper, who was not so well acquainted with Don Quixote, was equally surprised at his madness and libe-

rality. In short, Sancho, by order of his master, paid him well, and about eight in the morning, having taken leave of him, they left the inn and proceeded on their journey, where we will leave them, to relate other things necessary to the elucidation of this famous history.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

*Wherein is related who Master Peter and his ape were; with Don Quixote's ill-success in the braying adventure, which terminated neither as he wished nor intended.*

CID HAMET, the author of this great work, begins the present chapter with these words, "I swear as a catholic Christian." On which his translator observes that Cid Hamet's swearing as a catholic Christian, although he was a Moor, meant only that as a catholic Christian, when he swears, utters nothing but the truth, so he, with equal veracity, will set down nothing in writing of Don Quixote but what is strictly true: especially in the account that is now to be given of the person hitherto called Master Peter, and of the divining ape, whose answers created such amazement throughout all that part of the country. He says, then, that whoever has read the former part of this history must well remember Gines de Passamonte, who among other galley-slaves was liberated by Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena:—a benefit for which he was but ill requited by that mischievous and disorderly crew. This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the person who stole Sancho Panza's Dapple; and the time and manner of that theft not having been inserted in the former part of this history, through the neglect of the printers, many have ascribed the omission to want of memory in the author. But in fact Gines stole the animal while Sancho Panza was asleep upon his back, by the same artifice which Brunello practised when he carried off Sacripante's horse from between his legs, at the siege of Albraca; although Sancho afterwards recovered his Dapple, as hath already been related.

This Gines then (whose rogueries and crimes were so numerous and flagrant as to fill a large volume, which he compiled himself), being afraid of falling into the hands of justice, passed over into the kingdom of Arragon, and there, after covering his left eye, he set up the trade of showman, in which, as well as the art of legerdemain, he was a skilful practitioner. From a party of Christians just redeemed from slavery, whom he chanced to meet with, he purchased his ape, which he forthwith instructed to leap upon his shoulder and mutter in his ear, as before described. Thus prepared, he commenced his avocation; and his practice was, before he entered any town, to make inquiries in the neighbourhood concerning its inhabitants and passing events, and, bearing them carefully in his memory, he first exhibited his show, which represented sometimes one story and sometimes another, but all pleasant, gay, and popular. After this he propounded to his auditors the rare talents of his ape, assuring them of his knowledge of the past and present, at the same time confessing his ignorance of the future. Though his regular fee was two reals, he was always disposed to accommodate his customers; and if he found people unwilling to pay the expense of his oracle, he sometimes poured forth his knowledge gratuitously, which gained him unspeakable credit and numerous followers. Even when perfectly ignorant of the queries proposed to him, he contrived so to

adapt his answers, that as people were seldom troublesome in their scruples, he was able to deceive all, and fill his pockets.

No sooner had Master Peter Passamonte entered the inn than he recognised the knight and squire, and therefore had no difficulty in exciting their astonishment ; but the adventure would have cost him dear had he not been so lucky as to elude the sword of Don Quixote, when he sliced off the head of King Marsilius and demolished his cavalry, as related in the foregoing chapter. This may suffice concerning Master Peter and his ape.

Let us now return to our illustrious knight of La Mancha, who, after quitting the inn, determined to visit the banks of the river Ebro and the neighbouring country: finding that he would have time sufficient for that purpose before the tournaments at Saragossa began. With this intention he pursued his journey, and travelled two days without encountering anything worth recording, till, on the third day, as he was ascending a hill, he heard a distant sound of drums, trumpets, and other martial instruments, which at first he imagined to proceed from a body of military on the march ; and, spurring Rozinante, he ascended a rising ground, whence he perceived, as he thought, in the valley beneath, above two hundred men, armed with various weapons, as spears, cross-bows, partisans, halberds, and spikes, with some fire-arms. He then descended, and advanced so near the troop, that he could distinguish their banners with the devices they bore : especially one upon a banner or pennant of white satin, on which an ass was painted to the life, of the small Sardinian breed, with its head raised, its mouth open, in the very posture of braying, and over it, written in large characters,

The bailiffs twain  
Bray'd not in vain.

From this motto Don Quixote concluded that these were the inhabitants of the braying town, which opinion he communicated to Sancho, and told him also what was written on the banner. He likewise said that the person who had given them an account of this affair, was mistaken in calling the two brayers aldermen, since, according to the motto, it appeared they were not aldermen, but bailiffs. "That breaks no squares, sir," answered Sancho Panza, "for it might happen that the aldermen who brayed have in process of time become bailiffs of their town, and therefore may properly be called by both titles ; though it signifies nothing to the truth of the history whether they were bailiffs or aldermen : for one is as likely to bray as the other."

They soon ascertained that it was the derided town sallying forth to attack another, which had ridiculed them more than was reasonable or becoming in good neighbours. Don Quixote advanced towards them, to the no small concern of Sancho, who never had any liking to meddle in such matters, and he was presently surrounded by the motley band, who supposed him to be some friend to their cause. Don Quixote then, raising his vizor with an easy and graceful deportment, approached the ass-banner, and all the chiefs of the army collected around him, being struck with the same astonishment which the first sight of him usually excited. Don Quixote, seeing them gaze so earnestly at him, without being spoken to by any of the party, took advantage of this silence, and addressed them in the following manner:—

"It is my intention, worthy gentlemen, to address you, and I earnestly entreat you not to interrupt my discourse, unless you find it offensive or tiresome: for, in that case, upon the least sign from you, I will put a seal on my lips and a bridle on my tongue." They all desired him to say what he pleased, and promised to hear him with attention. With this license Don Quixote proceeded. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am a knight-errant ; arms are my exercise, and my



profession is that of relieving the distressed, and giving aid to the weak. I am no stranger to the cause of your agitation, nor to the events which have provoked your resentment and impelled you to arms. I have therefore often reflected on your case, and find that, according to the laws of duel, you are mistaken in thinking yourselves insulted; for no one person can insult a whole city, unless, when treason has been committed within it, not knowing the guilty person, he should accuse the whole body. Of this we have an example in Don Diego Ordonez de Lara, who challenged the whole people of Zamora, because he did not know that Vellido Dolfos alone had murdered his king: and therefore, every individual being charged with that crime, it belonged to the whole to answer and revenge the imputation. It is true that Signor Don Diego went somewhat too far, and exceeded the just limits of challenge; for certainly it was not necessary to include in it the dead and the unborn, the waters, the bread, and several other particulars therein mentioned. But let that pass, for when choler overflows, the tongue is under no government. Since, then, it is impossible that an individual should affront a whole kingdom, province, or city, it is clear that there is no reason for your marching out to take revenge upon what cannot be considered as an offence worthy of your resentment. It would be a fine business, truly, if all those towns which, by the vulgar, are nicknamed from their trades, and called the cheesemongers, the costermongers, the fishmongers, the soapboilers, and other such appellations,\* should be so absurd as to think themselves insulted, and to seek vengeance with their swords upon this and every slight provocation! No, no; such doings Heaven neither wills nor permits. In well-ordered states, men are required to unsheath their swords and hazard their lives and property upon four different accounts: first, to defend the holy Catholic Faith; secondly, in self-defence, which is agreeable to natural and Divine law; thirdly, in defence of personal honour, family, reputation, and worldly wealth; fourthly, in obedience to the commands of their sovereign, in a just war; to these may be added a fifth (which, indeed, will properly rank with the second), and that is, the defence of our country. These are the principal occasions upon which an appeal to the sword is justifiable; but to have recourse to it for trifles, and things rather to excite mirth than anger, is equally wicked and senseless. Besides, to take unjust revenge (and no revenge can be just) is acting in direct opposition to our holy religion, by which we are enjoined to forgive our enemies, and do good to those who hate us—a precept which, though it seems difficult to obey, yet is it only so to the worldly-minded, who have more of the flesh than the spirit: for the Redeemer of mankind, whose words could never deceive, said that his yoke was easy and his burden light; and therefore He would not require from us what was impossible to be performed. So that, gentlemen, by every law, human and divine, you are bound to sheathe your swords, and let your resentment sleep.”

“The devil fetch me,” quoth Sancho to himself, “if this master of mine be not a perfect priest; or, if not, he is as like one as one egg is like another.” Don Quixote took breath a little, and perceiving his auditors were still attentive, he would have continued his harangue, had he not been prevented by the zeal of his squire, who seized the opportunity offered him by a pause, to make a speech in his turn.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called the ‘Knight of the Sorrowful Figure,’ and now the ‘Knight of the Lions,’ is a choice scholar, and understands Latin, and talks the vulgar tongue like any bachelor of arts; and in all he meddles and advises, proceeds like an old soldier; having all the laws and statutes of what is called duelling at his fingers’ ends; and so you have nothing to do but to follow his advice, and while you abide by

\* The cities so called are Valladolid, Toledo, Madrid, and probably Getafe.

that, let the blame be mine if ever you make a false step. And, indeed, as you have already been told, it is mighty foolish in you to be offended at hearing any one bray; when I was a boy I well remember nobody ever hindered me from braying as often as I pleased; and I could do it so rarely that all the asses in the town answered me; yet for all that was I still the son of my parents, who were very honest people: and though I must say a few of the proudest of my neighbours envied me the gift, yet I cared not a rush; and, to convince you that I speak the truth, do but listen to me; for this art, like that of swimming, once learned, is never forgotten."

Then, putting his hands to his nostrils, he began to bray so strenuously that the adjacent valleys resounded again; whereupon a man who stood near him, supposing that he was mocking them, raised his pole, and gave him such a blow that it brought the unlucky squire to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing him so ill-treated, made at the striker with his lance, but was instantly opposed by so many of his comrades, that he saw it was impossible for him to be revenged: on the contrary, feeling a shower of stones come thick upon him, and seeing a thousand crossbows presented, and as many guns levelled at him, he turned Rozinante about, and, as fast as he could gallop, got out from among them, heartily recommending himself to Heaven, and praying, as he fled, to be delivered from so imminent a danger: at the same time expecting, at every step, to be pierced through and through with bullets, he went on drawing his breath at every moment, to try whether or not it failed him. The rustic battalion, however, seeing him fly, were contented to save their ammunition. As for Sancho, they set him again upon his ass, though scarcely recovered from the blow, and suffered him to follow his master—not that he had power to guide him, but Dapple, unwilling to be separated from Rozinante, naturally followed his steps. Don Quixote having got to a considerable distance, at length ventured to look back, and, seeing only Sancho slowly following, he stopped, and waited till he came up. The army kept the field till nightfall, when no enemy coming forth to battle, they joyfully returned home: and had they known the practice of the ancient Greeks, they would have erected a trophy in that place.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Concerning things which, Benengeli says, he who reads of them will know, if he reads with attention.*

WHEN the valiant man flies he must have discovered foul play; and it is then the part of the wise to reserve themselves for a better occasion. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, not choosing to expose himself to the fury of an incensed and evil-disposed multitude, prudently retired out of their reach, without once recollecting his faithful squire, or the perilous situation in which he left him; nor did he stop till he got as far off as he deemed sufficient for his safety. Sancho followed the track of his master, hanging, as before described, athwart his ass, and, having recovered his senses, at length came up to him; when, unable to support himself, he dropped from his pack-saddle at Rozinante's feet, overcome with the pain of the bruises and blows he had received.

Don Quixote dismounted to examine the state of Sancho's body: but, finding no bones broken, and the skin whole from head to foot, he said angrily, "In an evil hour, Sancho, must thou needs show thy skill in braying: where didst thou learn that it was proper to name a halter in the nouse of a man that was

hanged? To thy braying music what counterpoint couldst thou expect but that of a cudgel? Return thanks to Heaven, Sancho, that, instead of crossing thy back with a cudgel, they did not make the sign of the cross on thee with a scimitar." "I am not now in a condition to answer," replied Sancho, "for methinks I speak through my shoulders. Let us mount, and be gone from this place. As for braying, I will have done with it for ever;—but not with telling that knights-errant can fly, and leave their faithful squires to be beaten to powder in the midst of their enemies." "To retire is not to fly," answered Don Quixote; "for thou must know, Sancho, that the valour which has not prudence for its basis is termed rashness, and the successful exploits of the rash are rather to be ascribed to good fortune than to courage. I confess I did retire, but not fly: and herein I imitated sundry valiant persons who have reserved themselves for better purposes, whereof history furnishes abundance of examples: but being of no profit to thee, or pleasure to myself, I shall not now mention them."

By this time Sancho had mounted again, with the assistance of his master, who likewise got upon *Kozinante*, and they proceeded slowly towards a grove of poplars which they discovered about a quarter of a league off, Sancho every now and then heaving most profound sighs, accompanied by dolorous groans: and, when asked the cause of his distress, he said that, from the nape of his neck to the lowest point of his back-bone, he was so bruised and sore that the pain made him mad. "Doubtless," said Don Quixote, "this pain must have been caused by the pole with which they struck thee, and which, being long, extended over the whole of thy back, including all the parts which now grieve thee so much; and, had the weapon been still larger, thy pain would have been increased." "Before Heaven," quoth Sancho, "your worship has relieved me from a mighty doubt, and explained it, forsooth, in notable terms! Body o' me! was the cause of my pain so hidden that it was necessary to tell me that I felt pain in all those parts which the pole reached? If my ancles had ached, then might you have tried to unriddle the cause; but to find out that I am pained because I was beaten is, truly, no great matter. In faith, master of mine, other men's harms are easily borne; I descry land more and more every day, and see plainly how little I am to expect from following your worship; for, if this time you could suffer me to be basted, I may reckon upon returning, again and again, to our old blanketing, and other pranks. My back bears the mischief now, but next it may fall on my eyes. It would be much better for me, only that I am a beast, and shall never in my life do anything that is right—better, I say, would it be for me to return home to my wife and children, and strive to maintain and bring them up with the little Heaven shall be pleased to give me, and not be following your worship through roads without a road, and pathless paths, drinking ill and eating worse. And as for sleeping—good squire, measure out seven feet of earth, and, if that be not sufficient, prithee take as many more and welcome, and stretch out to your heart's content! I should like to see the first who set on foot knight-errantry burnt to ashes; or, at least, the first that would needs be squire to such idiots as all the knights-errant of former times must have been—of the present I say nothing, for, your worship being one of them, I am bound to pay them respect, and because I know that, in regard to talking and understanding, your worship knows a point beyond the devil himself."

"I would lay a good wager with thee, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that now thou art talking, and without interruption, thou feelest no pain in thy body. Go on, my son, and say all that comes into thy head, or to thy tongue; for, so thou art relieved from pain, I shall take pleasure even in the vexation thy impertinence occasions me—nay more, if thou hast really so great a desire

to return home to thy wife and children, God forbid I should hinder thee. Thou hast money of mine in thy hands ; see how long it is since we made this third sally from our town, and how much thou couldst have earned monthly, and pay thyself." "When I served Thomas Carrasco," replied Sancho, "father of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, whom your worship knows full well, I got two ducats a month, besides my victuals ; with your worship I cannot tell what I may get ; but I am sure it is greater drudgery to be squire to a knight-errant than servant to a farmer ; for, if we work for husbandmen, though we labour hard in the day, at night we are sure of supper from the pot, and a bed to sleep on, which is more than I have found since I have been in your worship's service—the scum of Camacho's pots excepted, and the short time we were at the houses of Don Diego and Basilius : all the rest of the time I have had no other bed than the hard ground, and no other covering than the sky, whether foul or fair ; living upon scraps of bad bread, and worse cheese, and drinking such water as chance put in our way."

"I confess, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that all thou sayest is true—how much dost thou think I ought to pay thee more than what thou hadst from Thomas Carrasco?" "I think," quoth Sancho, "if your worship adds two reals a month, I should reckon myself well paid. This is for the wages due for my labour ; but as to the promise your worship made of the government of an island, it would be fair that you add six reals more, making thirty in all." "Very well," replied Don Quixote, "it is five-and-twenty days since we sallied from our village, and, according to the wages thou hast allotted thyself, calculate the proportion and see what I owe thee, and pay thyself, as I said before, with thine own hand." "Body o' me," quoth Sancho, "your worship is clean out of the reckoning, for, as to the promised island, we must reckon from the day you promised me to the present hour." "How long then is it since I promised it to thee?" said Don Quixote. "If I remember right," answered Sancho, "it is about twenty years and three days, more or less."

Here Don Quixote, clapping his forehead with the palm of his hand, began to laugh heartily, and said, "Why, all my sallies, including the time I sojourned in the Sierra Morena, have scarcely taken up more than two months, and dost thou say, Sancho, it is twenty years since I promised thee an island ? I perceive that thou art determined to lay claim to all the money thou hast of mine ; if such be thy wish, take it, and much good may it do thee : for to rid myself of so worthless a squire I will gladly be left poor and penniless. But tell me, thou perverter of the squirely ordinances of knight-errantry ! where hast thou seen or read that any squire to knight-errant ever presumed to bargain with his master, and say, so much per month you must give me to serve you ? Launch, launch out, thou base reptile ! thou hobgoblin !—for such thou art—launch out, I say, into the *mare magnum* of their histories, and if thou canst find that any squire has ever said, or thought, as thou hast done, I will give thee leave to nail it on my forehead, and write fool upon my face in capitals. Turn about the bridle, or halter, of Dapple, and get home ! for not one single step farther shalt thou go with me. O bread ill-bestowed ! O promises ill-placed ! O man, that hast more of the beast than of the human creature ! Now, when I thought of establishing thee, and in such a way that, in spite of thy wife, thou shouldst have been styled 'your lordship,' now dost thou leave me ? now, when I had just taken a firm and effectual resolution to make thee lord of the best island in the world ? But, as thou thyself hast often said, 'honey is not for the mouth of an ass.' An ass thou art, an ass thou wilt continue to be, and an ass thou wilt die ; for I verily believe thou wilt never acquire even sense enough to know that thou art a beast !"

Sancho looked at his master with a sad and sorrowful countenance, all the

time he thus reproached and rated him ; and when the storm was passed, with tears in his eyes and in a faint and doleful voice, he said :—"I confess, dear sir, that to be a complete ass I want nothing but a tail, and if your worship will be pleased to put me on one, I shall deem it well placed, and will then serve you as your faithful ass all the days I have yet to live. Pardon, me, sir, I entreat you ; have pity on my ignorance, and consider that, if my tongue runs too fast, it is more from folly than evil-meaning : 'he who errs and mends, himself to Heaven commends.'" "I should have wondered much, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "if thy proverbs had been wanting on such an occasion. Well, I forgive thee, on the promise of thy amendment, and in the hope that henceforth thou mayest prove less craving and selfish. I would hope also to see thy mind prepared to wait with becoming patience the due accomplishment of my promises, which, though deferred, are not on that account the less certain." Sancho promised compliance, though, to do it, he should have to draw strength out of weakness.

They now entered the poplar-grove, and Don Quixote seated himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho under a beech :—for it is admitted that such trees are always provided with feet, but never with hands. In that situation they passed the night : Sancho suffering from the pain of his bruises, and his master indulging his wonted meditations ; nevertheless they both slept, and in the morning pursued their way towards the banks of the famous Ebro, where that befel them which shall be related in the ensuing chapter.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### *Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark.*

AFTER travelling leisurely for two days, Don Quixote and his squire reached the banks of the river Ebro, and the knight experienced much pleasure while he contemplated the verdure of its margin, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its crystal waters. Cheered and delighted with the scene, a thousand tender recollections rushed upon his mind, and particularly what he had witnessed in the cave of Montesinos ; for although Master Peter's ape had pronounced a part only of those wonders to be true, he rather inclined to believe the whole than allow any part to be doubtful: quite the reverse of Sancho, who held them all to be false.

Thus musing and sauntering along, they observed a small vessel without oars or any kind of tackle, fastened by a rope to the shore. Don Quixote looked round him on all sides, and, seeing nobody, he alighted, and ordered Sancho to do the same, and make fast both their beasts to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew by the side of the river. On Sancho's requesting to know why he was to do so, "Thou must know," said Don Quixote, "that this vessel is placed here expressly for my reception, and in order that I might proceed therein to the succour of some knight or other person of high degree who is in extreme distress : for such is the practice of enchanter, as we learn in the books of chivalry, when some knight happens to be involved in a situation of extraordinary peril, from which he can only be delivered by the hand of another knight. Then, although distant from each other two or three thousand leagues, and even more, they either snatch him up in a cloud, or, as thus, provide him with a boat, and in less than the twinkling of an eye convey him through the air, or over the surface of the ocean, wherever they list, or where his aid is required.

This bark, therefore, O Sancho, must be placed here for that sole purpose, as certainly as it is now day; haste then, before it is spent, tie Dapple and Rozinante together, and the hand of Providence be our guide! for embark I will, although holy friars themselves should entreat me to desist." "Since it must be so," said Sancho, "and that your worship is determined to be always running into these vagaries, there is nothing left for me but to obey: following the proverb, 'do your master's bidding, and sit down with him at his table.' But for all that, to discharge my conscience, I am bound to tell your worship that, to my mind, this same boat belongs to no enchanter, but to some fisherman on this part of the river: for here, it is said, they catch the best shads in the world."

This caution Sancho ventured to give, while, with much grief of soul, he was tying the cattle, where they were to be left under the protection of enchanters. Don Quixote told him to be under no concern about forsaking those animals; for he, by whom they were themselves to be transported to far distant longitudes, would take care that they should not want food. "I do not understand your longitudes," said Sancho, "nor have I ever heard of such a word in all my life." "Longitude," replied Don Quixote, "means length;—but no wonder thou dost not understand it, for thou art not bound to know Latin: though some there are who pretend to know it, and are as ignorant as thyself." "Now they are tied," quoth Sancho, "what is next to be done?" "What?" answered Don Quixote; "why, cross ourselves and weigh anchor—I mean embark, and cut the rope with which the vessel is now tied." Then, leaping into it, followed by Sancho, he cut the cord, and the boat floated gently from the shore; and when Sancho saw himself a few yards from the bank, he began to quake with fear; but on hearing his friend Dapple bray, and seeing Rozinante struggle to get loose, he was quite overcome. "The poor ass," said he, "brays for pure grief at being deserted, and Rozinante is endeavouring to get loose, that he may plunge into the river and follow us. O, dearest friends! abide where you are in peace, and may the mad freak which is the cause of our doleful parting, be quickly followed by a repentance that will bring us back again to your sweet company!"

Here he began to weep so bitterly that Don Quixote lost all patience. "Of what art thou afraid, cowardly wretch!" cried he, "heart of butter! Why weepest thou! Who pursues, who annoys thee—soul of a house-rat? Of what dost thou want, poor wretch, in the very bowels of abundance? Peradventure thou art trudging barefoot over the Riphean mountains? No, seated like an archduke, thou art gently gliding down the stream of this charming river, whence in a short space we shall issue out into the boundless ocean, which doubtless we have already entered, and must have gone at least seven or eight hundred leagues. If I had but an astrolabe here to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell thee what distance we have gone; though, if I am not much mistaken, we are already past, or shall presently pass, the equinoctial line, which divides and cuts the world in equal halves." "And when we come to that line your worship speaks of," quoth Sancho, "how far shall we have travelled?" "A mighty distance," replied Don Quixote, "for, of the three hundred and sixty degrees into which the terraqueous globe is divided, according to the system and computation of Ptolemy, the greatest of all geographers, we shall at least have travelled one half when we come to that line." "By the Lord," quoth Sancho, "your worship has brought a pretty fellow to witness, that same Tolmy—how d'ye call him? with his amputation, to vouch for the truth of what you say."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's blunders, and said, "Thou must know, Sancho, that one of the signs by which the Spaniards and those who travel by

sea to the East Indies, discover they have passed the line of which I told thee, is that all the vermin upon every man in the ship die ; nor after passing it, is one to be found in the vessel, though they would give its weight in gold for it ; and, therefore, Sancho, pass thy hand over thy body, and if thou findest any live thing, we shall have no doubts upon that score, and if not, we shall then know that we have certainly passed the line." "Not a word of that do I believe," quoth Sancho ; "however, I will do as your worship bids me, though I know not what occasion there is for making this experiment, since I see with mine own eyes that we have not got five yards from the bank, for yonder stand Rozinante and Dapple in the very place where we left them ; and, from points which I now mark, I vow to Heaven we do not move an ant's pace." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "make the trial I bid thee, and take no further care ; thou knowest not what colours are, nor the lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, and other points and measures of which the celestial and terrestrial globes are composed, for, if thou knewest all these things, or but a part of them, thou wouldst plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left behind us, and are just now leaving. Once more, then, I bid thee feel thyself all over, and fish ; for I, for my part, am of opinion that thou art as clean as a sheet of smooth white paper." Accordingly Sancho passed his hand lightly over his left arm, then lifting up his head and looking significantly at his master, he said, "Either the experiment is false, or we are not yet arrived where your worship says,—no, not by many leagues." "Why," said Don Quixote, "hast thou met with something then ?" "Aye, sir, several somethings," replied Sancho, and, shaking his fingers, he washed his whole hand in the river, on the surface of which the boat was gently gliding—not moved by the secret influence of enchantment, but by the current, which was then gentle, and the whole surface smooth and calm.

At this time several corn-mills appeared before them in the midst of the stream, which Don Quixote no sooner espied than he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Behold, O Sancho ! seest thou yon city, castle, or fortress ?—there lies some knight under oppression, or some queen, infant, or princess, confined in evil plight ; to whose relief I am brought hither." "What the devil of a city, fortress, or castle do you talk of, sir ?" quoth Sancho ; "do you not see that they are mills standing in the river for the grinding of corn ?" "Peace, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote ; "for though they seem to be mills, they are not so. How often must I tell thee that enchanters have the power to transform whatever they please ? I do not say that things are totally changed by them, but to our eyes they are made to appear so ; whereof we have had a woeful proof in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hopes."

The boat having now got into the current of the river, was carried on with more celerity than before ; and, as it approached the mill, the labourers within, seeing it drifting towards them, and just entering the mill-stream, several of them ran out in haste with long poles to stop it ; and, their faces and clothes being all covered with meal-dust, they had a ghostly appearance. "Devils of men !" said they, bawling aloud, "what do you there ? Are you mad, or do you intend to drown yourselves, or be torn to pieces by the wheels ?"

"Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that we should certainly arrive where it would be necessary for me to display the valour of my arm ? Look, what assassins and hobgoblins come out to oppose us ! See their horrid visages with which they think to scare us ! Now, rascals, have at you !" Then standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers aloud. "Ill-advised scoundrels !" said he, "set at liberty the person ye keep under oppression in that castle or fortress of yours, whether he be of high or low degree ; for I am

Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom, by Heaven's high destiny, the happy accomplishment of this adventure is reserved." So saying, he drew his sword and began to flourish with it in the air, as if he would smite the millers, who, not understanding his menaces, endeavoured to stop the boat, now on the point of entering into the swift current that rushed under the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees and prayed devoutly to Heaven for his deliverance, which was accomplished by the agility and adroitness of the millers with their poles,—but not without oversetting the boat, whereby the knight and squire were plunged into the water. Although Don Quixote could swim like a goose, the weight of his armour now carried him twice to the bottom; and, had it not been for the millers who leaped into the river, and hauled them both out, they must have inevitably perished.

After having been dragged on shore, much more wet than thirsty, Sancho again fell on his knees, and long and devoutly prayed that Heaven would thenceforward protect him from the dangers to which he was likely to be exposed through the rash enterprises of his master. Now came the fishermen, owners of the boat which had been entirely destroyed by the mill-wheels, and loudly demanded reparation for the loss they had sustained, and for that purpose began to strip Sancho, when Don Quixote, with as much unconcern as if nothing had happened, gravely told the millers and fishermen that he would willingly pay for the boat on condition of their delivering up, free and without ransom, the person, or persons, whom they unjustly detained in their castle. "What persons, or what castles, madman! do you mean?" said one of the millers; "would you carry off those who come to have their corn ground at our mills?" "There let it rest," thought Don Quixote to himself: "it is only preaching to the desert to endeavour, either by argument or entreaty, to incite these dregs of human kind to a generous action! In this adventure it is manifest that two powerful enchanters must have engaged, the one frustrating what the other attempts; the one providing me a bark and the other oversetting it. Heaven help me! in this world there is nothing but plots and counter-plots, mines and counter-mines!—I can do no more." Then, casting a look of melancholy towards the mills, "Friends," he said, "whoever ye are that live immured in that prison, pardon me, I beseech you, for not having delivered you from affliction; by your ill fate and mine it is ordained that this adventure should be reserved for some more fortunate knight!" He then compounded with the fishermen, and agreed to give them fifty reals for the boat, which sum Sancho, with much reluctance, paid down, saying, "A couple more of such embarkations as this will sink our whole capital." The fishermen and millers stood gazing with astonishment at two figures so far out of the fashion and semblance of other men, and were quite at a loss to find out the meaning of Don Quixote's speeches; but, conceiving their intellects to be disordered, they left them; the millers retiring to their mills, and the fishermen to their cabins; whereupon Don Quixote and Sancho, like a pair of senseless animals themselves, returned to the animals they had left; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.



CHAPTER XXX.

*Of what befel Don Quixote with a fair huntress.*

LOW-SPIRITED, wet, and out of humour, the knight and squire reached their cattle; Sancho more especially was grieved to the very soul to have encroached so much upon their stock of money: all that was taken thence seeming to him as so much taken from the apples of his eyes. In short, they mounted, without exchanging a word, and silently quitted the banks of that famous river: Don Quixote buried in amorous meditations, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which seemed at that moment to be very dim and remote; for, dull as he was, he saw clearly enough that his master's actions were for the most part little better than crazy, and he only waited for an opportunity, without coming to accounts and reckonings, to steal off and march home. But fortune was kinder to him than he expected.

It happened on the following day, near sunset, as they were issuing from a forest, that Don Quixote espied sundry persons at a distance, who, it appeared, as he drew nearer to them, were taking the diversion of hawking; and among them he remarked a gay lady mounted on a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture and a side-saddle of cloth of silver. Her own attire was also green, and so rich and beautiful that she was elegance itself. On her left hand she carried a hawk; whence Don Quixote conjectured that she must be a lady of high rank, and mistress of the hunting-party (as in truth she was), and therefore he said to his squire, "Hasten, Sancho, and make known to the lady of the palfrey and the hawk, that I, 'the Knight of the Lions,' humbly salute her highness, and with her gracious leave, would be proud to kiss her fair hands, and serve her to the utmost of my power and her highness's commands; but take especial care, Sancho, how thou deliverest my message, and be mindful not to interlard thy embassy with any of thy proverbs." "So, then," quoth Sancho, "you must twit the interlarder!—but why this to me? as if this, forsooth, were the first time I had carried messages to high and mighty ladies!" "Excepting that to the lady Dulcinea," replied Don Quixote, "I know of none thou hast carried—at least, none from me." "That is true," answered Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no surety: and where there is plenty, dinner is soon dressed: I mean, there is no need of schooling me; for I am prepared for all, and know something of everything." "I believe it, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "go, then, and Heaven direct thee."

Sancho set off at a good rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, and went up to the fair huntress; then alighting, and kneeling before her, he said, "Beauteous lady, that knight yonder, called 'the Knight of the Lions,' is my master, and I am his squire, Sancho Panza by name. That same Knight of the Lions, lately called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to give leave that, with your liking and goodwill, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says, and I believe, are no other than to serve your exalted beauty, which if your ladyship grant, you will do a thing that will redound to the great benefit of your highness; and to him it will be a mighty favour and satisfaction."

"Truly, good squire," answered the lady, "you have delivered your message with all the circumstances which such embassies require; rise up, I pray; for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight as he of the Sorrowful Figure, of whom we have already heard much in these parts, should remain upon his knees—rise, friend, and desire your master, by all means, to honour us with his

company, that my lord duke and I may pay him our respects at a rural mansion we have here, hard by." Sancho rose up, no less amazed at the lady's beauty than at her affability and courteous deportment, and yet more that her ladyship should have any knowledge of his master, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure! And if she did not give him his true title, he concluded it was because he had assumed it so lately. "Pray," said the duchess (whose title is yet unknown), "is not your master the person of whom there is a history in print, called, 'The ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha,' and who has for the mistress of his affections a certain lady named Dulcinea del Toboso?" "The very same," answered Sancho; "and that squire of his, called Sancho Panza, who is, or ought to be, spoken of in the same history, am I, unless I was changed in the cradle—I mean in the printing." "I am much delighted by what you tell me," quoth the duchess; "go to your master, good Panza, and give him my invitation and hearty welcome to my house; and tell him that nothing could happen to me which would afford me greater pleasure."

Sancho, overjoyed at this gracious answer, hastened back to his master, and repeated to him all that the great lady had said to him; extolling to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her extraordinary beauty and courteous behaviour. Don Quixote seated himself handsomely in his saddle, adjusted his visor, enlivened Rozinante's mettle, and assuming a polite and stately deportment, advanced to kiss the hand of the duchess. Her grace in the meantime having called the duke her husband, had already given him an account of the embassy she had just received; and, as they had read the first part of this history, and were, therefore, aware of the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited for him with infinite pleasure and the most eager desire to be acquainted with him: determined to indulge his humour to the utmost, and, while he remained with them, treat him as a knight-errant, with all the ceremonies described in books of chivalry, which they took pleasure in reading.

Don Quixote now arrived, with his beaver up; and signifying his intention to alight, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup, but unfortunately in dismounting from Dapple, his foot caught in one of the rope-stirrups, in such a manner that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself: and he hung by it, with his face and breast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not accustomed to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking that Sancho was already there to do his office, threw his body off with a swing of his right leg, that brought down Rozinante's saddle; and the girth giving way, both he and the saddle, to his great shame and mortification, came to the ground, where he lay, muttering between his teeth many a heavy execration against the unfortunate Sancho, who was still hanging by the leg. The duke having commanded some of his attendants to relieve the knight and squire, they raised Don Quixote, who, though much discomposed by his fall, and limping, made an effort to approach and kneel before the lord and lady. The duke, however, would by no means suffer it; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he immediately went up and embraced him, saying: "I am very sorry, sir knight, that such a mischance should happen to you on your first arrival on my domains; but the negligence of squires is often the occasion of even greater disasters." "The moment cannot be unfortunate that introduces me to your highness," replied Don Quixote, "and, had my fall been to the centre of the deep abyss, the glory of seeing your highness would have raised me thence. My squire, whom Heaven confound, is better at letting loose his tongue to utter impertinence than at securing a saddle: but whether down or up, on horseback or on foot, I shall always be at the service of your highness, and that of my lady duchess your worthy consort—the sovereign lady of beauty, and universal princess of all courtesy." "Softly, dear Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha," quoth the duke,

"for, while the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso exists, no other beauty can be named."

Sancho Panza had now got freed from the noose, and being near, before his master could answer, he said: "It cannot be denied—nay, it must be declared, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is a rare beauty; but, 'where we are least aware, there starts the hare.' I have heard say that what they call nature is like a potter who makes earthen vessels, and he who makes one handsome vessel may also make two, and three, and a hundred. This I say because, by my faith, her highness there comes not a whit behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote here turned to the duchess, and said: "I assure your grace, never any knight-errant in the world had a more conceited and troublesome prater for his squire than I have; of this he will give ample proof, if it please your highness to accept of my service for some days." "I am glad to hear that my friend Sancho is conceited," replied the duchess, "it is a sign he has good sense; for wit and gay conceits, as you well know, Signor Don Quixote, proceed not from dull heads; and since you acknowledge that Sancho has wit and pleasantry, I shall henceforth pronounce him to be wise"—"And a prater," added Don Quixote. "So much the better," said the duke, "for many good things cannot be expressed in a few words; and, that we may not throw away all our time upon them, come on, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." "Of the Lions, your highness should say," quoth Sancho; "the Sorrowful Figure is no more." "Of the Lions then let it be," continued the duke; "I say, come on, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of your distinction, and as the duchess and I are accustomed to receive all knights-errant who honour us with their society."

By this time, Sancho having adjusted and well-girthed Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote remounted, and thus he and the duke, who rode a stately courser, with the duchess between them, proceeded towards the castle. The duchess requested Sancho to be near her, being mightily pleased with his arch observations; nor did Sancho require much entreaty, but, joining the other three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the duke and duchess, who looked upon themselves as highly fortunate in having to introduce such guests to their castle, and the prospect of enjoying the company of such a knight-errant, and such an errant-squire.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

*Which treats of many and great things.*

SANCHO'S joy was excessive on seeing himself, as he thought, a favourite with the duchess: not doubting but that he should find in her castle the same abundance that prevailed in the mansion of Don Diego and Basilius; for good cheer was the delight of his heart, and therefore he always took care to seize by the forelock every opportunity to indulge that passion. Now the history relates that, before they came to the rural mansion, or castle, of the duke, his highness rode on before and gave directions to his servants in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote; therefore, when he arrived with the duchess at the castle-gate, there immediately issued out two lacqueys or grooms, clad in a kind of robe or gown of fine crimson satin reaching to their feet; and, taking Don Quixote in their arms, they privately said to him, "Go, great sir, and assist our lady the duchess to alight."

The knight accordingly hastened to offer his services, which, after much ceremony and many compliments, her grace positively declined, saying that she would not alight from her palfrey, but into the duke's arms, as she did not think herself worthy to charge so great a knight with so unprofitable a burthen. At length the duke came out and lifted her from her horse; and on their entering into a large inner-court of the castle, two beautiful damsels advanced and threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet, and in an instant all the galleries of the courtyard were crowded with men and women—the domestic household of his grace, crying aloud, "Welcome the flower and cream of knights-errant!" Then they sprinkled whole bottles of sweet-scented waters upon the knight, and also on the duke and duchess; all which Don Quixote observed with surprise and pleasure: being now, for the first time, thoroughly convinced that he was a true knight, and no imaginary one, since he was treated just like the knights-errant of former times.

Sancho, abandoning Dapple, attached himself closely to the duchess, and entered with her into the castle: but his conscience soon reproached him with having left his ass alone, and unprovided for. He therefore approached a reverend duenna, who amongst others came out to receive the duchess, and said to her in a low voice, "Mistress Gonzalez, or pray, madam, what may your name be?" "Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva," answered the duenna: "what would you have with me, friend?" "I wish, Madam Donna Rodriguez," replied Sancho, "you would be so good as to step to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine; and be so kind as to order him to be put into the stable, or put him there yourself; for the poor thing is a little timorous, and cannot abide to be alone." "If the master be of the same web as the man," answered the duenna, "we are finely thriven! Go, brother—it was an evil hour for you and him that brought you hither—and look after your beast yourself, for the duennas of this house are not accustomed to do such offices." "How now!" answered Sancho; "I have heard my master say—and he is a notable hand at history—that when Launcelot came from Britain ladies took care of his person, and duennas of his horse: and as for my ass, whatever you may think, faith, I would not swap him for Signor Launcelot's steed." "Hark ye, friend, if you are a dealer in jests, take your wares to another market, here they will not pass—a fig, say I, for your whole budget!" "I thank you for that," quoth Sancho, "for I am sure it will be a ripe one:—if sixty's the game, you will not lose it for want of a trick."

"You beast!" cried the duenna, foaming with rage; "whether I am old or not, to Heaven I account, and not to thee—rascal, garlic-eating stinkard!" This she uttered so loud that the duchess turned towards them, and, seeing the duenna in such agitation, and her face and eyes in a flame, asked her with whom she was so angry. "With this man here," answered the duenna, "who has desired me, in good earnest, to go and put into the stable an ass of his that stands at the castle-gate; raking up, as an example, the tale of one Launcelot, whose steed was attended by ladies; and, to complete his impertinence, he coolly tells me that I am old!" "That, indeed," said the duchess, "is an affront which cannot be endured." Then, turning to Sancho, "Be assured, friend Sancho," said she, "you are mistaken on that point; the veil which Donna Rodriguez wears is more for authority and fashion than on account of her years." "May I never again know a prosperous one," quoth Sancho, "if I meant her any offence! I only spoke because of the great love I bear to my ass, and I thought that I could not do better than recommend him to the charitable care of the good Signora Donna Rodriguez." Don Quixote, hearing this altercation, now interfered. "Sancho," said he, "is this a fit place for such discourse?" "Sir," answered Sancho, "every one must speak of his

wants, let him be where he will. Here I bethought me of Dapple, and here I spoke of him ; and if I had thought of him in the stable I should have spoken of him there." To which the duke said, "Sancho is very much in the right, and deserves no censure. Dapple shall have provender to his heart's content ; and let Sancho take no further care, for he shall be treated like his own person."

With this conversation—pleasing to all but Don Quixote—they ascended the great stairs, and conducted the knight into a spacious hall, sumptuously hung with cloth of gold and rich brocade. Six damsels attended to take off his armour and serve as pages, all tutored by the duke and duchess in their behaviour towards him, in order to confirm his delusion. Don Quixote, being now unarmed, remained in his straight breeches and chamois doublet, lean, tall, and stiff, with his cheeks shrunk into his head ; making such a figure that the damsels who waited on him had much difficulty to restrain their mirth, and observe in his presence that decorum which had been strictly enjoined by their lord and lady. They begged he would suffer himself to be undressed, for the purpose of changing his linen ; but he would by no means consent, saying that modesty was as becoming a knight-errant as courage. However, he bade them give the shirt to Sancho ; and, retiring with him to an apartment where there was a rich bed, he pulled off his clothes, and there put it on.

Being thus alone with Sancho, he said to him, "Tell me, buffoon and block-head ! dost thou imagine it a becoming thing to abuse and insult a duenna so venerable and so worthy of respect ? Was that a time to think of Dapple ? Or is it probable that these noble persons would suffer our beasts to fare poorly, when they treat their owners so honourably ? For the love of Heaven, Sancho, restrain thyself, and discover not the grain, lest it should be seen how coarse the web is of which thou art spun. Remember, sinner, the master is esteemed in proportion as his servants are respectable and well-behaved ; and one of the greatest advantages which the great enjoy over other men is that they are served by domestics of a superior mould. Dost thou not consider—plague to thyself, and torment to me !—that if it is perceived that thou art a rude clown or a conceited fool, they will be apt to think that I am an impostor, or some knight of the sharpening order ? Avoid, friend Sancho, pray avoid, these impertinences, for whoever sets up for a talker and a wit sinks, at the first trip, into a contemptible buffoon. Bridle thy tongue : consider and deliberate upon thy words before they quit thy lips ; and recollect that we are now in a place whence, by the help of Heaven and the valour of my arm, we may depart bettered by three, or perhaps five-fold, in fortune and reputation." Sancho promised him faithfully to sew up his mouth, or bite his tongue before he spoke a word that was not duly considered, and to the purpose ; and assured him that he need be under no fear of his saying anything that would tend to his worship's discredit.

Don Quixote then dressed himself, girt on his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put on a green satin cap which the damsels had given him, and thus equipped marched out into the great saloon, where he found the damsels drawn up on each side in two equal ranks, and all of them provided with an equipage for washing his hands, which they administered with many reverences and much ceremony. Then came twelve pages, with the majordomo, to conduct him to dinner, the lord and lady being now waiting for him ; and, having placed him in the midst of them with great pomp and ceremony, they proceeded to another hall, where a rich table was spread with four covers only. The duke and duchess came to the door to receive him, accompanied by a grave ecclesiastic—one of those who govern great men's houses : one of those who, not being nobly born themselves, are unable to direct the conduct

of those who are so; who would have the liberality of the great measured by the narrowness of their own souls: making those whom they govern penurious, under the pretence of teaching them to be prudent. One of this species was the grave ecclesiastic who came out with the duke to receive Don Quixote. After a thousand courtly compliments mutually interchanged, Don Quixote advanced towards the table, between the duke and duchess, and, on preparing to seat themselves, they offered the upper end to Don Quixote, who would have declined it but for the pressing importunities of the duke. The ecclesiastic seated himself opposite to the knight, and the duke and duchess on each side.

Sancho was present all the while, in amazement to see the honour paid by those great people to his master, and, whilst the numerous entreaties and ceremonies were passing between the duke and Don Quixote, before he would sit down at the head of the table, he said, "With your honour's leave I will tell you a story of what happened in our town about seats." Don Quixote immediately began to tremble, not doubting that he was going to say something absurd. Sancho observed him, and, understanding his looks, he said, "Be not afraid, sir, of my breaking loose, or saying anything that is not pat to the purpose. I have not forgotten the advice your worship gave me awhile ago, about talking much or little, well or ill." "I remember nothing, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "say what thou wilt, so as thou sayst it quickly." "What I would say," quoth Sancho, "is very true, for my master Don Quixote, who is present, will not suffer me to lie." "Lie as much as thou wilt for me, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "I shall not hinder thee; but take heed what thou art going to say." "I have heeded it over and over again, so that it is as safe as if I had the game in my hand, as you shall presently see." "Your graces will do well," said Don Quixote, "to order this blockhead to retire, that you may get rid of his troublesome folly." "By the life of the duke," quoth the duchess, "Sancho shall not stir a jot from me: I have a great regard for him, and am assured of his discretion." "Many happy years may your holiness live," quoth Sancho, "for the good opinion you have of me, little as I deserve it. But the tale I would tell is this:—

"A certain gentleman of our town, very rich, and of a good family—for he was descended from the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married Donna Mencía de Quinones, who was daughter to Don Alonzo de Marañon, knight of the order of St. James, the same that was drowned in the Herradura, about whom that quarrel happened in our town, in which it was said my master Don Quixote had a hand, and Tommy the mad-cap, son of Balvastro the blacksmith, was hurt—pray, good master of mine, is not all this true? Speak, I beseech you, that their worship may not take me for some lying prater." "As yet," said the ecclesiastic, "I take you rather for a prater than for a liar; but I know not what I shall next take you for." "Thou hast produced so many witnesses and so many proofs," said Don Quixote, "that I cannot but say thou mayst probably be speaking truth; but, for Heaven's sake, shorten thy story, or it will last these two days." "He shall shorten nothing," quoth the duchess; "and, to please me, he shall tell it his own way, although he were not to finish these six days; and, should it last so long, they would be to me days of delight."

"I must tell you, then," proceeded Sancho, "that this same gentleman—whom I know as well as I do my right hand from my left, for it is not a bowshot from my house to his—invited a husbandman to dine with him—a poor man, but mainly honest." "On, friend," said the chaplain, "for, at the rate you proceed, your tale will not reach its end till you reach the other world." "I shall stop," replied Sancho, "before I get half-way thither, if it please Heaven! This same farmer, coming to the house of the gentleman his inviter—God rest

his soul, for he is dead and gone; and, moreover, died like an angel, as it is said—for I was not by myself, being, at that time, gone a reaping to Tembleque.” “Prithee, son,” said the ecclesiastic, “come back quickly from Tembleque, and stay not to bury the gentleman, unless you are determined upon more burials;—pray make an end of your tale.” “The business, then,” quoth Sancho, “was this, that, they being ready to sit down to table—methinks I see them plainer than ever.” The duke and duchess were highly diverted at the impatience of the good ecclesiastic, and at the length and pauses of Sancho’s tale; but Don Quixote was almost suffocated with rage and vexation. “I say, then,” quoth Sancho, “that, as they were both standing before the dinner table, just ready to sit down, the farmer insisted that the gentleman should take the upper end of the table, and the gentleman as positively pressed the farmer to take it, saying he ought to be master in his own house. But the countryman, piquing himself upon his good breeding, still refused to comply, till the gentleman losing all patience, laid both his hands upon the farmer’s shoulders, and made him sit down by main force, saying, ‘Sit thee down, clod-pole! for in whatever place I am seated, that is the upper end to thee.’ This is my tale, and truly I think it comes in here pretty much to the purpose.”

The natural brown of Don Quixote’s face was flushed with anger and shame at Sancho’s insinuations, so that the duke and duchess, seeing his distress, endeavoured to restrain their laughter; and, to prevent further impertinence from Sancho, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had last received of the lady Dulcinea, and whether he had lately sent her any presents of giants or caitiffs, since he must certainly have vanquished many. “Alas, madam!” answered he, “my misfortunes have had a beginning, but they will never have an end. Giants I have conquered, and robbers, and wicked caitiffs; and many have I sent to the mistress of my soul; but where should they find her, transformed as she now is into the homeliest rustic wench that the imagination ever conceived?” “I know not, sir, how that can be,” quoth Sancho, “for to me she appeared the most beautiful creature in the world: at least for nimbleness, or in a kind of a spring she has with her, I am sure no stage tumbler can go beyond her. In good faith, my lady duchess, she springs from the ground upon an ass as if she were a cat.” “Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?” quoth the duke. “Seen her!” answered Sancho; “who the devil was it but I that first hit upon the business of her enchantment? Yes, she is as much enchanted as my father.”

The ecclesiastic, when he heard talk of giants, caitiffs, and enchantments, began to suspect that this must be the Don Quixote de la Mancha whose history the duke was often reading; and he had as frequently reproved him for so doing; telling him it was idle to read such fooleries. Being assured of the truth of his suspicion, with much indignation he said to the duke, “Your excellency will be accountable to Heaven for the actions of this poor man—this Don Quixote, or Don Coxcomb, or whatever you are pleased to call him, cannot be quite so mad as your excellency would make him by thus encouraging his extravagant fancies.” Then turning to Don Quixote, he said—“And you, signor addle-pate, who has thrust it into your brain that you are a knight-errant, and that you vanquish giants and robbers? Go, get you home in a good hour, and in such are you now admonished; return to your family, and look to your children, if you have any: mind your affairs, and cease to be a vagabond about the world, sucking the wind, and drawing on yourself the derision of all that know you, or know you not. Where, with a murrain, have you ever found that there are, or ever were, in the world such creatures as knights-errant? Where are there giants in Spain, or caitiffs in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, or all the rabble rout of follies that are told of you?” Don Quixote

was very attentive to the words of the reverend gentleman, and, finding that he was now silent, regardless of the respect due to the duke and duchess, up he started, with indignation and fury in his looks, and said—but his answer deserves a chapter to itself.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

*Of the answer Don Quixote gave to his reprover; with other grave and pleasing events.*

SPRINGING to his feet, Don Quixote, trembling like quicksilver from head to foot, in an agitated voice said, "The place where I am, and the presence of the noble personages before whom I stand, as well as the respect which I have ever entertained for your profession, restrain my just indignation; for these reasons, and because I know, as all the world knows, that the weapons of gownsmen, like those of women, are their tongues, with the same weapon, in equal combat, I will engage your reverence, from whom good counsel might have been expected, rather than scurrility. Charitable and wholesome reproof requires a different language; at least it must be owned that reproach so public, as well as rude, exceeds the bounds of decent reprehension. Mildness, sir, would have been better than asperity; but was it either just or decent, at once, and without knowledge of the fault, plainly to proclaim the offender madman and idiot? Tell me, I beseech your reverence, for which of the follies you have observed in me do you thus condemn and revile me, desiring me to go home and take care of my house, and of my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either? What! there is nothing more to do, then, but boldly enter into other men's houses, and govern the masters, for a poor pedagogue, who never saw more of the world than twenty or thirty leagues around him, rashly to presume to give laws to chivalry, and pass judgments upon knights-errant! Is it, forsooth, idleness, or time mis-spent, to range the world, not seeking its pleasures, but its hardships, through which good men aspire to the seat of immortality? If men, high born, and of liberal minds, were to proclaim me a madman, I should regard it as an irreparable affront: but to be esteemed a fool by pedants who never trod the path of chivalry, I value it not a rush. A knight I am, and a knight I will die, if it be Heaven's good will. Some choose the spacious field of proud ambition; others the mean path of servile and base flattery; some seek the way of deceitful hypocrisy, and others that of true religion: but I, directed by the star that rules my fate, take the narrow path of knight-errantry; despising wealth, but thirsting for honour. I have redressed grievances, righted wrongs, chastised insolence, vanquished giants, and trampled upon hobgoblins: I am enamoured—for knights-errant must be so; but I am conscious of no licentious passion—my love is of the chaste Platonic kind. My intentions are always directed to virtuous ends—to do good to all, and injury to none. Whether he who thus means, thus acts, and thus lives, deserves to be called fool, let your highnesses judge, most excellent duke and duchess."

"Well said, i' faith!" quoth Sancho. "Say no more for yourself, good lord and master: for there is nothing more in the world to be said, thought, or done. And, besides, this gentleman denying, as he has denied, that there neither are, nor ever were, knights-errant, no wonder if he knows nothing of what he has been talking about." "So then," said the ecclesiastic, "you, I suppose, are the same Sancho Panza they talk of, to whom it is said your master has promised an island?" "I am that Sancho," replied the squire, "and deserve it too, as



well as any other he whatever. Of such as me, it is said, 'Keep company with the good, and thou wilt be one of them;' and, 'Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed;' and, 'He that leaneth against a good tree, a good shelter findeth he.' I have leaned and stuck close to a good master these many months, and shall be such another as he, if it be God's good pleasure; and, if he lives, and I live, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor I islands to govern."

"That you shall not, friend Sancho," said the duke, "for in the name of Signor Don Quixote, I promise you the government of one of mine now vacant, and of no inconsiderable value."

"Kneel, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and kiss his excellency's feet for the favour he has done thee." Sancho did so; upon which the ecclesiastic got up from the table in great wrath, saying, "By the habit I wear, I could find in my heart to say that your excellency is as simple as these sinners; no wonder they are mad, since wise men authorize their follies! Your excellency may stay with them, if you please; but while they are in this house I will remain in my own, and save myself the trouble of reproving where I cannot amend." Then, without saying another word, and leaving his meal unfinished, away he went, in spite of the entreaties of the duke and duchess: though, indeed, the duke could not say much, through laughter at his foolish petulance.

As soon as his laughter would allow him, the duke said to Don Quixote, "Sir Knight of the Lions, you have answered so well for yourself and your profession, that you can require no further satisfaction of the angry clergyman; especially if you consider that, whatever he might say, it was impossible for him, as you well know, to affront a person of your character." "It is true, my lord," answered Don Quixote, "whoever cannot receive an affront cannot give one. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot defend themselves if attacked, so they cannot be affronted, because, as your excellency better knows, there is this difference between an injury and an affront: an affront must come from a person who not only gives it, but who can maintain it when it is given: an injury may come from any hand. A man, for example, walking in the street, is unexpectedly set upon by ten armed men, who beat him: he draws his sword to avenge the injury, but, the assailants overpowering him by numbers, he is compelled to forego the satisfaction he desired: this person is injured, but not affronted. Again, let us suppose one man to come secretly behind another and strike him with a cudgel, then run away: the man pursues him, but the offender escapes: he who received the blow is injured, it is true, but has received no affront, because the violence offered is not maintained. If he who gave the blow, though it was done basely, stands his ground to answer for the deed, then he who was struck is both injured and affronted: injured because he was struck in a secret and cowardly manner, and affronted because he who gave the blow stood his ground to maintain what he had done. According to the laws of duel, therefore, I may be injured, but not affronted; for, as women and children can neither resent nor maintain opposition, so it is with the clergy, who carry no weapons, either offensive or defensive; and, though they have a right to ward off all violence offered to themselves, they can offer no affront that demands honourable satisfaction. Upon consideration, therefore, although I before said I was injured, I now affirm that it could not be; for he who can receive no affront can give none; and, consequently, I neither ought, nor do, feel any resentment for what that good man said to me—only I could have wished he had stayed a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error in supposing that knights-errant never existed in the world. Indeed, had Amadis, or any of his numerous descendants, heard so strange an assertion, I am persuaded it would have gone hard with his reverence."

"That I will swear," quoth Sancho; "at one slash they would have cleft him from top to bottom like a pomegranate; they were not folks to be so jested with. Odds! life! had Reynaldos de Montalvan heard the little gentleman talk at that rate, he would have given him such a gag as would have stopped his mouth for three years at least. Ay, ay, let him fall into their clutches, and see how he will get out again!" The duchess was overcome with laughter at Sancho's zeal, and thought him more diverting and mad than his master; indeed many others at that time were of the same opinion.

At length, Don Quixote being pacified and calm, and the dinner ended, the cloth was removed; whereupon four damsels entered, one with a silver ewer, another with a basin, also of silver, a third with two fine clean towels over her shoulder, and the fourth with her sleeves tucked up to her elbows, and in her white hands (for doubtless they were white) a wash-ball of Naples soap. The damsel who held the basin now respectfully approached the knight, and placed it under his beard, while he, wondering at the ceremony, yet believing it to be the custom of that country to wash beards instead of hands, obediently thrust out his chin as far as he could; whereupon the ewer began to rain upon his face, while the damsel of the wash-ball lathered his beard with great dexterity, covering with a snow-white froth, not only the beard, but the whole face of the submissive knight, even over his eyes, which he was compelled to close. The duke and duchess, who were not in the secret, were eager to know the issue of this extraordinary ablution. The barber-damsel having raised a lather a span high, pretended that the water was all used, and ordered the girl with the ewer to fetch more, telling her that Signor Don Quixote would stay till she came back. Thus he was left, the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable, to the gaze of all that were present; and, seeing him with his neck half an ell long, more than moderately swarthy, his eyes half-shut, and his whole visage under a covering of white foam, it was marvellous, and a sign of great discretion, that they were able to preserve their gravity.

The damsels concerned in the jest hung down their eyes, not daring to look at their lord or lady, who were divided between anger and mirth, not knowing whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the amusement their device had afforded. The water-nymph returned, and the beard-washing was finished, when she who was charged with the towels performed the office of wiping and drying with much deliberation; and thus the ceremony being concluded, the four damsels at once, making him a profound reverence, were retiring, when the duke, to prevent Don Quixote from suspecting the jest, called the damsel with the basin, and said, "Come and do your duty, and take care that you have water enough." The girl, who was shrewd and active, went up, and applied the basin to the duke's chin in the same manner she had done to that of Don Quixote; and with equal adroitness, but more celerity, repeated the ceremony of lathering, washing, and wiping; and the whole being done, they made their curtsies, and retired. The duke, however, had declared as it afterwards appeared, that he would have chastised them for their pertness, if they had refused to serve him in the same manner.

Sancho was very attentive to this washing ceremony. "Heaven guide me!" said he, muttering to himself, "is it the custom, I wonder, of this place to wash the beards of squires, as well as of knights? On my conscience and soul, I need it much; and if they would give me a stroke of a razor, I should take it for a still greater favour." "What are you saying to yourself, Sancho?" quoth the duchess. "I say, madam," answered Sancho, "that in other houses of the great, I have always heard that, when the cloth is taken away, the custom is to bring water to wash hands, but not suds to scour beards; and therefore one must live long to see much. It is also said he who lives long must suffer much.

though, if I am not mistaken, to be so scoured must be rather a pleasure than a pain." "Be under no concern, friend Sancho," quoth the duchess; "for I will order my damsels to see to your washing, and to lay you a bucking too, if needful." "For the present, if my beard get a scouring I shall be content," said Sancho; "for the rest, Heaven will provide hereafter." "Here, steward," said the duchess, "attend to the wishes of good Sancho, and do precisely as he would have you." He answered that Signor Sancho should in all things be punctually obeyed; and then he went to dinner, and took Sancho along with him.

Meantime, Don Quixote remained with the duke and duchess, discoursing on divers matters relating to arms and knight-errantry. The duchess entreated Don Quixote, since he seemed to have so happy a memory, that he would delineate and describe the beauty and accomplishments of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso: for, if fame spoke the truth, she must needs be the fairest creature in the world, and, consequently, in La Mancha. "Madam," said Don Quixote, heaving a deep sigh, "if I could pluck out my heart and place it before you on this table, your highness would there behold her painted to the life, and I might save my tongue the fruitless labour of describing that which can scarcely be conceived: for how am I to delineate or describe the perfections of that paragon of excellence? My shoulders are unequal to so mighty a burthen; it is a task worthy of the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, and the chisel of Lysippus, to produce, in speaking pictures, or statues of bronze, or marble, a copy of her beauties, and Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence to describe them."

"Pray, Signor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "what do you mean by Demosthenian?—a word I do not recollect ever hearing." "Demosthenian eloquence," answered Don Quixote, "means the eloquence of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian is that of Cicero, who were the two greatest orators and rhetoricians in the world." "That is true," said the duke, "and you betrayed your ignorance in asking such a question; nevertheless, Signor Don Quixote would give us great pleasure by endeavouring to paint her to us: for, though it be only a rough sketch, doubtless she will appear such as the most beautiful may envy." "Ah! my lord, so she certainly would," answered Don Quixote, "had not the misfortune which lately befel her, blurred and defaced the lovely idea, and razed it from my memory:—such a misfortune, that I ought rather to bewail what she suffers than describe what she is; for your excellencies must know that, going, not many days since, to kiss her hands and receive her benediction, with her commands and licence for this third sally, I found her quite another person than her I sought for. I found her enchanted and transformed from a princess into a country wench, from beautiful to ugly, from an angel to a fiend, from fragrant to pestiferous, from courtly to rustic, from light to darkness, from a dignified lady to a jumping Joan—in fine, from Dulcinea del Toboso to an unsightly bumpkin of Sayago." "Heaven defend me!" exclaimed the duke, elevating his voice, "what villain can have done the world so much injury? who has deprived it of the beauty that delighted it, the grace that charmed, and the modesty that did it honour?" "Who?" answered Don Quixote, "who could it be but some malicious enchanter, of the many that persecute me:—that wicked brood that was sent into the world only to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to blazon forth and magnify the actions of the wicked? Enchanters have hitherto persecuted me; enchanters now persecute me, and so they will continue to do, until they have overwhelmed me and my lofty chivalries into the profound abyss of oblivion. Yes, even in the most sensible part they injure and wound me: well knowing that to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to deprive him of the eyes he sees with, the sun that

enlightens him, and the food that sustains him ; for, as I have often said, and now repeat it, a knight-errant, without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves, an edifice without cement, and a shadow without the material substance by which it should be cast."

"All this," said the duchess, "is not to be denied : yet if the published history of Don Quixote, so much applauded by all nations, be worthy of credit, we are bound by that authority, if I am not mistaken, to think that there is no such lady in the world, she being only an imaginary lady, begotten and born of your own brain, and dressed out with all the graces and perfections of your fancy !" "There is much to be said upon this point," answered Don Quixote : "Heaven knows whether there be a Dulcinea in the world or not ; and whether she be imaginary or not imaginary : these things are not to be too nicely inquired into. I neither begot nor brought forth my mistress, though I contemplate her as a lady endowed with all those qualifications which may spread the glory of her name over the whole world :—such as possessing beauty without blemish, dignity without pride, love with modesty, politeness springing from courtesy, and courtesy from good-breeding, and, finally, of illustrious descent ; for the beauty that is of a noble race, shines with more splendour than that which is meanly born." "That cannot be doubted," quoth the duke ; "but Signor Don Quixote must here give me leave to speak on the authority of the history of his exploits ; for there, although it be allowed that, either in or out of Toboso, there is actually a Dulcinea, and that she is no less beautiful and accomplished than your worship has described her, it does not appear that, in respect to high descent, she is upon a level with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, Madasimas, and many others whose names, as you well know, are celebrated in history."

"The lady Dulcinea," replied Don Quixote, "is the daughter of her own works ; and your grace will acknowledge that virtue ennobles blood, and that a virtuous person of humble birth is more estimable than a vicious person of rank. Besides, that incomparable lady has endowments which may raise her to a crown and sceptre : for still greater miracles are within the power of a beautiful and virtuous woman ; and, though she may not, in form, possess the advantage you question, the want is more than compensated by that mine of intrinsic worth which is her true inheritance." "Certainly, Signor Don Quixote," cried the duchess, "you tread with great caution, and, as the saying is, with the plummet in hand ; nevertheless, I am determined to believe, and make all my family, and even my lord duke, if necessary, believe, that there is a Dulcinea del Toboso, and that she is at this moment living, beautiful, highly-born, and well deserving that such a knight as Signor Don Quixote should be her servant, which is the highest commendation I can bestow upon her. But there yet remains a small matter on my mind, concerning which I cannot entirely excuse my friend Sancho, and it is this : in the history of your deeds we are told that, when Sancho Panza took your worship's letter to the lady Dulcinea, he found her winnowing a sack of wheat, and that, too, of the coarsest kind—a circumstance that seems incompatible with her high birth."

To this Don Quixote replied, "Your grace must know that, whether directed by the inscrutable will of fate, or contrived by the malice of envious enchanters, it is certain that all, or the greater part, of what has befallen me, is of a more extraordinary nature than what usually happens to other knights-errant ; and it is well known that the most famous of that order had their privileges : one was exempt from the power of enchantment ; the flesh of another was impenetrable to wounds, as was the case with the renowned Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, who, it is said, was invulnerable except in the heel of the left foot, and that, too, accessible to no weapon but the point of a large pin ; so that

Bernardo del Carpio (who killed him at Roncesvalles), perceiving that he could not wound him with steel, snatched him from the ground, and squeezed him to death betwixt his arms; recollecting, probably, that the giant Antæus was so destroyed by Hercules. It may fairly be presumed, therefore, that I have some of those privileges—not that of being invulnerable, for experience has often shown me that I am made of tender flesh, and by no means impenetrable; nor that of being exempt from the power of enchantment, for I have already been confined in a cage, into which, but for that power, the whole world could never have forced me. However, since I freed myself thence, I am inclined to believe no other can reach me; and therefore these enchanters, seeing they cannot practise their wicked artifices upon my person, wreak their vengeance upon the object of my affections; hoping, by their evil treatment of her in whom I exist, to take that life which was, otherwise, proof against their incantations. I am convinced, therefore, that, when Sancho delivered my message to the lady Dulcinea, they presented her to him in the form of a country wench engaged in the mean employment of winnowing wheat. But, as I have said before, what she seemed to winnow was not red, neither was it wheat, but grains of oriental pearl: and, in confirmation of this, I must tell your excellencies that, passing lately through Toboso, I could nowhere find the palace of Dulcinea;—nay more, not many days ago she was seen by my squire, in her proper figure, the most beautiful that can be imagined, while at the same moment she appeared to me a coarse, ugly, country wench, and her language, instead of being discretion itself, was no less offensive. Thus, then, it appears that, since I am not, and probably cannot be, enchanted, she is made to suffer: she is the enchanted, the injured, the metamorphosed, and transformed; in her my enemies have revenged themselves on me, and for her I shall live in perpetual tears till I see her restored to her pristine state.

“All this I say, that nothing injurious to my lady may be inferred from what Sancho has related of her sifting and winnowing; for, if she appeared so changed to me at one time, no wonder that she should seem transformed to him at another. Assuredly, the peerless Dulcinea is highly-born, and allied in blood to the best and most ancient families of Toboso, which town will, from her name, be no less famous in after-ages than Troy is for its Helen, and Spain for its Cava; though on a more honourable account. And in regard to my squire Sancho Panza, I beg your highnesses will do him the justice to believe that never was knight-errant served by a squire of more pleasantry. His shrewdness and simplicity appear at times so curiously mingled, that it is amusing to consider which of the two prevails: he has cunning enough to be suspected of knavery, and absurdity enough to be thought a fool. He doubts everything, yet he believes everything; and, when I imagine him about to sink into a downright idiot, out comes some observation so pithy and sagacious that I know not where to stop in my admiration. In short, I would not exchange him for any other squire, though a city were offered me in addition; and, therefore, I am in doubt whether I shall do well to send him to the government your highness has conferred on him, though I perceive in him a capacity so well suited to such an office, that, with but a moderate addition of polish to his understanding, he will be a perfect master in the art of governing. Besides we know, by sundry proofs, that neither great talents nor much learning are necessary to such appointments; for there are hundreds of governors who, though they can scarcely read, yet in their duty are as sharp as hawks. The chief requisite is a good intention; those who have no other desire than to act uprightly, will always find able and virtuous counsellors to instruct them. Governors, being soldiers, and therefore probably unlearned, have often need of an assistant to be ready with advice. My counsel to Sancho would be, ‘All

bribes to refuse, but insist on his dues ;' with some other little matters which lie in my breast, and which shall come forth in proper time for Sancho's benefit, and the welfare of the island he is to govern."

In this manner were the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote conversing, when suddenly a great noise of many voices was heard in another part of the palace, and presently Sancho rushed into the saloon, with a terrified countenance, and a dishclout under his chin, followed by a number of kitchen-helpers, and other inferior servants ; one of whom carried a trough full of something that seemed to be dish-water, with which he followed close upon Sancho, and made many efforts to place it under his chin, while another scullion seemed equally eager to wash his beard with it.

"What is the matter, fellows?" quoth the duchess ; "what would you do with this good man? do you not know that he is a governor elect?" "This gentleman," said the roguish beard-washer, "will not suffer himself to be washed, according to custom, as our lord the duke and his master have been." "Yes, I will," answered Sancho, in great wrath, "but I would have cleaner towels and clearer suds, and not such filthy hands ; for there is no such difference between me and my master, that he should be washed with angel water and I with devil's ley. The customs of countries or of great men's houses are good as far as they are agreeable ; but this of beard-scouring here is worse than the friar's scourge. My beard is clean, and I have no need of such refreshings ; and he who offers to scour me, or touch a hair of my head—my beard I should say—with due reverence be it spoken, shall feel the full weight of my fist upon his skull ; for such ceremonies and soapings to my thinking look more like jokes and jibes than a civil welcome."

The duchess was convulsed with laughter at Sancho's remonstrances and rage, but Don Quixote could not endure to behold his squire so accounted with a filthy towel, and baited by a kitchen rabble. Making, therefore, a low bow to the duke and duchess, as if requesting their permission to speak, he said to the greasy tribe, in a solemn voice, "Hark ye, good people, be pleased to let the young man alone, and return whence ye came, or whither ye list ; for my squire is as clean as another man, and these troughs are as odious to him as a narrow-necked jug. Take my advice, and leave him ; for neither he nor I understand this kind of jesting." "No, no," quoth Sancho (interrupting his master), "let them go on with their sport, and see whether I will bear it or no ! Let them bring hither a comb, or what else they please, and curry this beard, and if they find anything there that should not be there, I will give them leave to shear me cross-wise."

"Sancho Panza is perfectly right," said the duchess, "and will be so in whatever he shall say : he is clean, and, as he truly says, needs no washing ; and, if he be not pleased with our custom, he is master of his own will. Besides, unmannerly scourers, you who are so forward to purify others, are yourselves shamefully idle—in truth, I should say impudent, to bring your troughs and greasy dishclouts to such a personage and such a beard, instead of ewers and basins of pure gold, and towels of Dutch diaper. Out of my sight, barbarians ! low-born wretches, who cannot help showing the spite and envy you bear to the squires of knights-errant !"

The roguish crew, and even the major-domo, who accompanied them, thought the duchess was in earnest, and, hastily removing the foul cloth from Sancho's neck, they slunk away in confusion. The squire, on being thus delivered from what he thought imminent danger, threw himself on his knees before the duchess,—"Heaven bless your highness," quoth he ; "great persons are able to do great kindnesses. For my part, I know not how to repay your ladyship for that you have just done me, and can only wish myself dubbed a knight-errant,

that I may employ all the days of my life in the service of so high a lady. A peasant I am, Sancho Panza my name; I am married, I have children, and I serve as a squire; if with any one of these I can be serviceable to your grandeur, I shall be nimbler in obeying than your ladyship in commanding."

"It plainly appears, Sancho," answered the duchess, "that you have learned to be courteous in the school of courtesy itself—I mean, it is evident that you have been bred under the wing of Signor Don Quixote, who is the very cream of complaisance, and the flower of ceremony. Well may it fare with such a master and such a man!—the one the polar star of knight-errantry, and the other the bright luminary of squire-like fidelity! Rise up, friend Sancho, and be assured I will reward your courtesy by prevailing with my lord duke to hasten the performance of the promise he has made you of a government."

Here the conversation ceased, and Don Quixote went to repose during the heat of the day; and the duchess desired Sancho, if he had no inclination to sleep, to pass the afternoon with her and her damsels in a very cool apartment. Sancho said, in reply, that, though he was wont to sleep four or five hours a day, during the afternoon heats of the summer, yet to wait upon her highness, he would endeavour, with all his might, not to sleep at all that day, and would be at her service. He accordingly retired with the duchess; while the duke made further arrangements concerning the treatment of Don Quixote: being desirous that it should, in all things, be strictly conformable to the style in which it is recorded the knights of former times were treated.

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## BOOK III.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

*Of the relishing conversation which passed between the duchess, her damsels, and Sancho Panza:—worthy to be read and noted.*

THE history then relates that Sancho Panza did not take his afternoon sleep, but, in compliance with his promise, went immediately after his dinner to see the duchess, who, being delighted to hear him talk, desired him to sit down by her on a stool, although Sancho, out of pure good manners, would have declined it; but the duchess told him that he must be seated as a governor, and talk as a squire, since in both those capacities he deserved the very seat of the famous champion Cid Ruy Dias. Sancho therefore submitted, and placed himself close by the duchess, while all her damsels and duennas drew near and stood in silent attention to hear the conversation. "Now that we are alone," said the duchess, "where nobody can overhear us, I wish signor governor would satisfy me as to certain doubts that have arisen from the printed history of the great Don Quixote; one of which is that, as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea—I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso—nor delivered to her the letter of Don Quixote, which was left in the pocket-book in the Sierra Morena, I would be glad to know how he could presume to feign an answer to that letter, or assert that he found her winnowing wheat, which he must have known to be altogether false, and much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea's character, as well as inconsistent with the duty and fidelity of a trusty squire."

At these words, without making any reply, Sancho got up from his stool, and with his body bent, and the tip of his forefinger on his lips, he stepped softly round the room, lifting up the hangings: and this done, he sat himself down again and said, "Now, madam, that I am sure that nobody but the company present can hear us, I will answer, without fear, to all you ask of me: and the first thing I tell you is that I take my master Don Quixote for a downright madman; and though sometimes he will talk in a way which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear him, is so much to the purpose that Satan himself could not speak better, yet for all that, I believe him to be really and truly mad. Now this being so, as in my mind it is, nothing is more easy than to make him believe anything, though it has neither head nor tail: like that affair of the answer to the letter, and another matter of some six or eight days' standing, which is not yet in print—I mean the enchantment of my mistress Donna Dulcinea; for you must know I made him believe she was enchanted, though it was no more true than that the moon is a horn lantern."

The duchess desired him to tell her the particulars of that enchantment or jest; and Sancho recounted the whole, exactly as it had passed, very much to



the entertainment of his hearers. "From what honest Sancho has told me," said the duchess, "a certain scruple troubles me, and something whispers in my ear, saying, 'Since Don Quixote de la Mancha is such a lunatic and simpleton, surely Sancho Panza, his squire, who knows it, and yet follows and serves him, relying on his vain promises, must be more mad than his master! Now this being the case, it will surely turn to bad account, lady duchess, if to such a Sancho Panza thou givest an island to govern; for how should he who rules himself so ill, be able to govern others?'"

"Faith, madam," quoth Sancho, "that same scruple is an honest scruple, and need not speak in a whisper, but plain out, or as it lists; for I know it says true, and had I been wise, I should long since have left my master;—but such is my lot, or such my evil-errantry. I cannot help it—follow him I must: we are both of the same town, I have eaten his bread, I love him, and he returns my love; he gave me his ass-colts:—above all, I am faithful, so that nothing in the world can part us but the sexton's spade and shovel; and if your highness does not choose to give me the government you promised, God made me without it, and perhaps it may be all the better for my conscience if I do not get it; for fool as I am, I understand the proverb, 'The pismire hid wings to her sorrow;' and perhaps it may be easier for Sancho the squire to get to heaven than for Sancho the governor. They make as good bread here as in France; and by night all cats are grey; unhappy is he who has not breakfasted at three; and no stomach is a span bigger than another, and may be filled, as they say, with straw or with hay. Of the little birds in the air, God himself takes the care; and four yards of coarse cloth of Cuenza are warmer than as many of fine Segovia serge; and in travelling from this world to the next, the road is no wider for the prince than the peasant. The pope's body takes up no more room than that of the sexton, though a loftier person: for in the grave we must pack close together, whether we like it or not: so good night to all. And let me tell you again that, if your highness will not give me the island because I am a fool, I will be wise enough not to care a fig for it. I have heard say the devil lurks behind the cross; all is not gold that glitters. From the ploughtail Bamba was raised to the throne of Spain, and from his riches and revels was Roderigo cast down to be devoured by serpents—if ancient ballads tell the truth."

"And how should they lie?" said the duenna Rodriguez, who was among the attendants. "I remember one that relates to a king named Roderigo, who was shut up all alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards; and how, after two days' imprisonment, his voice was heard from the tomb, crying in a dolorous tone, 'Now they gnaw me, now they gnaw me, in the part by which I sinned the most!' and according to this, the gentleman has much reason to say he would rather be a poor labourer than a king, to be devoured by such vermin."

The duchess was highly amused with Sancho's proverbs and philosophy, as well as the simplicity of her duenna. "My good Sancho knows full well," said she, "that the promise of a knight is held so sacred by him that he will perform it even at the expense of life. The duke, my lord and husband, though he is not of the errant order, is nevertheless a knight, and therefore will infallibly keep his word as to the promised government. Let Sancho, then, be of good cheer; for in spite of the envy and malice of the world, before he is aware or it, he may find himself seated in the state chair of his island and territory, and in full possession of a government for which he would refuse one of brocade three stories high. What I charge him is, to take heed how he governs his vassals, and forget not that they are well-born, and of approved loyalty." "As to the matter of governing," answered Sancho, "let me alone for that. I am naturally charitable and good to the poor, and 'None shall dare the loaf to

steal from him that sifts and kneads the meal :—by my beads ! they shall put no false dice upon me. An old dog is not to be coaxed with a crust, and I know how to snuff my eyes and keep the cobwebs from them ; for I can tell where the shoe pinches. All this I say to assure your highness that the good shall have me hand and heart, while the bad shall find neither the one nor t'other. And, as to governing well, the main point, in my mind, is to make a good beginning ; and, that being done, who knows but that by the time I have been fifteen days a governor, my fingers may get so nimble in the office that they will tickle it off better than the drudgery I was bred to in the field !”

“You are in the right, Sancho,” quoth the duchess, “for everything wants time : men are not scholars at their birth, and bishops are made of men, not of stones. But, to return to the subject we were just now upon, concerning the transformation of the lady Dulcinea ; I have reason to think that Sancho’s artifice to deceive his master, and make him believe the peasant-girl to be Dulcinea enchanted, was, in fact, all a contrivance of some one of the magicians who persecute Don Quixote ; for really, and in truth, I know from very good authority that the country wench who so lightly sprang upon her ass was verily Dulcinea del Toboso herself ; and that my good Sancho, in thinking he had deceived his master, was himself much more deceived ; and there is no more doubt of this than of any other things that we never saw. For Signor Sancho Panza must know that here also we have our enchanters, who favour us and tell us faithfully all that passes in the world ; and believe me, Sancho, the jumping wench was really Dulcinea, and is as certainly charmed as the mother that bore her ; and, when we least expect it, we shall see her again in her own true shape : then will Sancho discover that it was he who has been imposed upon, and not his master.”

“All that might well be,” quoth Sancho ; “and now I begin to believe what my master told of Montesino’s cave, where he saw my lady Dulcinea del Toboso in exactly the same figure and dress as when it came into my head to enchant her, with my own will, as I fancied, though, as your ladyship says, it must have been quite otherwise. Lord bless us ! How can it be supposed that my poor head-piece could, in an instant, have contrived so cunning a device, or who could think my master such a goose as to believe so unlikely a matter, upon no better voucher than myself ! But, madam, your goodness will know better than to think the worse of me for all that. Lack-a-day ! it cannot be expected that an ignorant lout, as I am, should be able to smell out the tricks and wiles of wicked magicians. I contrived the thing with no intention to offend my master, but only to escape his chiding ; and, if it has happened otherwise, God is in heaven, and He is the judge of hearts.” “That is honestly spoken,” quoth the duchess ; “but, Sancho, did you not mention something of Montesino’s cave ? I should be glad to know what you meant.” Sancho then gave her highness an account of that adventure, with its circumstances, and when he had done, “See now,” quoth the duchess, “if this does not confirm what I have just said ! for, since the great Don Quixote affirms that he saw the very same country wench whom Sancho met coming from Toboso, she certainly must be Dulcinea, and it shows that the enchanters hereabouts are very busy and excessively officious.”

“Well,” quoth Sancho Panza, “if my lady be enchanted, so much the worse for her ; I do not think myself bound to quarrel with my master’s enemies, for they must needs be many and very wicked ones too. Still I must say, and it cannot be denied, that she I saw was a country wench : a country wench, at least, I took her to be, and such I thought her : and, if that same lass really happened to be Dulcinea, I am not to be called to account for it, nor ought it to be laid at my door. Sancho, truly, would have enough to do if he must

answer for all, and at every turn to be told that Sancho said it, Sancho did it, Sancho came back, Sancho returned; as if Sancho were anybody they pleased, and not that very Sancho Panza handed about in print all the world over, as Sampson Carrasco told me, who, at least, has been bachelorized at Salamanca; and such persons cannot lie, unless when they have a mind to do so, or when it may turn to good account; so that there is no reason to meddle nor make with me, since I have a good name, and, as I have heard my master say, a good name is better than bags of gold. Case me but in that same government, and you shall see wonders: for a good squire will make a good governor."

"Sancho speaks like an oracle," quoth the duchess; "all that he has now said are so many sentences of Cato, or at least extracted from the very marrow of Michael Verino himself—'*florentibus occidit annis*:' in short, to speak in his own way, a bad cloak often covers a good drinker." "Truly, madam," answered Sancho, "I never in my life drank for any bad purpose; for thirst, perhaps, I have, as I am no hypocrite. I drink when I want it, and if it is offered to me, rather than be thought ill-mannered; for when a friend drinks one's health, who can be so hard-hearted as not to pledge him? But though I put on the shoes, they are no dirtier for me. And truly, there is no fear of that, for water is your common drink of squires-errant, who are always wandering about woods, forests, meadows, mountains, and craggy rocks, where no one merciful drop of wine is to be got, though they would give an eye for it." "In truth I believe it," said the duchess: "but as it grows late, go, Sancho, and repose yourself, and we will talk of these matters again hereafter, and orders shall speedily be given about casing you, as you call it, in the government."

Sancho again kissed the duchess's hand, and begged of her, as a favour, that good care might be taken of his Dapple, for he was the light of his eyes. "What mean you by Dapple?" quoth the duchess. "I mean my ass, please your highness," replied Sancho; "for not to give him that name, I commonly call him Dapple; and I desired this good mistress here, when I first came into the castle, to take care of him, which made her as angry as if I had called her old and ugly; yet in my mind it would be more proper and natural for duennas to take charge of asses than strut about like ladies in rooms of state. Heaven save me! what a deadly grudge a certain gentleman in our town had for these madams." "Some filthy clown, I make no question," quoth Donna Rodriguez, "for, had he been a gentleman and known what good breeding was, he would have placed them under the horns of the moon."

"Enough," quoth the duchess, "let us have no more of this; peace, Donna Rodriguez; and you, Signor Panza, be quiet, and leave the care of making much of your Dapple to me; for, being a jewel of Sancho's, I will lay him upon the apple of my eye." "Let him lie in the stable, my good lady," answered Sancho, "for upon the apple of your grandeur's eye neither he nor I are worthy to lie one single moment,—'s life! they should stick me like a sheep sooner than I would consent to such a thing; for though my master says that, in respect to good manners, we should rather lose the game by a card too much than too little, yet, when the business in hand is about asses and eyes, we should step warily with compass in hand." "Carry him, Sancho," quoth the duchess, "to your government, and there you may regale him as you please, and set him free from further labour." "Think not, my lady duchess," quoth Sancho, "that you have said much; for I have seen more asses than one go to governments, and therefore, if I should carry mine, it would be nothing new." The relish of Sancho's conversation was not lost upon the duchess, who, after dismissing him to his repose, went to give the duke an account of all that had passed between them. They afterwards consulted together how they should practise some jest upon Don Quixote, to humour his knight-errantry; and

indeed they devised many of that kind, so ingenious and appropriate as to be accounted among the prime adventures that occur in this great history.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV

*Giving an account of the method prescribed for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; which is one of the most famous adventures in this book.*

THE duke and duchess were extremely diverted with the humours of their two guests; and resolving to improve their sport by practising some pleasantries that should have the appearance of a romantic adventure, they contrived to dress up a very choice entertainment from Don Quixote's account of the cave of Montesinos: taking that subject, because the duchess had observed, with astonishment, that Sancho now believed his lady Dulcinea was really enchanted, although he himself had been her sole enchanter! Accordingly, after the servants had been well instructed as to their deportment towards Don Quixote, a boar-hunt was proposed, and it was determined to set out in five or six days with a princely train of huntsmen. The knight was presented with a hunting suit proper for the occasion, which, however, he declined, saying that he must soon return to the severe duties of his profession, when, having no sumpters nor wardrobes, such things would be superfluous. But Sancho readily accepted a suit of fine green cloth which was offered to him, intending to sell it the first opportunity.

The appointed day being come, Don Quixote armed himself, and Sancho in his new suit mounted Dapple (which he preferred to a horse that was offered him) and joined the troop of hunters. The duchess issued forth magnificently attired, and Don Quixote, out of pure politeness, would hold the reins of the palfrey, though the duke was unwilling to allow it. Having arrived at the proposed scene of their diversion, which was in a wood between two lofty mountains, they posted themselves in places where the toils were to be pitched; and all the party having taken their different stations, the sport began with prodigious noise and clamour, insomuch that, between the shouts of the huntsmen, the cry of the hounds, and the sound of the horns, they could not hear each other. The duchess alighted, and with a boar-spear in her hand, took her stand in a place where she expected the boars would pass. The duke and Don Quixote dismounted also, and placed themselves by her side: while Sancho took his station behind them all, with his Dapple, whom he would not quit, lest some mischance should befall him. Scarcely had they ranged themselves in order, when a hideous boar of monstrous size rushed out of cover, pursued by the dogs and hunters, and made directly towards them, gnashing his teeth and tossing foam with his mouth. Don Quixote, on seeing him approach, braced his shield, and drawing his sword, stepped before the rest to meet him. The duke joined him with his boar-spear; and the duchess would have been the foremost, had not the duke prevented her. Sancho alone stood aghast, and, at the sight of the fierce animal, leaving even his Dapple, ran in terror towards a lofty oak, in which he hoped to be secure; but his hopes were in vain, for, as he was struggling to reach the top, and had got half-way up, unfortunately a branch to which he clung gave way, and, falling with it, he was caught by the stump of another, and here left suspended in the air, so that he could neither get up nor down. Finding himself in this situation, with his new green coat tearing, and almost in reach of the terrible creature should it chance to come that way, he began to bawl so loud and to call for help so vehemently, that all who

heard him and did not see him thought verily he was between the teeth of some wild beast. The tusked boar, however, was soon laid at length by the numerous spears that were levelled at him from all sides ; at which time Sancho's cries and lamentations reached the ears of Don Quixote, who, turning round, beheld him hanging from the oak with his head downwards, and close by him stood Dapple, who never forsook him in adversity ;—indeed, it was remarked by Cid Hamet, that he seldom saw Sancho Panza without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho Panza : such was the amity and cordial love that subsisted between them ! Don Quixote hastened to the assistance of his squire, who was no sooner released than he began to examine the rent in his hunting suit, which grieved him to the soul : for he looked upon that suit as a rich inheritance.

The huge animal they had slain was laid across a sumpter-mule, and after covering it with branches of rosemary and myrtle, they carried it, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, erected in the midst of the wood, where a sumptuous entertainment was prepared, worthy of the magnificence of the donor. Sancho, showing the wounds of the torn garments to the duchess, said, "Had hares or birds been our game, I should not have had this misfortune. For my part I cannot think what pleasure there can be in beating about for a monster that, if it reaches you with a tusk, may be the death of you. There is an old ballad which says,—

May fate of Fabila be thine,  
And make thee food for bears or swine."

"That Fabila," said Don Quixote, "was a king of the Goths, who, going to the chase, was devoured by a bear." "What I mean," quoth Sancho, "is, that I would not have kings and other great folks run into such dangers merely for pleasure ; and indeed, methinks it ought to be none to kill poor beasts that never meant any harm." "You are mistaken, Sancho," said the duke ; "hunting wild beasts is the most proper exercise for knights and princes. The chase is an image of war : there you have stratagems, artifices, and ambuscades to be employed, in order to overcome your enemy with safety to yourself : there, too, you are often exposed to the extremes of cold and heat ; idleness and ease are despised ; the body acquires health and vigorous activity :—in short, it is an exercise which may be beneficial to many and injurious to none. Besides, it is not a vulgar amusement, but, like hawking, is the peculiar sport of the great. Therefore, Sancho, change your opinion before you become a governor ; for then you will find your account in these diversions." "Not so, i' faith," replied Sancho ; "the good governor and the broken leg should keep at home. It would be fine indeed for people to come after him about business, and find him gadding in the mountains for his pleasure. At that rate what would become of his government ? In good truth, sir, hunting, and such like pastimes, are rather for your idle companions than for governors. The way I mean to divert myself shall be with brag at Easter, and at bowls on Sundays and holidays : as for your hunting, it befits neither my condition nor conscience." "Heaven grant you prove as good as you promise," said the duke ; "but saying and doing are often wide apart." "Be that as it will," replied Sancho ; "the good paymaster wants no pawn ; and God's help is better than early rising : and the belly carries the legs, and not the legs the belly :—I mean that, with the help of Heaven and a good intention, I warrant I shall govern better than a goss-hawk. Ay, ay, let them put their fingers in my mouth and try whether or not I can bite." "A curse upon thy proverbs," said Don Quixote, "when will the day come that I shall hear thee utter one coherent sentence without that base intermixture ? Let this blockhead alone, I beseech your excellencies ; he will grind your souls to death, not between two, but two

thousand proverbs—all timed as well, and as much to the purpose, as I wish God may grant him health, or me, if I desire to hear them.” “Sancho Panza’s proverbs,” said the duchess, “though more numerous than those of the Greek commentator, are equally admirable for their sententious brevity. For my own part, I must confess, they give me more pleasure than many others, more aptly suited and better timed.”

After this and such-like pleasant conversation, they left the tent, and retired into the wood to examine their nets and snares. The day passed and night came on, not clear and calm, like the usual evening in summer, but in a kind of murky twilight, extremely favourable to the projects of the duke and duchess. Soon after the close of day the wood suddenly seemed to be in flames on all sides, and from every quarter was heard the sounds of numerous trumpets, and other martial instruments, as if great bodies of cavalry were passing through the wood. All present seemed petrified with astonishment at what they heard and saw. To these noises others succeeded, like the Moorish yells at the onset of battle. Trumpets, clarions, drums, and fifes, were heard, all at once, so loud and incessant, that he must have been without sense who did not lose it in the midst of so discordant and horrible a din. The duke and duchess were alarmed, Don Quixote in amazement, and Sancho Panza trembled:—in short, even those who were in the secret were terrified, and consternation held them all in silence. A post-boy, habited like a fiend, now made his appearance, blowing, as he passed onward, a monstrous horn, which produced a hoarse and frightful sound.

“Ho, courier!” cried the duke, “who are you? Whither go you? And what soldiers are those who seem to be crossing this wood?” To which the courier answered in a terrific voice, “I am the devil, and am going in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha. Those you inquire about are six troops of enchanters, conducting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, accompanied by the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, who comes to inform her knight by what means she is to be released from the power of enchantment.” “If you were the devil, as you say, and, indeed, appear to be,” quoth the knight, “you would have known that I who stand before you am that same Don Quixote de la Mancha.” “Before Heaven, and on my conscience,” replied the devil, “in my hurry and distraction I did not see him.” “This devil,” quoth Sancho, “must needs be an honest fellow, and a good Christian, else he would not have sworn by Heaven and his conscience; for my part, I verily believe there are some good people even in hell.” The devil now, without alighting, directed his eyes to Don Quixote, and said, “To thee, Knight of the Lions—and may I see thee between their paws!—I am sent by the valiant but unfortunate Montesinos, by whom I am directed to command thee to wait his arrival on the very spot wherever I should find thee. With him comes the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to inform thee by what means thou mayst deliver her from the thralldom of enchantment. Thou hast heard my message; I now return;—devils like myself have thee in their keeping! and good angels that noble pair!” All were in perplexity, but especially the knight and squire: Sancho to see how Dulcinea must be enchanted in spite of plain truth, and Don Quixote from certain qualms respecting the truth of his adventures in the cave of Montesinos. While he stood musing on this subject, the duke said to him, “Do you mean to wait, Signor Don Quixote?” “Why not?” answered he; “here will I wait, intrepid and firm, though all hell should come to assault me.” “By my faith!” quoth Sancho, “if I should see another devil, and hear another such horn, I will no more stay here than in Flanders.”

The night now grew darker, and numerous lights were seen glancing through the wood, like those exhalations which in the air appear like shooting stars.

A dreadful noise was likewise heard, like that caused by the ponderous wheels of an ox-waggon, from whose harsh and continued creaking, it is said, wolves and bears fly away in terror. The turmoil, however, still increased, for at the four quarters of the wood, hostile armies seemed to be engaged: here was heard the dreadful thunder of artillery; there volleys of innumerable musqueteers; the clashing of arms, and shouts of nearer combatants, joined with the Moorish war-hoop at a distance;—in short, the horns, clarions, trumpets, drums, cannon, muskets, and above all, the frightful creaking of the waggons, formed altogether so tremendous a din, that Don Quixote had need of all his courage to stand firm, and wait the issue. But Sancho's heart quite failed him, and he fell down in a swoon at the duchess's feet. Cold water being brought at her grace's command, it was sprinkled upon his face, and his senses returned just in time to witness the arrival of one of the creaking waggons. It was drawn by four heavy oxen, all covered with black palls, having also a large flaming torch fastened to each horn. On the floor of the waggon was placed a seat, much elevated, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard whiter than snow, that reached below his girdle. His vestment was a long gown of black buckram (for the carriage was so illuminated that everything might be easily distinguished), and the drivers were two demons clothed also in black, and of such hideous aspect that Sancho, having once seen them, shut his eyes, and would not venture upon a second look.

When the waggon had arrived opposite the party, the venerable person within it arose from his seat, and, standing erect, with a solemn voice, he said, "I am the sage Lirgandeo." He then sat down, and the waggon went forward. After that another waggon passed in the same manner, with another old man enthroned, who, when the carriage stopped, arose, and, in a voice no less solemn, said, "I am the sage Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the unknown." He passed on, and a third waggon advanced at the same pace; but the person seated on the throne was not an old man, like the two former, but a man of robust form and ill-favoured countenance, who, when he came near, stood up as the others had done, and said, with a voice hoarse and diabolical, "I am Arcalaus, the enchanter, mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and all his race," and immediately proceeded onward. The three waggons halting at a little distance, the painful noise of their wheels ceased, and it was followed by the sweet and harmonious sounds of music, delightful to Sancho's ears, who, taking it for a favourable omen, said to the duchess (from whose side he had not stirred an inch), "Where there is music, madam, there can be no mischief." "No, nor where there is light and splendour," answered the duchess. "Flame may give light," replied Sancho, "and bonfires may illuminate; yet we may easily be burnt by them; but music is always a sign of feasting and merriment." "That will be seen presently," quoth Don Quixote, who was listening; and he said right, for it will be found in the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

*Wherein is continued the account of the method prescribed to Don Quixote for disenchanting Dulcinea; with other wonderful events.*

As the agreeable music approached, ~~they observed that it~~ attended a stately triumphal car, drawn by six grey mules, covered with white linen; and upon each of them rode a penitent of light,\* clothed also in white, and holding a lighted torch in his hand. The car was more than double the size of the others which had passed, and twelve penitents were ranged in order within it, all carrying lighted torches; a sight which at once caused surprise and terror. Upon an elevated throne sat a nymph, covered with a thousand veils of silver tissue, bespangled with innumerable flowers of gold, so that her dress, if not rich, was gay and glittering. Over her head was thrown a transparent gauze, so thin that through its folds might be seen a most beautiful face; and from the multitude of lights, it was easy to discern that she was young as well as beautiful; for she was evidently under twenty years of age, though not less than seventeen. Close by her sat a figure, clad in a magnificent robe, reaching to the feet, having his head covered with a black veil. The moment this vast machine arrived opposite to where the duke and duchess and Don Quixote stood, the attending music ceased, as well as the harps and lutes within the car. The figure in the gown then stood up, and throwing open the robe and uncovering his face, displayed the ghastly countenance of death, looking so terrific that Don Quixote started, Sancho was struck with terror, and even the duke and duchess seemed to betray some symptoms of fear. This living death, standing erect, in a dull and drowsy tone, and with a sleepy articulation, spoke as follows:—

Merlin I am, miscalled the devil's son  
In lying annals, authorised by time:  
Monarch supreme, and great depositary  
Of magic art and Zoroastic skill;  
Rival of envious ages, that would hide  
The glorious deeds of errant cavaliers,  
Favour'd by me and my peculiar charge,  
Though vile enchanters, still on mischief bent,  
To plague mankind their baleful art employ,  
Merlin's soft nature, ever prone to good,  
His power inclines to bless the human race.

In hadè's chambers, where my busied ghost  
Was forming spells and mystic characters,  
Dulcinea's voice, peerless Tobosan maid,  
With mournful accents reach'd my pitying ears,  
I knew her woe, her metamorphos'd form,  
From high-born beauty in a palace graced,  
To the loathed features of a cottage wench  
With sympathising grief I straight revolved  
The numerous tomes of my detested art,  
And in the hollow of this skeleton  
My soul inclosing, hither am I come,  
To tell the cure of such uncommon ills.

\* In England also to be clothed in a white sheet, and bear a candle or torch in the hand, in penance: and in the same manner the "amende honorable" is performed in France.



O glory thou of all that case their limbs  
 In polished steel and fenceful adamant !  
 Light, beacon, polar star, and glorious guide  
 Of all who, starting from the lazy down,  
 Banish ignoble sleep for the rude toil  
 And hardy exercise of errant arms !  
 Spain's boasted pride, La Mancha's matchless knight,  
 Whose valiant deeds outstrip pursuing fame !  
 Would'st thou to beauty's pristine state restore  
 Th' enchanted dame, Sancho, thy faithful squire,  
 Must to his brawny buttocks, bare expos'd,  
 Three thousand and three hundred stripes apply,  
 Such as may sting and give him smarting pain :  
 The authors of her change have thus decreed,  
 And this is Merlin's errand from the shades."

"What!" quoth Sancho, "three thousand lashes ! Odd's-flesh ! I will as soon give myself three stabs as three single lashes—much less three thousand ! The devil take this way of disenchanting ! I cannot see what my buttocks have to do with enchantments. Before Heaven ! if Signor Merlin can find out no other way to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted she may go to her grave for me !" "Not lash thyself ! thou garlic-eating wretch !" quoth Don Quixote ; "I shall take thee to a tree, and tie thee naked as thou wert born, and there, not three thousand and three hundred, but six thousand six hundred lashes will I give thee, and those so well laid on that three thousand three hundred hard tugs shall not tug them off. So answer me not a word, scoundrel ! for I will tear thy very soul out !" "It must not be so," said Merlin ; "the lashes that honest Sancho is to receive must not be applied by force, but with his good will, and at whatever time he pleases, for no term is fixed : and furthermore, he is allowed, if he please, to save himself half the trouble of applying so many lashes, by having half the number laid on by another hand, provided that hand be somewhat heavier than his own." "Neither another hand nor my own," quoth Sancho, "no hand, either heavy or light, shall touch my flesh." Was the lady Dulcinea brought forth by me, that my posteriors must pay for the transgressions of her eyes ? My master, indeed, who is part of her, since at every step he is calling her his life, his soul, his support, and stay—he it is who ought to lash himself for her, and do all that is needful for her delivery : but for me to whip myself—no, I pronounce it !"

No sooner had Sancho thus declared himself, than the spangled nymph who sat by the side of Merlin arose, and throwing aside her veil, discovered a face of extraordinary beauty : and with a masculine air, and no very amiable voice, addressed herself to Sancho : "O wretched squire—with no more soul than a pitcher ! thou heart of cork and bowels of flint ! hadst thou been required, nose-slitting thief ! to throw thyself from some high tower ; hadst thou been desired, enemy of human kind ! to eat a dozen of toads, two dozen of lizards, and three dozen of snakes ; hadst thou been requested to kill thy wife and children with some bloody and sharp scimitar—no wonder if thou hadst betrayed some squeamishness ; but to hesitate about three thousand three hundred lashes, which there is not a wretched school-boy but receives every month, it amazes, stupifies, and affrights the tender bowels of all who hear it, and even of all who shall hereafter be told it. Cast, thou marble-hearted wretch !—cast, I say, those huge goggle eyes upon these lovely balls of mine, that shine like glittering stars, and thou wilt see them weep, drop by drop, and stream after stream,

making furrows, tracks, and paths down these beautiful cheeks! Relent, malicious and evil-minded monster! be moved by my blooming youth, which, though yet in its teens, is pining and withering beneath the vile bark of a peasant-wench; and if at this moment I appear otherwise, it is by the special favour of Signor Merlin, hoping that these charms may soften that iron heart; for the tears of afflicted beauty turn rocks into cotton, and tigers into lambs. Lash, untamed beast! lash away on that brawny flesh of thine, and rouse from that base sloth which only inclines thee to eat and eat again; and restore to me the delicacy of my skin, the sweetness of my temper, and all the charms of beauty; and if for my sake thou wilt not be mollified into reasonable compliance, let the anguish of that miserable knight stir thee to compassion—thy master I mean, whose soul I see sticking crosswise in his throat, not ten inches from his lips, waiting only thy cruel or kind answer either to fly out of his mouth, or return joyfully into his bosom."

Don Quixote here putting his finger to his throat, "Before Heaven!" said he, "Dulcinea is right, for I here feel my soul sticking in my throat, like the stopper of a cross-bow!" "What say you to that, Sancho?" quoth the duchess. "I say, madam," answered Sancho, "what I have already said, that, as to the lashes, I pronounce them." "Renounce, you should say, Sancho," quoth the duke, "and not 'pronounce.'" "Please your grandeur to let me alone," replied Sancho, "for I cannot stand now to a letter more or less: these lashes so torment me that I know not what I say or do. But I would fain know one thing from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that is, where she learnt her manner of asking a favour? She comes to desire me to tear my flesh with stripes, and at the same time lays upon me such a bead-roll of ill names that the devil may bear them for me. What! does she think my flesh is made of brass? or that I care a rush whether she is enchanted or not! Where are the presents she has brought to soften me? Instead of a basket of fine linen shirts, night-caps, and socks (though I wear none), here is nothing but abuse. Every one knows that 'the golden load is a burthen light;' that 'gifts will make their way through stone walls!' 'pray devoutly and hammer on stoutly;' and one 'take' is worth two 'I'll give thee's.' There's his worship my master, too, instead of wheedling and coaxing me to make myself wool and carded cotton, threatens to tie me stark naked to a tree and double the dose of stripes. These tender-hearted gentlefolks ought to remember too that they not only desire to have a squire whipped, but a governor, making no more of it than saying, 'drink with your cherries.' Let them learn—plague take them! let them learn how to ask and entreat, and mind their breeding. All times are not alike, nor are men always in a humour for all things. At this moment my heart is ready to burst with grief to see this rent in my jacket, and people come to desire that I would also tear my flesh, and that, too, of my own good-will: I have just as much mind to the thing as to turn Turk."

"In truth, friend Sancho," said the duke, "if you do not relent and become softer than a ripe fig, you finger no government of mine. It would be a fine thing, indeed, were I to send my good islanders a cruel, flinty-hearted tyrant, whom neither the tears of afflicted damsels nor the admonitions of wise, reverend, and ancient enchanters can move to compassion! Really, Sancho, I am compelled to say—no stripes, no government." "May I not be allowed two days, my lord," quoth Sancho, "to consider what is best for me to do?" "In no wise can that be," cried Merlin; "on this spot and at this instant you must determine; for Dulcinea must either return to Montesino's cave and to her rustic shape, or in her present form be carried to the Elysian fields, there to wait until the penance be completed." "Come, friend Sancho," said the duchess, "be of good cheer, and show yourself grateful to your master, whose

bread you have eaten, and to whose generous nature and noble feats of chivalry we are all so much beholden. Come, my son, give your consent, and let the devil go to the devil; leave fear to the cowardly; a good heart breaks bad fortune, as you well know."

"Hark you, Signor Merlin," quoth Sancho, addressing himself to the sage; "pray will you tell me one thing—how comes it about that the devil-courier just now brought a message to my master from Signor Montesinos, saying that he would be here anon, to give directions about this disenchantment; and yet we have seen nothing of them all this while?" "Pshaw!" replied Merlin, "the devil is an ass and a lying rascal; he was sent from me and not from Montesinos, who is still in his cave contriving, or rather awaiting, the end of his enchantment, for the tail is yet unflayed. If he owes you money, or you have any other business with him, he shall be forthcoming in a trice, when and where you think fit; and therefore come to a decision, and consent to this small penance, from which both your soul and body will receive marvellous benefit; your soul by an act of charity, and your body by a wholesome and timely blood-letting." "How the world swarms with doctors," quoth Sancho, "the very enchanters seem to be of the trade! Well, since everybody tells me so, though the thing is out of all reason, I promise to give myself the three thousand three hundred lashes, upon condition that I may lay them on whenever I please, without being tied to days or times; and I will endeavour to get out of debt as soon as I possibly can, that the beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso may shine forth to all the world; as it seems she is really beautiful, which I much doubted. Another condition is, that I will not be bound to draw blood, and if some lashes happen only to fly-flap, they shall all go into the account. Moreover, if I should mistake in the reckoning, Signor Merlin here, who knows everything, shall give me notice how many I want or have exceeded."

"As for the exceedings, there is no need of keeping account of them," answered Merlin; "for when the number is completed, that instant will the lady Dulcinea del Toboso be disenchanting, and come full of gratitude in search of good Sancho, to thank and even reward him for the generous deed. So that no scruples are necessary about surplus and deficiency; and Heaven forbid that I should allow anybody to be cheated of a single hair of their head." "Go to, then, in God's name," quoth Sancho, "I must submit to my ill fortune: I say I consent to the penance upon the conditions I have mentioned."

No sooner had Sancho pronounced his consent than the innumerable instruments poured forth their music, the volleys of musquetry were discharged, while Don Quixote clung about Sancho's neck, giving him, on his forehead and brawny cheeks, a thousand kisses; the duke and duchess, and all who were present, likewise testified their satisfaction. The car now moved on, and in departing the fair Dulcinea bowed her head to the duke and duchess, and made a low curtsy to Sancho.

By this time the cheerful and joyous dawn began to appear, the flowerets of the fields expanded their fragrant beauties to the light, and brooks and streams, in gentle murmurs, ran to pay expecting rivers in their crystal tribute. The earth rejoiced, the sky was clear, and the air serene and calm; all, combined and separately, giving manifest tokens that the day, which followed fast upon Aurora's heels, would be bright and fair. The duke and duchess, having happily executed their ingenious project, returned highly gratified to their castle, and determined on the continuation of fictions which afforded more pleasures than realities.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

*Wherein is recorded the strange and inconceivable adventure of the ill-used duenna, or the Countess of Trifaldi; and likewise Sancho Panza's letter to his wife Teresa Panza.*

THE whole contrivance of the last adventure was the work of the duke's steward; a man of a humorous and facetious turn of mind. He it was who composed the verses, instructed a page to perform the part of Dulcinea, and personated himself the shade of Merlin. Assisted by the duke and duchess, he now prepared another scene still more entertaining than the former.

The next day the duchess inquired of Sancho if he had begun his penance for the relief of his unhappy lady. "By my faith, I have," said he, "for last night I gave myself five lashes." The duchess desired to know how he had given them. "With the palm of my hand," said he. "That," replied the duchess, "is rather clapping than whipping, and I am of opinion that Signor Merlin will not be so easily satisfied. My good Sancho must get a rod of briars or of whiplcord, that the strokes may be followed by sufficient smarting: for letters written in blood cannot be disputed, and the deliverance of a great lady like Dulcinea is not to be purchased with a song." "Give me, then, madam, some rod or bough," quoth Sancho, "and I will use it, if it does not smart too much; for I would have your ladyship know that, though I am a clown, my flesh has more of the cotton than of the rush, and there is no reason why I should flay myself for other folks' gain." "Fear not," answered the duchess, "it shall be my care to provide you with a whip that shall suit you exactly, and agree with the tenderness of your flesh as if it were its own brother." "But now, my dear lady," quoth Sancho, "you must know that I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, giving her an account of all that has befallen me since I parted from her:—here it is in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the name on the outside. I wish your discretion would read it, for methinks it is written like a governor—I mean in the manner that governors ought to write." "And who indited it?" demanded the duchess. "Who should indite it but I myself, sinner as I am?" replied Sancho. "And did you write it too?" said the duchess. "No, indeed," answered Sancho, "for I can neither read nor write, though I can set my mark." "Let us see it," said the duchess, "for I dare say it shows the quality and extent of your genius." Sancho took the letter out of his bosom, unsealed it, and the duchess having taken it, read as follows:—

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

"If I have been finely lashed, I have been finely mounted up; if I have got a good government, it has cost me many good lashes. This, my dear Teresa, thou canst not understand at present; another time thou wilt. Thou must know, Teresa, that I am determined that thou shalt ride in thy coach, which is somewhat to the purpose; for all other ways of going are no better than creeping upon all fours, like a cat. Thou shalt be a governor's wife: see then whether anybody will dare to tread on thy heels. I here send thee a green hunting-suit, which my lady duchess gave me: fit it up so that it may serve our daughter for a jacket and petticoat. They say in this country that my master Don Quixote is a sensible madman and a pleasant fool, and that I am not a whit behind him. We have been in Montesinos' cave, and the sage Merlin, the wizard, has pitched upon me to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del

Toboso, who among you is called Aldonza Lorenzo. When I have given myself three thousand and three hundred lashes, lacking five, she will be as free from enchantment as the mother that bore her. Say nothing of this to anybody; for, bring your affairs into council, and one will cry it is white, another, it is black. A few days hence I shall go to the government, whither I go with a huge desire to get money; and I am told it is the same with all new governors. I will first see how matters stand, and send thee word whether or not thou shalt come to me. Dapple is well, and sends thee his hearty service; part with him I will not, though I were to be made the great Turk. The duchess, my mistress, kisses thy hands a thousand times over; return her two thousand; for, as my master says, nothing is cheaper than civil words. God has not been pleased to throw in my way another portmanteau, and another hundred crowns, as once before: but take no heed, my dear Teresa, for he that has the game in his hand need not mind the loss of a trick—the government will make up for all. One thing only troubles me: I am told if I once try it, I shall eat my very fingers after it; and if so, it will not be much of a bargain, though, indeed, the crippled and maimed enjoy a petty-canonry in the alms they receive; so that, one way or another, thou art sure to be rich and happy. God send it may be so—as he easily can, and keep me for thy sake.

“Thy husband, the governor,

“SANCHO PANZA.

‘From this Castle, the 20th of July, 1614.’”

The duchess having read the letter, said to Sancho, “In two things the good governor is a little out of the way: the one in saying, or insinuating, that this government is conferred on him on account of the lashes he is to give himself; whereas he cannot deny, for he knows it well, that, when my lord duke promised it to him, nobody dreamt of lashes: the other is, that he appears to be covetous, and I hope no harm may come of it; for avarice bursts the bag, and the covetous governor doeth ungoverned justice.” “Truly, madam, that is not my meaning,” replied Sancho; “and, if your highness does not like this letter, it is but tearing it, and writing a new one, which, mayhap, may prove worse, if left to thy mending.” “No, no,” replied the duchess, “this is a very good one, and the duke shall see it.”

They then repaired to a garden, where they were to dine that day; and there Sancho's letter was shown to the duke, who read it with great pleasure. After dinner, as Sancho was entertaining the company with some of his relishing conversation, they suddenly heard the dismal sound of an unbraced drum, accompanied by a fife. All were surprised at this martial and doleful harmony, especially Don Quixote, who was so agitated that he could scarcely keep his seat. As for Sancho, it is enough to say that fear carried him to his usual refuge, which was the duchess's side, or the skirts of her petticoat; for the sounds which they heard were truly dismal and melancholy. While they were thus held in suspense, two young men, clad in mourning robes trailing upon the ground, entered the garden, each of them beating a great drum, covered also with black; and with these a third, playing on the fife, in mourning like the rest. These were followed by a person of gigantic stature, not dressed, but rather enveloped, in a robe of the blackest dye, the train whereof was of immoderate length, and over it he wore a broad black belt, in which was slung a mighty scimitar, enclosed within a sable scabbard. His face was covered by a thin black veil, through which might be discovered a long beard, white as snow. He marched forward, regulating his steps to the sound of the drums, with much gravity and stateliness. In short, his dark robe, his enormous bulk, his solemn

deportment, and the funeral gloom of his figure, together with his attendants, might well produce the surprise that appeared on every countenance.

With all imaginable respect and formality he approached and knelt down before the duke, who received him standing, and would in no wise suffer him to speak till he rose up. The monstrous apparition, then rising, lifted up his veil, and exposed to view his fearful length of beard—the longest, whitest, and most luxuriant that ever human eyes beheld; when, fixing his eyes on the duke, in a voice grave and sonorous, he said, “Most high and potent lord, my name is Trifaldin of the White Beard, and I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Duenna, from whom I bear a message to your highness, requesting that you will be pleased to give her ladyship permission to approach, and relate to your magnificence the unhappy and wonderful circumstances of her misfortune. But, first, she desires to know whether the valorous and invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha resides at this time in your castle; for in quest of him she has travelled on foot, and fasting, from the kingdom of Candaya to this your territory; an exertion miraculous and incredible, were it not wrought by enchantment. She is now at the outward gate of this castle, and only waits your highness’s invitation to enter.”

Having said this, he hemmed, stroked his beard from top to bottom, and with much gravity and composure stood expecting the duke’s answer, which was to this effect: “Worthy Trifaldin of the White Beard, long since have we been apprised of the afflictions of my lady the Countess Trifaldi, who, through the malice of enchanters, is too truly called the Dolorous Duenna: tell her, therefore, stupendous squire, that she may enter, and that the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha is here present, from whose generous assistance she may safely promise herself all the redress she requires. Tell her also that, if my aid be necessary, she may command my services, since, as a knight, I am bound to protect all women, more especially injured and afflicted matrons like her ladyship.” Trifaldin, on receiving the duke’s answer, bent one knee to the ground, then giving a signal to his musical attendants, he retired with the same solemnity as he entered, leaving all in astonishment at the majesty of his figure and deportment.

The duke then turning to Don Quixote, said, “It is evident, sir knight, that neither the clouds of malice nor of ignorance can obscure the light of your valour and virtue: six days have scarcely elapsed since you have honoured this castle with your presence, and, behold, the afflicted and oppressed flock hither in quest of you from far distant countries; not in coaches, or upon dromedaries, but on foot, and fasting!—such is their confidence in the strength of that arm the fame whereof spreads over the whole face of the earth!” “I wish, my lord duke,” answered Don Quixote, “that holy person, who but a few days since expressed himself with so much acrimony against knights-errant, were now here, that he might have ascertained, with his own eyes, whether or not such knights were necessary in the world; at least he would be forced to acknowledge that the afflicted and disconsolate, in extraordinary cases and in overwhelming calamities, fly not for relief to the houses of scholars, nor to village priests, nor to the country gentleman, who never travels out of sight of his own domain, nor to the lazy courtier, who rather inquires after news to tell again than endeavours to perform deeds worthy of being related by others. No—remedy for the injured, support for the distressed, protection for damsels, and consolation for widows, are nowhere so readily to be found as among knights-errant; and, that I am one, I give infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall not repine at any hardships or evils that I may endure in so honourable a vocation. Let the afflicted lady come forward and make known her request, and be it whatever it may, she may rely on the strength of this arm, and the resolute courage of my soul.”

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

*In which is continued the famous adventure of the afflicted duenna.*

THE duke and duchess were extremely delighted to find Don Quixote wrought up into a mood so favourable to their design; but Sancho was not so well satisfied. "I should be sorry," said he. "that this madam duenna should lay any stumbling-block in the way of my promised government; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, say that no good ever comes of meddling with duennas. Odds my life! what an enemy to them was that apothecary! If, then, duennas of every quality and condition are troublesome and impertinent, what must those be who come in the doldrums? which seems to be the case with this same Countess Three-skirts, or Three-tails—for skirts and tails, in my country, are all one." "Hold thy peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for as this lady duenna comes in quest of me from so remote a country, she cannot be one of those who fall under that apothecary's displeasure. Besides, thou must have noticed that this lady is a countess; and when countesses serve as duennas, it must be as attendants upon queens and empresses; having houses of their own, where they command, and are served by other duennas." "Yes, in sooth, so it is," said Donna Rodriguez (who was present); "and my lady duchess has duennas in her service who might have been countesses themselves had it pleased fortune; but 'Laws go on kings' errands;' and let no one speak ill of duennas, especially of ancient maiden ones; for, though I am not of that number, yet I can easily conceive the advantage a maiden duenna has over one that is a widow. But let them take heed, for he who attempts to clip us will be left with the shears in his hand."

"For all that," replied Sancho, "here is still so much to be sheared about your duennas, as my barber tells me, that it is better not to stir the rice though it burn to the pot." "These squires," quoth Donna Rodriguez, "are our sworn enemies; and being, as it were, evil spirits that prowl about ante-chambers, continually watching us the hours they are not at their beads—which are not a few—they can find no other pastime than reviling us: and will dig up our bones only to give another deathblow to our reputations. But let me tell these jesters that, in spite of their flouts, we shall live in the world—ay, and in the best families too, though we starve for it, and cover our delicate, or not delicate bodies, with black weeds, as dunghills are sometimes covered with tapestry on a procession day. Foul slanderers!—by my faith, if I were allowed, and the occasion required it, I would prove to all here present, and to the whole world besides, that there is no virtue that is not contained in a duenna." "I am of opinion," quoth the duchess, "that my good Donna Rodriguez is very much in the right; but she must wait for a more proper opportunity to finish the debate, and confute and confound the calumnies of that wicked apothecary, and also to root out the ill opinion which the great Sancho fosters in his breast." "I care not to dispute with her," quoth Sancho, "for, ever since the fumes of government have got into my head, I have given up all my squireship notions, and care not a fig for all the duennas in the world."

This dialogue about duennas would have continued, had not the sound of the drum and fife announced the approach of the afflicted lady. The duchess asked the duke whether it would not be proper for him to go and meet her, since she was a countess, and a person of quality. "Look you," quoth Sancho before the duke could answer, "in regard to her being a countess, it is fitting your

highness should go to receive her; but, inasmuch as she is a duenna, I am of opinion you should not stir a step." "Who desires thee to intermeddle in this matter, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Who, sir," answered Sancho, "but I myself? have I not a right to intermeddle, being a squire, who has learned the rules of good manners in the school of your worship? Have I not had the flower of courtesy for my master, who has often told me that one may as well lose the game by a card too much as a card too little; and a word is enough to the wise." "Sancho is right," quoth the duke; "but let us see what kind of a countess this is, and then we shall judge what courtesy is due to her." The drums and fife now advanced as before—but here the author ended this short chapter, and began another with the continuation of the same adventure, which is one of the most remarkable in the history.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

*Which contains the account given by the afflicted duenna of her misfortunes.*

THE doleful musicians were followed by twelve duennas, in two ranks, clad in large mourning robes, seemingly of milled serge, and covered with white veils of thin muslin that almost reached to their feet. Then came the Countess Trifaldi herself, led by her squire Trifaldin of the White Beard. She was clad in a robe of the finest serge, which, had it been napped, each grain would have been of the size of a good ronceval pea. The train, or tail (call it by either name), was divided into three separate portions, and supported by three pages, and spread out, making a regular mathematical figure with three angles; whence it was conjectured she obtained the name of Trifaldi, or Three-skirts. Indeed, Benengeli says that was the fact; her real name being countess of Lobuna, or Wolfand, from the multitude of wolves produced in that earldom: and, had they been foxes instead of wolves, she would have been styled Countess Zorruna, according to the custom of those nations for the great to take their titles from the things with which the country most abounded. This great countess, however, was induced, from the singular form of her garments, to exchange her original title of Lobuna for that of Trifaldi. The twelve duennas, with the lady, advanced slowly in procession, having their faces covered with black veils—not transparent, like that of the squire Trifaldin, but so thick that nothing could be seen through them.

On the approach of this battalion of duennas, the duke, duchess, Don Quixote, and all the other spectators, rose from their seats; and now the attendant duennas halted, and, separating, opened a passage through which their afflicted lady, still led by the squire Trifaldin, advanced towards the noble party, who stepped some dozen paces forward to receive her. She then cast herself on her knees, and, with a voice rather harsh and coarse than clear and delicate, said, "I entreat your graces will not condescend to so much courtesy to this your valet—I mean your handmaid; for my mind, already bewildered with affliction, will only be still more confounded. Alas! my unparalleled misfortune has seized and carried off my understanding, I know not whither; out surely it must be to a great distance, for the more I seek it the further it seems from me." "He must be wholly destitute of understanding, lady countess," quoth the duke, "who could not discern your merit by your person, which alone claims all the cream of courtesy and all the flower of well-bred



ceremony." Then raising her by the hand, he led her to a chair close by the duchess, who also received her with much politeness.

During the ceremony Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho dying with impatience to see the face of the Trifaldi, or of some one of her many duennas: but it was impossible, till they chose to unveil themselves. All was expectation, and not a whisper was heard, till at length the afflicted lady began in these words: "Confident I am, most potent lord, most beautiful lady, and most discreet spectators, that my most unfortunate miserableness will find, in your generous and compassionate bowels, a most merciful sanctuary; for so doleful and dolorous is my wretched state that it is sufficient to mollify marble, to soften adamant, and melt down the steel of the hardest hearts. But, before the rehearsal of my misfortunes is commenced on the public stage of your hearing faculties, I earnestly desire to be informed whether this noble circle be adorned by that renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirrissimo Panza." "That same Panza," said Sancho, before any other could answer, "stands here before you, and also Don Quixotissimo; and therefore, most dolorous duennissima, say what you willissima; for we are all ready to be your most humble servantissimos."

Upon this Don Quixote stood up, and, addressing himself to the doleful countess, he said: "If your misfortunes, afflicted lady, can admit of remedy from the valour or fortitude of a knight-errant, the little all that I possess shall be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose function it is to relieve every species of distress; you need not, therefore, madam, implore benevolence, nor have recourse to preambles, but plainly, and without circumlocution, declare your grievances, for you have auditors who will bestow commiseration if not redress." On hearing this the afflicted duenna attempted to throw herself at Don Quixote's feet—in truth she did so, and, struggling to kiss them, said: "I prostrate myself, O invincible knight, before these feet and legs, which are the bases and pillars of knight-errantry, and will kiss these feet, whose steps lead to the end and termination of my misfortunes! O valorous knight-errant, whose true exploits surpass and obscure the fabulous feats of the Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises of old!"

Then, leaving Don Quixote, she turned to Sancho Panza, and taking him by the hand, said: "O thou, the most trusty squire that ever served knight-errant in present or past ages, whose goodness is of greater extent than that beard of my usher Trifaldin; well mayest thou boast that, in serving Don Quixote, thou dost serve, in epitome, all the knights-errant that ever shone in the annals of chivalry! I conjure thee, by thy natural benevolence and inviolable fidelity, to intercede with thy lord in my behalf, that the light of his favour may forthwith shine upon the humblest and unhappiest of countesses." To which Sancho answered: "Whether my goodness, madam countess, be, or be not, as long and as broad as your squire's beard, is no concern of mine; so that my soul be well bearded and whiskered when it departs this life, I care little or nothing for beards here below: but, without all this coaxing and beseeching, I will put in a word for you to my master, who I know has a kindness for me; besides, just now he stands in need of me about a certain business—so, take my word for it, he shall do what he can for you. Now pray unload your griefs, madam; let us hear all you have to say, and leave us to manage the matter."

The duke and duchess could scarcely preserve their gravity on seeing this adventure take so pleasant a turn, and were highly pleased with the ingenuity and good management of the Countess Trifaldi, who, returning to her seat, thus began her tale of sorrow: "The famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between the great Taprobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, had for its queen the lady Donna Maguncia, widow of king Archipiela,

who died leaving the Infanta Antonomasia, their only child, heiress to the crown. This princess was brought up and educated under my care and instruction; I being the eldest and chief of the duennas in the household of her royal mother. Now, in process of time the young Antonomasia arrived at the age of fourteen, with such perfection of beauty that nature could not raise it a pitch higher; and, what is more, discretion itself was but a child to her; for she was as discreet as fair, and she was the fairest creature living; and so she still remains, if the envious fates and hard-hearted destinies have not cut short her thread of life. But sure they have not done it; for Heaven would never permit that so much injury should be done to the earth as to lop off prematurely the loveliest branch that ever adorned the garden of the world. Her wondrous beauty, which my feeble tongue can never sufficiently extol, attracted innumerable adorers; and princes of her own, and every other nation, became her slaves. Among the rest a private cavalier of the court had the audacity to aspire to that earthly heaven; confiding in his youth, his gallantry, his sprightly and happy wit, with numerous other graces and qualifications. Indeed, I must confess to your highnesses—though with reverence be it spoken—he could touch the guitar to a miracle. He was, besides, a poet and a fine dancer, and had so rare a talent for making bird-cages that he might have gained his living by it, in case of need. So many parts and elegant endowments were sufficient to have moved a mountain, much more the tender heart of a virgin. But all his graces and accomplishments would have proved ineffectual against the virtue of my beautiful charge, had not the robber and ruffian first artfully contrived to make a conquest of me. The assassin and barbarous vagabond began with endeavouring to obtain my good will and suborn my inclination, that I might betray my trust, and deliver up to him the keys of the fortress I guarded. In short, he so plied me with toys and trinkets, and so insinuated himself into my soul, that I was bewitched. But that which chiefly brought me down, and levelled me with the ground, was a copy of verses which I heard him sing one night under my window; and if I remember right the words were these:—

The tyrant fair whose beauty sent  
The throbbing mischief to my heart,  
The more my anguish to augment,  
Forbids me to reveal the smart.

“The words of his song were to me so many pearls, and his voice was sweeter than honey; and many a time since have I thought, reflecting on the evils I incurred, that poets—at least, your amorous poets—should be banished from all good and well-regulated commonwealths; for, instead of composing pathetic verses like those of the marquis of Mantua, which make women and children weep, they exercise their skill in soft strokes and tender touches, which pierce the soul, and entering the body like lightning, consume all within, while the garment is left unsinged. Another time he sung:

Come, death, with gently-stealing pace,  
And take me unperceived away,  
Nor let me see thy wish'd-for face,  
Lest joy my fleeting life should stay.

Thus was I assailed with these and such like couplets that astonish, and when chanted are bewitching. But when our poets deign to compose a kind of verses much in fashion with us, called roundelays—good heaven! they are no sooner heard than the whole frame is in a state of emotion; the soul is seized with a kind of quaking, a titillation of the fancy, a pleasing delirium of all the

senses ! I therefore say again, most noble auditors, that such versifiers deserve to be banished to the Isle of Lizards ; though in truth the blame lies chiefly with the simpletons who commend, and the idiots who suffer themselves to be deluded by such things ; and had I been a wise and discreet duenna, the nightly chanting of his filthy verses would not have moved me, nor should I have lent an ear to such expressions as ' Dying I live ; in ice I burn ; I shiver in flames ; in despair I hope ; I fly, yet stay ; ' with other flim-flams of the like stamp, of which such kind of writings are full. Then again, when they promise to bestow on us the phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the ringlets of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tiber, and the balsam of Pencaya, how bountiful are their pens ! how liberal in promises which they cannot perform ! But, woe is me, unhappy wretch ! Whither do I stray ? What madness impels me to dwell on the faults of others, who have so many of mine own to answer for ? Woe is me again, miserable creature ! No, it was not his verses that vanquished me, but my own weakness ; music did not subdue me ; no, it was my own levity, my ignorance and lack of caution that melted me down, that opened the way and smoothed the passage for Don Clavijo ;—for that is the name of the treacherous cavalier. Thus being made the go-between, the wicked man was often in the chamber of the—not by him, but by me, betrayed Antonomasia, as her lawful spouse ; for, sinner as I am, never would I have consented unless he had been her true husband that he should have come within the shadow of her shoe-string ! No, no, marriage must be the forerunner of any business of this kind undertaken by me ; the only mischief in the affair was that they were ill-sorted, Don Clavijo being but a private gentleman, and the infanta Antonomasia, as I have already said, heiress of the kingdom.

"For some time this intercourse, enveloped in the sagacity of my circumspection, was concealed from every eye. At length I perceived a certain change in the bodily shape of the princess, and, apprehending it might lead to a discovery, we laid our three heads together and determined that, before the unhappy slip should come to light, Don Clavijo should demand Antonomasia in marriage before the vicar, in virtue of a contract signed and given him by the infanta herself to be his wife, and so worded by my wit, that the force of Sampson could not have broken through it. Our plan was immediately carried into execution ; the vicar examined the contract, took the lady's confession, and she was placed in the custody of an honest alguazil." "Bless me !" said Sancho, "alguazils too, and poets, and songs, and roundelays, in Candaya ! I swear the world is the same everywhere ! But pray get on, good madam Trifaldi, for it grows late, and I am on thorns till I know the end of this long story." "I shall be brief," answered the countess.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

*Wherein the duenna Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable history.*

EVERY word uttered by Sancho was the cause of much delight to the duchess, and disgust to Don Quixote, who having commanded him to hold his peace, the afflicted lady went on. "After many questions and answers," said she, "the infanta stood firm to her engagement, without varying a tittle from her first declaration ; the vicar, therefore, confirmed their union as lawful man and wife, which so affected the queen Donna Maguncia, mother to the infanta

Antonomasia, that three days after we buried her." "She died then, I suppose?" quoth Sancho. "Assuredly," replied the squire Trifaldin; "in Candaya we do not bury the living, but the dead." "Nevertheless, master Squire," said Sancho, "it has happened before now, that people only in a swoon have been buried for dead; and methinks queen Maguncia ought rather to have swooned than died in good earnest; for while there is life there is hope; and the young lady's offence was not so much out of the way that her mother should have taken it so to heart. Had she married one of her pages, or some serving-man of the family, as I have been told many have done, it would have been a bad business and past cure; but as she made choice of a well-bred young cavalier of such good parts, faith and troth, though mayhap it was foolish, 'it was no such mighty matter: for, as my master says, who is here present and will not let me lie, bishops are made out of learned men, and why may not kings and emperors be made out of cavaliers—especially if they be errant?" "Thou art in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for a knight-errant with but two grains of good luck is next in the order of promotion to the greatest lord in the world. But let the afflicted lady proceed: for I fancy the bitter part of this hitherto sweet story is still behind." "Bitter!" answered the countess—"ay, and so bitter that, in comparison, wormwood is sweet and rue savoury!

"The queen being really dead, and not in a swoon, we buried her; and scarcely had we covered her with earth and pronounced the last farewell, when, '*Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis?*'—lo, upon the queen's sepulchre who should appear, mounted on a wooden horse, but her cousin-german the giant Malambruno! Yes, that cruel necromancer came expressly to revenge the death of his cousin, and to chastise the presumptuous Don Clavijo and the foolish Antonomasia, both of whom, by his cursed art, he instantly transformed—her into a monkey of brass, and him into a frightful crocodile of some strange metal; fixing upon them, at the same time, a plate of metal, engraven with Syriac characters; which being first rendered into the Candayan, and now into the Castilian language, have this meaning; 'These two presumptuous lovers shall not regain their pristine form till the valorous Manchegan engages with me in single combat; since for his mighty arm alone have the destinies reserved the achievement of that stupendous adventure.' No sooner was the wicked deed performed, than out he drew from its scabbard a dreadful scimitar, and taking me by the hair of my head, he seemed prepared to cut my throat, or whip off my head at a blow! Though struck with horror and almost speechless, trembling and weeping, I begged for mercy in such moving tones and melting words that I at last prevailed on him to stop the cruel execution which he meditated. In short, he ordered into his presence all the duennas of the palace, being those you see here present—and, after having expatiated on our fault, inveighed against duennas, their wicked plots, and worse intrigues, and reviled all for the crime of which I alone was guilty, he said, though he would vouchsafe to spare our lives, he would inflict on us a punishment that should be a lasting shame. At the same instant, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and a sharp pain all over them, like the pricking of needle-points; upon which we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them in the condition you shall now behold."

Hereupon the afflicted lady and the rest of the duennas lifted up the veils which had hitherto concealed them, and discovered their faces planted with beards of all colours, black, brown, white, and pie-bald! The duke and duchess viewed the spectacle with surprise, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and the rest were all lost in amazement.

"Thus," continued the Trifaldi, "hath that wicked and evil-minded felon

Malambruno punished us!—covering our soft and delicate faces with these rugged bristles—would to heaven he had struck off our heads with his huge scimitar, rather than have obscured the light of our countenances with such an odious cloud! Whither, noble lords and lady,—O, that I could utter what I have now to say with rivers of tears! but alas, the torrent is spent, and excess of grief has left our eyes without moisture, and dry as beards of corn!—Whither, I say, can a duenna go whose chin is covered with a beard? What relation will own her? What charitable person will show her compassion, or afford her relief? Even at the best, when the grain of her skin is the smoothest, and her face tortured and set off with a thousand different washes and ointments—with all this, how seldom does she meet with good-will from either man or woman? What then will become of her when her face is become a forest? O duennas!—my dear partners in misfortune and companions in grief?—in an evil hour were we begotten! in an evil hour were we brought into the world! Oh!—here, being overcome with the strong sense of her calamity, she fell into a swoon.

## CHAPTER XL.

*Which treats of matters relating and appertaining to this adventure, and to this memorable history.*

VERY grateful ought all, who delight in histories of this kind, to be to the original author of the present work, Cid Hamet, for his punctilious regard for truth, in allowing no circumstance to escape his pen: and the curious exactness with which he notes and sets down everything just as it happened: nothing, however minute, being omitted! He lays open the inmost thoughts, speaks for the silent, clears up doubts, resolves arguments; in fine, satisfies, to the smallest particle, the most acute and inquisitive minds. O most incomparable author! O happy Don Quixote! O famous Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! jointly and severally may ye live through endless ages for the delight and recreation of mankind!

The history then proceeds to relate that when Sancho saw the afflicted lady faint away, he said, "Upon the word of an honest man, and by the blood of all my ancestors, the Panzas, I swear, I never heard or saw, nor has my master ever told me, nor did such an adventure as this ever enter into his thoughts! A thousand devils take thee—not to say curse thee, Malambruno, for an enchanter and giant! Couldst thou, beast! hit upon no other punishment for those poor sinners than clapping beards upon them? Had it not been better (for them I am sure it would) to have whipt off half their noses, though they had snuffled for it, than to have covered their faces with scrubbing-brushes? And what is worse, I'll wager a trifle they have not wherewithal to pay for shaving." "That is true, indeed, sir," answered one of the twelve: "we have not wherewithal to satisfy the barber, and therefore, as a shaving shift, some of us lay on plasters of pitch, which being pulled off with a jerk, take up roots and all, and thereby free us of this stubble for a while. As for the women who, in Candaya, go about from house to house to take off the superfluous hairs of the body, and trim the eyebrows, and do other private jobs for ladies, we, the duennas of her ladyship, would never have anything to do with them; for they are most of them no better than they should be; and therefore, if we are not relieved by Signor Don Quixote, with beards we shall

live, and with beards be carried to our graves." "I would pluck off my own in the land of the Moors," said Don Quixote, "if I failed to deliver you from yours."

"Ah, valorous knight!" cried the Trifaldi, at that moment recovering from her fainting fit, "the sweet tinkling of that promise reached my hearing faculty and restored me to life. Once again, then, illustrious knight-errant and invincible hero! let me beseech that your gracious promises may be converted into deeds." "The business shall not sleep with me," answered Don Quixote; "therefore say, madam, what I am to do, and you shall soon be convinced of my readiness to serve you." "Be it known then to you, sir," replied the afflicted dame, "that from this place to the kingdom of Candaya by land is computed to be about five thousand leagues, one or two more or less; but, through the air in a direct line, it is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You are likewise to understand that Malambruno told me that, whenever fortune should direct me to the knight who was to be our deliverer, he would send him a steed—not like the vicious jades let out for hire, for it should be that very wooden horse upon which Peter of Provence carried off the fair Magalona. This horse is governed by a peg in his forehead, which serves instead of a bridle, and he flies as swiftly through the air, as if the devil himself was switching him. This famous steed, tradition reports to have been formed by the cunning hand of Merlin the enchanter, who sometimes allowed him to be used by his particular friends, or those who paid him handsomely; and he it was who lent him to his friend the valiant Peter, when, as I said before, he stole the fair Magalona: whisking her through the air behind him on the crupper, and leaving all that beheld him from the earth gaping with astonishment. Since the time of Peter, to the present moment, we know of none that mounted him; but this we know, that Malambruno, by his art, has now got possession of him, and by this means posts about to every part of the world. To-day he is here, to-morrow in France, and the next day in Potosi; and the best of it is, that this same horse neither eats nor sleeps, nor wants shoeing; and, without wings, he ambles so smoothly that, in his most rapid flight the rider may carry in his hand a cup full of water without spilling a drop! No wonder, then, that the fair Magalona took such delight in riding him."

"As for easy going," quoth Sancho, "commend me to my Dapple, though he is no highflyer; but by land I will match him against all the ambler in the world." The gravity of the company was disturbed for a moment by Sancho's observation; but the unhappy lady proceeded: "Now this horse," said she, "if it be Malambruno's intention that our misfortune should have an end, will be here this very evening: for he told me that the sign by which I should be assured of my having arrived in the presence of my deliverer, would be his sending me the horse thither with all convenient despatch." "And pray," quoth Sancho, "how many will that same horse carry?" "Two persons," answered the lady, "one in the saddle and the other on the crupper; and generally these two persons are the knight and his squire, when there is no stolen damsel in the case." "I would fain know," quoth Sancho, "by what name he is called." "His name," answered the Trifaldi, "is not the same as the horse of Bellerophon, which was called Pegasus; nor is he called Bucephalus, like that of Alexander the Great; nor Brilladore, like that of Orlando Furioso; nor is it Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldos of Montalvan; nor Frontino, which was the steed of Rogero; nor is it Boötes, nor Pyrois—names given, it is said, to horses of the sun; neither is he called Orelia, like the horse which the unfortunate Roderigo, the last king of the Goths in Spain, mounted in that battle wherein he lost his kingdom and his life."

"I will venture a wager," quoth Sancho, "since they have given him none

of these famous and well-known names, neither have they given him that of my master's horse Rozinante, which in fitness goes beyond all the names you have mentioned." "It is very true," answered the bearded lady; "yet the name he bears is correct and significant, for he is called *Clavileno el Aligero*;" whereby his miraculous peg, his wooden frame, and extraordinary speed, are all curiously expressed: so that, in respect of his name, he may vie with the renowned Rozinante." "I dislike not his name," replied Sancho; "but with what bridle or what halter is he guided?" "I have already told you," answered the Trifaldi, "that he is guided by a peg, which the rider turning this way and that, makes him go, either aloft in the air, or else sweeping, and, as it were, brushing the earth; or in the middle region:—a course which the discreet and wise generally endeavour to keep." "I have a mighty desire to see him," quoth Sancho; "but to think I will get upon him, either in the saddle or behind upon the crupper, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree. It were a jest, indeed, for me, who can hardly sit my own Dapple, though upon a pannel softer than silk, to think of bestriding a wooden crupper, without either pillow or cushion! In faith, I do not intend to flay myself to unbeard the best lady in the land. Let every one shave or shear as he likes best; I have no mind for so long a journey: my master may travel by himself. Besides, I have nothing to do with it—I am not wanted for the taking off these beards, as well as the business of my lady Dulcinea." "Indeed, my friend, you are," said the Trifaldi; "and so much need is there of your kind help, that without it nothing can be done." "In the name of all the saints in heaven!" quoth Sancho, "what have squires to do with their master's adventures? Are we always to share the trouble, and they to reap all the glory? Body o' me! it might be something if the writers who recount their adventures would but set down in their books, 'such a knight achieved such an adventure, with the help of such a one, his squire, without whom the devil a bit could he have done it.' I say it would be something if we had our due; but, instead of this, they coolly tell us that, 'Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars finished the notable adventure of the six goblins,' and the like, without once mentioning his squire any more than if he had been a thousand miles off: though mayhap he, poor devil, was in the thick of it all the while! In truth, my good lord and lady, I say again, my master may manage this adventure by himself; and much good may it do him. I will stay with my lady duchess here, and perhaps when he comes back he may find Madam Dulcinea's business pretty forward: for I intend at my leisure whiles to lay it on to some purpose, so that I shall not have a hair to shelter me."

"Nevertheless, honest Sancho," quoth the duchess, "if your company be really necessary, you will not refuse to go; indeed all good people will make it their business to entreat you: for piteous, truly, would it be that, through your groundless fears, these poor ladies should remain in this unseemly plight." "Odds my life!" exclaimed Sancho, "were this piece of charity undertaken for modest maidens, or poor charity-girls, a man might engage to undergo something; but to take all this trouble to rid duennas of their beards!—plague take them! I had rather see the whole finical and squeamish tribe bearded, from the highest to the lowest of them!" "You seem to be upon bad terms with duennas, friend Sancho," said the duchess, "and are of the same mind as the Toledan apothecary; but in truth, you are in the wrong: for I have duennas in my family who might serve as models to all duennas; and here is my Donna Rodriguez, who will not allow me to say otherwise." "Your excellency may say what you please," said Rodriguez; "but Heaven knows the truth of everything, and, good or bad, bearded or smooth, such as we are,

\* Wooden-peg the winged; compounded of "*Clave*," a nail, "*Leno*," wood.

our mothers brought us forth like other women; and, since God has cast us into the world, He knows why and wherefore; and upon His mercy I rely, and not upon anybody's beard whatever."

"Enough, Signora Rodriguez," quoth Don Quixote; "as for you, Lady Trifaldi and your persecuted friends, I trust that Heaven will speedily look with a pitying eye upon your sorrows, and that Sancho will do his duty, in obedience to my wishes. Would that Clavileno were here, and on his back Malambruno himself! for I am confident no razor would more easily shave your ladyships' beards than my sword shall shave off Malambruno's head from his shoulders. If Heaven in its wisdom permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time."

"Ah, valorous knight!" exclaimed the afflicted lady, "may all the stars of the celestial regions regard your excellency with eyes of benignity, and impart strength to your arm and courage to your heart, to be the shield and refuge of the reviled and oppressed duennian order, abominated by apothecaries, calumniated by squires, and scoffed at by pages! Scorn betake the wretch who, in the flower of her age, doth not rather profess herself a nun than a duenna! Forlorn and despised as we are, although our descent were to be traced in a direct line from Hector of Troy himself, our ladies would not cease to 'thee' and 'thou' us, were they to be made queens for their condescension. O giant Malambruno! who, though enchanter, art punctual in thy promises, send us the incomparable Clavileno, that our misfortune may cease; for if the heats come on, and these beards of ours remain, woe be to us!" The Trifaldi uttered this with so much pathos that she drew tears from the eyes of all present; and so much was the heart of Sancho moved, that he secretly resolved to accompany his master to the farthest part of the world, if that would contribute to remove the bristles which deformed those venerable faces.

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## CHAPTER XLI.

*Of the arrival of Clavileno, with the conclusion of this prolix adventure.*

EVENING now came on, which was the time when the famous horse Clavileno was expected to arrive, whose delay troubled Don Quixote much, being apprehensive that, by its not arriving, either he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno had not the courage to meet him in single combat. But lo, on a sudden, four savages entered the garden, all clad in green ivy, and bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse! They set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of the savages said, "Let the knight mount who has the courage to bestride this wondrous machine." "Not I," quoth Sancho; "for neither have I courage, nor am I knight." "And let the squire, if he has one," continued the savage, "mount the crupper, and trust to valorous Malambruno; for no other shall do him harm. Turn but the pin on his forehead and he will rush through the air to the spot where Malambruno waits; and to shun the danger of a lofty flight, let the eyes of the riders be covered till the neighing of the horse shall give the signal of his completed journey. Having thus spoken, he left Clavileno, and with courteous demeanour departed with his companions.

The afflicted lady no sooner perceived the horse, than, almost with tears, addressing herself to Don Quixote, "Valorous knight," said she, "Malambruno has kept his word; here is the horse; our beards are increasing, and every one



of us, with every hair of them, entreat and conjure you to shave and shear us. Mount, therefore, with your squire behind you, and give a happy beginning to your journey." "Madam," said Don Quixote, "I will do it with all my heart, without waiting for either cushion or spurs: so great is my desire to see your ladyship and these your unfortunate friends shaven and clean." "That will not I," quoth Sancho, "either with a bad or good will, or anywise; and, if this shaving cannot be done without my mounting that crupper, let my master seek some other squire, or these madams some other barber: for, being no wizard, I have no stomach for these journeys. What will my islanders say when they hear that their governor goes riding upon the wind? Besides, it is three thousand leagues from here to Candaya,—what if the horse should tire upon the road, or the giant be fickle and change his mind? Seven years, at least, it would take us to travel home, and by that time I should have neither island nor islanders that would own me! No, no, I know better things; I know, too, that delay breeds danger; and when they bring you a heifer, be ready with a rope. These gentlewomen's beards must excuse me;—faith! St. Peter is well at Rome; and so am I too, in this house, where I am made much of; and through the noble master thereof, hope to see myself a governor."

"Friend Sancho," said the duke, "your island neither floats nor stirs, and therefore it will keep till your return; indeed, so fast is it rooted in the earth, that three good pulls would not tear it from its place; and, as you know that all offices of any value are obtained by some service or other consideration, what I expect in return for this government I have conferred upon you, is only that you attend your master on this memorable occasion; and, whether you return upon Clavileno with the expedition his speed promises, or be it your fortune to return on foot, like a pilgrim from house to house, and from inn to inn,—however it may be, you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders with the same desire to receive you for their governor. My good-will is equally unchangeable; and to doubt that truth, Signor Sancho, would be a notorious injury to the inclination I have to serve you." "Good, your worship, say no more," quoth Sancho; "I am a poor squire, and my shoulders cannot bear the weight of so much kindness. Let my master mount, let my eyes be covered, and good luck go with us. But tell me, when we are aloft, may I not say my prayers and entreat the saints and angels to help me?" "Yes, surely," answered the Trifaldi, "you may invoke whomsoever you please: for Malambruno is a Christian, and performs his enchantments with great discretion and much precaution." "Well, let us away," quoth Sancho, "and Heaven prosper us!" "Since the memorable business of the fulling-mill," said Don Quixote, "I have never seen thee, Sancho, in such trepidation; and were I superstitious, as some people, this extraordinary fear of thine would a little discourage me. But come hither, friend; for, with the leave of these nobles, I would speak a word or two with thee in private."

Don Quixote then drew aside Sancho among some trees out of hearing, and taking hold of both his hands said to him, "Thou seest, my good Sancho, the long journey we are about to undertake; the period of our return is uncertain, and Heaven alone knows what leisure or convenience our affairs may admit during our absence; I earnestly beg, therefore, now that opportunity serves, thou wilt retire to thy chamber, as if to fetch something necessary for the journey, and there, in a trice, give thyself, if it be but five hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and three hundred for which thou art pledged: for work well begun is half ended." "By my soul," quoth Sancho, "your worship is stark mad! I am just going to gallop a thousand leagues upon a bare board, and you would have me first flay my posteriors!—verily, verily, your worship is out of all reason. Let us go and shave these duennas, and on

my return I promise to make such despatch in getting out of debt, that your worship shall be contented,—can I say more?" "With that promise," said Don Quixote, "I feel somewhat comforted, and believe thou wilt perform it; for, though thou art not over wise, thou art true blue in thy integrity." "I am not blue but brown," quoth Sancho; "but though I were a mixture of both, I would make good my promise."

The knight and squire now returned to the company; and as they were preparing to mount Clavileno, Don Quixote said: "Hoodwink thyself, Sancho, and get up: he that sends for us from countries so remote cannot surely intend to betray us, for he would gain little glory by deceiving those who confide in him. And supposing the success of the adventure should not be equal to our hopes, yet of the glory of so brave an attempt no malice can deprive us." "Let us begone, sir," quoth Sancho, "for the beards and tears of these ladies have pierced my heart, and I shall not eat to do me good till I see them smooth again. Mount, sir, and hoodwink first, for if I am to have the crupper, your worship, who sits in the saddle, must get up first." "That is true," replied Don Quixote; and, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he requested the afflicted lady to place the bandage over his eyes; but it was no sooner done than he uncovered them again, saying, "I remember to have read in the *Æneid* of Virgil, that the fatal wooden horse dedicated by the Greeks to their tutelary goddess Minerva, was filled with armed knights, who by that stratagem got admittance into Troy, and wrought its downfall. Will it not, therefore, be prudent, before I trust myself upon Clavileno, to examine what may be in his belly?" "There is no need of that," said the Trifaldi; "for I am confident Malambruno has nothing in him of the traitor; your worship may mount him without fear, and should any harm ensue, let the blame fall on me alone."

Don Quixote, now considering that to betray any further doubts would be a reflection on his courage, vaulted at once into his saddle. He then tried the pin, which he found would turn very easily: stirrups he had none, so that, with his legs dangling, he looked like a figure in some Roman triumph woven in Flemish tapestry.

Very slowly, and much against his will, Sancho then got up behind, fixing himself as well as he could upon the crupper; and finding it very deficient in softness, he humbly begged the duke to accommodate him, if possible, with some pillow or cushion, though it were from the duchess's state sofa, or from one of the page's beds, as the horse's crupper seemed rather to be of marble than of wood: but the Trifaldi, interfering, assured him that Clavileno would not endure any more furniture upon him; but that, by sitting sideways, as women ride, he would find himself greatly relieved. Sancho followed her advice; and, after taking leave of the company, he suffered his eyes to be covered. But soon after he raised the bandage, and, looking sorrowfully at his friends, begged them, with a countenance of woe, to assist him at that perilous crisis with a few Pater-nosters and Ave-marias, as they hoped for the same charity from others when in the like extremity. "What, then!" said Don Quixote, "art thou a thief in the hands of the executioner, and at the point of death, that thou hast recourse to such prayers? Dastardly wretch, without a soul! dost thou not know that the fair Magalona sat in the same place, and, if there be truth in history, alighted from it, not into the grave, but into the throne of France? And do not I sit by thee—I that may vie with the valorous Peter, who pressed this very seat that I now press? Cover, cover thine eyes, heartless animal, and publish not thy shame—at least in my presence." "Hoodwink me, then," answered Sancho; "but, since I must neither pray myself, nor beg others to do it for me, no wonder if I am afraid that we may be followed by a legion of devils, who may watch their opportunity to fly away with us."

They were now blindfolded, and Don Quixote, feeling himself firmly seated, put his hand to the peg, upon which all the duennas, and the whole company, raised their voices at once, calling out, "Speed you well, valorous knight! Heaven guide thee, undaunted squire! now you fly aloft!—see how they cut the air more swiftly than an arrow! now they mount and soar, and astonish the world below! Steady, steady, valorous Sancho! you seem to reel and totter in your seat—beware of falling: for, should you drop from that tremendous height, your fall would be more terrible than that of Phaeton!" Sancho, hearing all this, pressed closer to his master, and, grasping him fast, he said, "How can they say, sir, that we are got so high, when we hear them as plain as if they were close by us?" "Take no heed of that, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for in these extraordinary flights, to see or hear a thousand leagues is nothing—but squeeze me not quite so hard, good Sancho, or thou wilt unhorse me. In truth, I see not why thou shouldst be so alarmed, for I can safely swear, an easier-paced steed I never rode in all my life—faith, it goes as glibly as if it did not move at all! Banish fear, my friend; the business goes on swimmingly, with a gale fresh and fair behind us." "Gad, I think so too!" quoth Sancho, "for I feel the wind here, upon my hinder quarter, as if a thousand pairs of bellows were puffing at my tail." And, indeed, this was the fact, as sundry large bellows were just then pouring upon them an artificial storm; in truth, so well was this adventure managed and contrived, that nothing was wanting to make it complete. Don Quixote now feeling the wind, "Without doubt," said he, "we have now reached the second region of the air, where the hail and snow are formed: thunder and lightning are engendered in the third region; and, if we go on mounting at this rate, we shall soon be in the region of fire; and how to manage this peg I know not, so as to avoid mounting to where we shall be burnt alive."

Just at that time some flax, set on fire, at the end of a long cane, was held near their faces: the warmth of which being felt, "May I be hanged," said Sancho, "if we are not already there, or very near it, for half my beard is singed off—I have a huge mind, sir, to peep out and see whereabouts we are." "Heaven forbid such rashness!" said Don Quixote: "remember the true story of the licentiate Torralvo, who was carried by devils, hoodwinked, riding on a cane, with his eyes shut, and in twelve hours reached Rome, where, lighting on the tower of Nona, he saw the tumult, witnessed the assault and death of the constable of Bourbon, and the next morning returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of all that he had seen. During his passage through the air, he said that a devil told him to open his eyes, which he did, and found himself, as he thought so near the body of the moon that he could have laid hold of it with his hand; but that he durst not look downwards to the earth, lest his brain should turn. Therefore, Sancho, let us not run the risk of uncovering in such a place, but rather trust to him who has taken charge of us, as he will be responsible: perhaps we are just now soaring aloft to a certain height, in order to come souse down upon the kingdom of Candaya, like a hawk upon a heron; and though it seems not more than half an hour since we left the garden, doubtless we have travelled through an amazing space." "As to that I can say nothing," quoth Sancho Panza; "I can only say, that if Madam Magalona was content to ride upon this crupper without a cushion, her flesh could not have been the tenderest in the world."

This conversation between the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and all who were in the garden, to their great diversion; and, being now disposed to finish the adventure, they applied some lighted flax to Clavileno's tail; upon which, his body being full of combustibles, he instantly blew up with a prodigious report, and threw his riders to the ground. The

Trifaldi, with the whole bearded squadron of duennas, vanished, and all that remained in the garden were laid stretched on the ground as if in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho got upon their legs in but an indifferent plight, and looking round, were amazed to find themselves in the same garden with such a number of people strewed about them on all sides; but their wonder was increased, when, on a huge lance sticking in the earth, they beheld a sheet of white parchment attached to it by silken strings, whereon was written, in letters of gold, the following words:—

“The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha has achieved the stupendous adventure of Trifaldi the afflicted, and her companions in grief, only by attempting it. Malambruno is satisfied, his wrath is appeased, the beards of the unhappy have vanished, and Don Clavijo and Antonomasia have recovered their pristine state. When the squirely penance shall be completed, then shall the white dove, delivered from the cruel talons of the pursuing hawks, be enfolded in the arms of her beloved turtle:—such is the will of Merlin, prince of enchanters.”

Don Quixote having read the prophetic decree, and perceiving at once that it referred to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, he expressed his gratitude to Heaven for having, with so much ease, performed so great an exploit, whereby many venerable females had been happily rescued from disgrace. He then went to the spot where the duke and duchess lay on the ground, and, taking the duke by the arm, he said, “Courage, courage, my good lord; the adventure is over without damage to the bars, as you will find by that record.” The duke gradually, as if awaking from a sound sleep, seemed to recover his senses, as did the duchess and the rest of the party; expressing, at the same time, so much wonder and affright that what they feigned so well seemed almost reality to themselves.

Though scarcely awake, the duke eagerly looked for the scroll, and, having read it, with open arms embraced Don Quixote, declaring him to be the bravest of knights. Sancho looked all about for the afflicted dame, to see what kind of face she had when beardless, and whether she was now as goodly to the sight as her stately presence seemed to promise; but he was told that, when Clavileno came tumbling down in the flames through the air, the Trifaldi, with her whole train, vanished, with not a beard to be seen among them—every hair was gone, root and branch!

The duchess inquired of Sancho how he had fared during that long voyage? “Why truly, madam,” answered he, “I have seen wonders; for, as we were passing through the region of fire, as my master called it, I had, you must know, a mighty mind to take a peep; and though my master would not consent to it, I, who have an itch to know everything, and a hankering after whatever is forbidden, could not help, softly and unperceived, shoving the cloth a little aside, when through a crevice I looked down and there I saw (Heaven bless us!) the earth so far off that it looked to me no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men that walked upon it little bigger than hazel-nuts!—only think, then, what a height we must have been!” “Take care what you say, friend,” said the duchess; “had it been so, you could not have seen the earth nor the people upon it;—a hazel-nut, good man, would have covered the whole earth.” “Like enough,” said Sancho, “but for all that, I had a side-view of it, and saw it all.” “Take heed, Sancho,” said the duchess; “for one cannot see the whole of anything by a side-view.” “I know nothing about views,” replied Sancho; “I only know that your ladyship should remember that, since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth, and all the men upon it, in whatever way I looked; and, if your ladyship will not credit that, neither will you believe me when I tell you that, thrusting up the

kerchief close to my eyebrows, I found myself so near to heaven that it was not above a span and a half from me (bless us all ! what a place it is for bigness !) and it so fell out that we passed close by the place where the seven little she-goats\* are kept ; and, by my faith, having been a goatherd in my youth, I no sooner saw them but I longed to play with them awhile ; and had I not done it, I verily think I should have died ; so what did I but, without saying a word, softly slide down from Clavileno, and play with the sweet little creatures, which are like so many violets, for almost three-quarters of an hour ; and all the while Clavileno seemed not to move from the place, nor stir a jot."

"And while honest Sancho was diverting himself with the goats," quoth the duke, "how did Signor Don Quixote amuse himself?" To which the knight answered: "As these and such-like concerns are out of the order of nature, I do not wonder at Sancho's assertions ; for my own part, I can truly say I neither looked up nor down, and saw neither heaven nor earth, nor sea nor sands. It is nevertheless certain, that I was sensible of our passing through the region of the air, and even touched upon that of fire ; but that we passed beyond it, I cannot believe ; for, the fiery region lying between the sphere of the moon and the uppermost region of the air, we could not reach that heaven where the seven goats are which Sancho speaks of, without being burnt ; and, since we were not burnt, either Sancho lies, or Sancho dreams." "I neither lie nor dream," answered Sancho: "only ask me the marks of these same goats, and by them you may guess whether I speak the truth or not." "Tell us what they were, Sancho," quoth the duchess. "Two of them," replied Sancho, "are green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley-coloured." "A new kind of goats are those," said the duke: "in our region of the earth we have none of such colours." "The reason is plain," quoth Sancho ; "your highness will allow that there must be some difference between the goats of heaven and those of earth." "Pr'ythee, Sancho," said the duke, "was there a he-goat† among them?" "Not one, sir," answered Sancho ; "and I was told that none are suffered to pass beyond the horns of the moon."

They did not choose to question Sancho any more concerning his journey, perceiving him to be in the humour to ramble all over the heavens, and tell them of all that was passing there without having stirred a foot from the place where he mounted.

Thus concluded the adventure of the afflicted duenna, which furnished the duke and duchess with a subject of mirth, not only at the time, but for the rest of their lives, and Sancho something to relate had he lived for ages. "Sancho," said Don Quixote (whispering him in the ear), "if thou wouldst have us credit all thou hast told us of heaven, I expect thee to believe what I saw in Montesinos' cave—I say no more."

\* The Pleiades are vulgarly called in Spain, "the seven little she-goats."

† "Cabron."—A jest on the double meaning of that word, which signifies both he-goat and cuckold.

## CHAPTER XLII.

*Containing the instructions which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza before he went to his government; with other well-considered matters.*

THE duke and duchess being so well pleased with the afflicted duenna, were encouraged to proceed with other projects, seeing that there was nothing too extravagant for the credulity of the knight and squire. The necessary orders were accordingly issued to their servants and vassals with regard to their behaviour towards Sancho in his government of the promised island. The day after the flight of Clavileno, the duke bid Sancho prepare and get himself in readiness to assume his office, for his islanders were already wishing for him as for rain in May. Sancho made a low bow, and said, "Ever since my journey to heaven, when I looked down and saw the earth so very small, my desire to be a governor has partly cooled: for what mighty matter is it to command on a spot no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed: where is the majesty and pomp of governing half a dozen creatures no bigger than hazelnuts? If your lordship will be pleased to offer me some small portion of heaven, though it be but half a league, I would jump at it sooner than for the largest island in the world."

"Look you, friend Sancho," answered the duke, "I can give away no part of heaven, not even a nail's breadth; for God has reserved to himself the disposal of such favours; but what it is in my power to give, I give you with all my heart; and the island I now present to you is ready made, round and sound, well-proportioned, and above measure fruitful, and where, by good management, you may yourself, with the riches of the earth, purchase an inheritance in heaven." "Well, then," answered Sancho, "let this island be forthcoming, and it shall go hard with me, but I will be such a governor that, in spite of rogues, heaven will take me in. Nor is it out of covetousness that I forsake my humble cottage, and aspire to greater things, but the desire I have to taste what it is to be a governor." "If once you taste it, Sancho," quoth the duke, "you will lick your fingers after it:—so sweet it is to command and be obeyed. And certain I am, when your master becomes an emperor, of which there is no doubt, as matters proceed so well, it would be impossible to wrest his power from him, and his only regret will be that he had it not sooner." "Faith, sir, you are in the right," quoth Sancho, "it is pleasant to govern, though it be but a flock of sheep." "Let me be buried with you, Sancho," replied the duke, "if you know not something of everything, and I doubt not you will prove a pearl of a governor. But enough of this for the present: to-morrow you surely depart for your island, and this evening you shall be fitted with suitable apparel and with all things necessary for your appointment." "Clothe me as you will," said Sancho, "I shall still be Sancho Panza." "That is true," said the duke; "but the garb should always be suitable to the office and rank of the wearer: for a lawyer to be habited like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest, would be preposterous; and you, Sancho, must be clad partly like a scholar, and partly like a soldier: as, in the office you will hold, arms and learning are united." "As for learning," replied Sancho, "I have not much of that, for I hardly know my A B C: but to be a good governor it will be enough that I am able to make my Christ-cross: and as to arms, I shall handle such as are given me till I fall, and so God help me." "With so good an intention," quoth the duke, "Sancho cannot do wrong." At this time Don Quixote came up to them, and hearing how soon Sancho was to depart to his

government, he took him by the hand, and with the duke's leave, led him to his chamber, in order to give him some advice respecting his conduct in office: and, having entered, he shut the door, and, almost by force, made Sancho sit down by him, and with much solemnity addressed him in these words:—

"I am thankful to Heaven, friend Sancho, that, even before fortune has crowned my hopes, prosperity has gone forth to meet thee. I, who had trusted in my own success for the reward of thy services, am still but on the road to advancement, whilst thou, prematurely and before all reasonable expectation, art come into full possession of thy wishes. Some must bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and yet do not obtain what they desire; whilst another comes, and, without knowing how, jumps at once into the preferment for which so many had sued in vain. It is truly said that 'merit does much, but fortune more.' Thou, who in respect to me, art but a very simpleton, without either early rising or late watching, without labour of body or mind, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on thee, findest thyself the governor of an island, as if it were a trifle, a thing of no account!

"All this I say, friend Sancho, that thou mayst not ascribe the favour done thee to thine own merit, but give thanks, first to Heaven, which disposeth things so kindly; and in the next place, acknowledge with gratitude the inherent grandeur of the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being disposed to believe what I have now said to thee, be attentive, son, to me thy Cato, who will be thy counsellor, thy north star and guide, to conduct and steer thee safe into port, out of that tempestuous sea on which thou art going to embark, and where thou wilt be in danger of being swallowed up in a gulf of confusion.

"First, my son, fear God: for, to fear Him is wisdom; and being wise, thou canst not err.

"Secondly, consider what thou art, and endeavour to know thyself, which is the most difficult study of all others. The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity, and the fate of the frog that foolishly vied with the ox, will serve thee as a caution: the recollection, too, of having been formerly a swineherd in thine own country will be to thee, in the loftiness of thy pride, like the ugly feet of the peacock." "It is true," said Sancho, "that I once kept swine, but I was only a boy then; when I grew towards man I looked after geese, and not hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose; for all governors are not descended from kings." "That I grant," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore those who have not the advantage of noble descent, should fail not to grace the dignity of the office they bear with gentleness and modesty, which, when accompanied with discretion, will silence those murmurs which few situations in life can escape.

"Conceal not the meanness of thy family, nor think it disgraceful to be descended from peasants: for, when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, none will endeavour to make thee so; and deem it more meritorious to be a virtuous humble man than a lofty sinner. Infinite is the number of those who, born of low extraction, have risen to the highest dignities, both in church and state; and of this truth I could tire thee with examples.

"Remember, Sancho, if thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things conformably thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is a common property and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth which blood has not. This being so, if peradventure any one of thy kindred visit thee in thy government, do not slight nor affront him; but receive, cherish, and make much of him; for in so doing thou wilt please God, who allows none of his creatures to be despised; and thou wilt also manifest therein a well-disposed nature.

"If thou takest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those who are appointed to governments to be long separated from their families), teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness: for it often happens that all the consideration a wise governor can acquire is lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

"If thou shouldst become a widower (an event which is possible), and thy station entitles thee to a better match, seek not one to serve thee for a hook and angling-rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in:\* for, believe me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and shall be made to pay four-fold for all that of which he has rendered no account during his life.

"Be not under the dominion of thine own will: it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their own understanding.

"Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from thee than the applications of the wealthy.

"Be equally solicitous to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich and the sighs and entreaties of the poor.

"Whenever equity may justly temper the rigour of the law, let not the whole force of it bear upon the delinquent: for it is better that a judge should lean on the side of compassion than severity.

"If, perchance, the scales of justice be not correctly balanced, let the error be imputable to pity, not to gold.

"If, perchance, the cause of thine enemy come before thee, forget thy injuries, and think only on the merits of the case.

"Let not private affection blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou shalt thereby commit are often without remedy, and at the expense both of thy reputation and fortune.

"When a beautiful woman comes before thee to demand justice, consider maturely the nature of her claim, without regarding either her tears or her sighs, unless thou wouldst expose thy judgment to the danger of being lost in the one, and thy integrity in the other.

"Reville not with words him whom thou hast to correct with deeds: the punishment which the unhappy wretch is doomed to suffer is sufficient, without the addition of abusive language.

"When the criminal stands before thee, recollect the frail and depraved nature of man, and, as much as thou canst, without injustice to the suffering party, show pity and clemency; for, though the attributes of God are all equally adorable, yet his mercy is more shining and attractive in our eyes than his justice.

"If, Sancho, thou observest these precepts, thy days will be long and thy fame eternal; thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children to thy heart's content, and they and thy grandchildren shall want neither honours nor titles. Beloved by all men, thy days shall pass in peace and tranquillity; and when the inevitable period comes, death shall steal on thee in a good and venerable old age, and thy grandchildren's children, with their tender and pious hands, shall close thine eyes.

"The advice I have just given thee, Sancho, regards the good and ornament of thy mind; now listen to the directions I have to give concerning thy person and deportment."

\* An allusion to the proverb, "*No quiero, mas echadmelo en mi capilla*," that is, "I will not, but throw it into my hood." It is applied to the begging friars who refuse to take money, but suffer it to be thrown into their hoods.



## CHAPTER XLIII.

*Of the second series of instructions Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza.*

WHO that has duly considered Don Quixote's instructions to his squire would not have taken him for a person of singular intelligence and discretion? But, in truth, as it has often been said in the progress of this great history, he raved only on the subject of chivalry; on all others he manifested a sound and discriminating understanding; wherefore his judgment and his actions appeared continually at variance. But, in these second instructions given to Sancho, which showed much ingenuity, his wisdom and frenzy are both singularly conspicuous.

During the whole of this private conference, Sancho listened to his master with great attention, and endeavoured so to register his counsel in his mind, that he might thereby be enabled to bear the burden of government, and acquit himself honourably. Don Quixote now proceeded:—

“As to the regulation of thine own person and domestic concerns,” said he, “in the first place, Sancho, I enjoin thee to be cleanly in all things. Keep the nails of thy fingers constantly and neatly pared, nor suffer them to grow as some do, who ignorantly imagine that long nails beautify the hand, and account the excess of that excrement simply a finger-nail, whereas it is rather the talon of the lizard-hunting kestrel—a foul and unsightly object.

“Go not loose and unbuttoned, Sancho; for a slovenly dress betokens a careless mind; or, as in the case of Julius Cæsar, it may be attributed to cunning.

“Examine prudently the income of thy office, and if it will afford thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them such as are decent and lasting, rather than gaudy and modish; and what thou shalt thus save in thy servants bestow on the poor; so shalt thou have attendants both in heaven and earth,—a provision which our vain-glorious great never think of.

“Eat neither garlic nor onions, lest the smell betray thy rusticity. Walk with gravity, and speak deliberately, but not so as to seem to be listening to thyself; for affectation is odious.

“Eat little at dinner and less at supper; for the health of the whole body is tempered in the laboratory of the stomach.

“Drink with moderation; for inebriety never keeps a secret nor performs a promise.

“Take heed, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of thy mouth at once, and by no means to eruct before company.” “I know not what you mean by eruct,” quoth Sancho. “To eruct,” said Don Quixote, “means to belch:—a filthy, though very significant word; and therefore the polite, instead of saying belch, make use of the word eruct, which is borrowed from the Latin; and for belchings they say ‘eructations;’ and though it is true that some do not yet understand these terms, it matters not much, for in time, by use and custom, their meaning will be known to all; and it is by such innovations that languages are enriched.” “By my faith, sir,” quoth Sancho, “I shall bear in mind this counsel about not belching, for, in truth, I am hugely given to it.” “Eructing, Sancho, and not belching,” said Don Quixote. “Eructing it shall be, henceforward,” quoth Sancho, “and, egad, I shall never forget it.”

“In the next place, Sancho, do not intermix in thy discourse such a multitude of proverbs as thou wert wont to do; for though proverbs are concise and pithy sentences, thou dost so often drag them in by the head and shoulders, that they

seem rather the maxims of folly than of wisdom." "Heaven alone can remedy that," quoth Sancho; "for I know more than a handful of proverbs, and when I talk, they crowd so thick into my mouth, that they quarrel which shall get out first; so out they come hap-hazard, and no wonder if they should sometimes not be very pat to the purpose. But I will take heed in future to utter only such as become the gravity of my place; 'for in a plentiful house supper is soon dressed;' 'he that cuts does not deal;' and, 'with the repique in hand the game is sure;' 'he is no fool who can both spend and spare.'" "So, so, there, out with them, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "spare them not;—my mother whips me and I still tear on. While I am warning thee from the prodigal use of proverbs, thou pourest upon me a whole litany of them, as fitting to the present purpose as if thou hadst sung, 'Hey down derry!' Attend to me, Sancho; I do not say a proverb is amiss when aptly and seasonably applied; but to be for ever discharging them, right or wrong, hit or miss, renders conversation insipid and vulgar.

"When thou art on horseback, do not throw thy body backward over the crupper, nor stretch thy legs out stiff and straddling from the horse's belly; neither let them hang dangling, as if thou wert still upon Dapple; for by their deportment and air on horseback gentlemen are distinguished from grooms.

"Let thy sleep be moderate; for he who rises not with the sun enjoys not the day; and remember, Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune, and that sloth, her adversary, never arrived at the attainment of a good wish.

"At this time I have but one more admonition to give thee, which, though it concerns not thy person, is well worthy of thy careful remembrance. It is this,—never undertake to decide contests concerning lineage, or the pre-eminence of families; since, in the comparison, one must of necessity have the advantage, and he whom thou hast humbled will hate thee, and he who is preferred will not reward thee.

"As for thy dress, wear breeches and hose, a long coat, and a cloak somewhat longer; but for trowsers or trunk-hose, think not of them: they are not becoming either gentlemen or governors.

"This is all the advice, friend Sancho, that occurs to me at present; hereafter, as occasions offer, my instructions will be ready, provided thou art mindful to inform me of the state of thy affairs." "Sir," answered Sancho, "I see very well that all your worship has told me is wholesome and profitable; but what shall I be the better for it if I cannot keep it in my head? It is true I shall not easily forget what you said about paring my nails, and marrying again if the opportunity offered; but for your other quirks and quillets, I protest they have already gone out of my head as clean as last year's clouds; and therefore let me have them in writing; for, though I cannot read them myself, I will give them to my confessor, that he may repeat and drive them into me in time of need."

"Heaven defend me!" said Don Quixote, "how scurvy doth it look in a governor to be unable to read or write! Indeed, Sancho, I must needs tell thee that when a man has not been taught to read or is left-handed, it argues that his parentage was very low, or that in early life he was so indocile and perverse that his teachers could beat nothing good into him. Truly this is a great defect in thee, and therefore I would have thee learn to write, if it were only thy name." "That I can do already," quoth Sancho; "for when I was steward of the Brotherhood in our village, I learned to make certain marks like those upon wool-packs, which, they told me, stood for my name. But, at the worst, I can feign a lameness in my right hand, and get another to sign for me: there is a remedy for everything but death; and, having the staff in my hand, I can do what I please. Besides, as your worship knows, he whose

father is mayor\*—and I, being governor, am, I trow, something more than mayor. Ay, ay, let them come that list, and play at bo-peep,—ay, fleer and backbite me; but they may come for wool, and go back shorn: 'His home is savoury whom God loves;'—besides, 'The rich man's blunders pass current for wise maxims;' so that I being a governor, and therefore wealthy, and bountiful to boot—as I intend to be—nobody will see any blemish in me. No, no, let the clown daub himself with honey, and he will never want flies. As much as you have, just so much you are worth, said my grandam; revenge yourself upon the rich who can." "Heaven confound thee!" exclaimed Don Quixote; "sixty thousand devils take thee and thy proverbs! This hour, or more, thou hast been stringing thy musty wares, poisoning and torturing me without mercy. Take my word for it, these proverbs will one day bring thee to the gallows;—they will surely provoke thy people to rebellion! Where dost thou find them? How shouldst thou apply them—idiot? for I toil and sweat as if I were delving the ground to utter but one, and apply it properly."

"Before Heaven, master of mine," replied Sancho, "your worship complains of very trifles. Why, in the devil's name, are you angry that I make use of my own goods? for other stock I have none, nor any stock but proverbs upon proverbs; and just now I have four ready to pop out, all pat and fitting as pears in a panner—but I am dumb; Silence is my name."† "Then art thou vilely miscalled," quoth Don Quixote, "being an eternal babbler. Nevertheless, I would fain know these four proverbs that come so pat to the purpose; for I have been rummaging my own memory, which is no bad one, but for the soul of me, can find none." "Can there be better," quoth Sancho, "than—'Never venture your fingers between two eye-teeth;' and with 'Get out of my house—what would you have with my wife?' there is no arguing; and, 'Whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone hits the pitcher, it goes ill with the pitcher.' All these, your worship must see, fit to a hair. Let no one meddle with the governor or his deputy, or he will come off the worst, like him who claps his finger between two eye-teeth, and though they were not eye-teeth, 'tis enough if they be but teeth. To what a governor says there is no replying, any more than to 'Get out of my house—what business have you with my wife?' Then as to the stone and the pitcher—a blind man may see that. So he who points to the mote in another man's eye should first look to the beam in his own, that it may not be said of him, the dead woman was afraid of her that was flayed. Besides your worship knows well that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise in that of another."

"Not so, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "the fool knows nothing, either in his own or any other house; for knowledge is not to be erected upon so bad a foundation as folly. But here let it rest, Sancho, for, if thou governest ill, though the fault will be thine, the shame will be mine. However, I am comforted in having given thee the best counsel in my power; and therein having done my duty, I am acquitted both of my obligation and promise: so God speed thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the fears I entertain that thou wilt turn the whole island topsy-turvy!—which, indeed, I might prevent, by letting the duke know what thou art, and telling him that all that paunch-gut and little carcass of thine is nothing but a sack full of proverbs and impertinence."

"Look you, sir," replied Sancho, "if your worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this time; for I have more regard for a single nail's-breadth of my soul, than for my whole body; and plain Sancho can live as well upon bread and onions, as governor Sancho upon capon and

\* The entire proverb is—"He whose father is mayor goes safe to his trial."

† The proverb is, "To keep silence well is called *Santo*."

partridge. Besides, sleep makes us all alike, great and small, rich and poor. Call to mind, too, who first put this whim of governor into my head—who was it but yourself? for, alack, I know no more about governing islands than a bustard; and if you fancy that in case I should be a governor, the devil will have me—in God's name, let me rather go to heaven plain Sancho, than a governor to the other place." "Before Heaven, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "for those last words of thine I think that thou deservest to be governor of a thousand islands. Thou hast a good disposition, without which knowledge is of no value. Pray to God, and endeavour not to err in thy intention; I mean, let it ever be thy unshaken purpose and design to do right in whatever business occurs; for Heaven constantly favours a good intention. And now let us go to dinner, for I believe their highnesses wait for us."

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

*How Sancho Panza was conducted to his government, and of the strange adventure which befel Don Quixote in the castle.*

WE have been told that there is a manifest difference between the translation and the original, in the beginning of this chapter; the translator having entirely omitted what the historian, Cid Hamet, here took occasion to say of himself, where he laments his ever having engaged in a work like the present, of so dry and so limited a subject, wherein he was confined to a dull narrative of the transactions of the crazy knight and his squire; not daring to launch out into episodes and digressions, that would have yielded both pleasure and profit in abundance. To have his invention, his hand, and his pen, thus tied down to a single subject, and confined to so scanty a list of characters, he thought an insupportable hardship, as it gave him endless trouble, and promised him nothing for his pains. In the First Part he had endeavoured, he said, to make amends for the defect here complained of, by introducing such tales as "The Curious Impertinent," and "The Captive;" and though these, it is true, did not strictly make a part of the history, the same objection could not apply to other stories which are there brought in, and appear so naturally connected with Don Quixote's affair that they could not be well omitted. But finding, he said, the attention of his readers so engrossed by the exploits of his mad hero, that they have none to bestow on his novels, and that being run over in haste, their reception is not proportioned to their merit, which would have been sufficiently obvious if they had been published separately, and unmixed with the extravagances of Don Quixote, and the simplicities of his squire; finding this to be the case, he has, in the Second Part, admitted no unconnected tales, and only such episodes as arose out of the events that actually occurred: and even these with all possible brevity. But although he has thus consented to restrain his genius, and to keep within the narrow limits of a simple narrative—thereby suppressing knowledge and talents sufficient to treat of the whole universe, he hopes his book will not do him any discredit, but that he may be applauded for what he has written, and yet more for what he has omitted in obedience to the restrictions imposed upon him. He then goes on with his history, where the translator has taken it up, as follows:

Don Quixote, in the evening of the day in which Sancho had received his admonitions, gave him a copy of them in writing, that he might get them read to him occasionally; but they were no sooner delivered to Sancho than he

dropped them, and they fell into the duke's hands, who communicated them to the duchess, and both were again surprised at the good sense and madness of Don Quixote. That very evening, in prosecution of their merry project, they despatched Sancho, with a large retinue, to the place which, to him, was to be an island. The person who had the management of the business was steward to the duke; a man of much humour, and who had, besides, a good understanding—indeed, without that there can be no true pleasantry. He it was who had already personated the Countess Trifaldi in the manner before related; and being so well qualified, and likewise so well tutored by his lord and lady as to his behaviour towards Sancho, no wonder he performed his part to admiration. Now it so happened that the moment Sancho cast his eyes upon this same steward, he fancied he saw the very face of the Trifaldi; and, turning to his master, "The devil fetch me for an honest man and a true believer," said he, "if your worship will not own that the face of this steward is the very same as that of the afflicted lady!"

Don Quixote looked at the steward very earnestly, and, having viewed him from head to foot, he said, "There is no need, Sancho, of giving thyself to the devil either for thy honesty or faith; for, though I know not thy meaning, I plainly see the steward's face is similar to that of the afflicted lady: yet is the steward not the afflicted lady, for that would imply a palpable contradiction, which, were we now to examine and inquire into, would only involve us in doubts and difficulties that might be still more inexplicable. Believe me, friend, it is our duty earnestly to pray that we may be protected from the wicked wizards and enchanters that infest us." "Egad, sir, it is no jesting matter," quoth Sancho, "for I heard him speak just now, and methought the very voice of Madam Trifaldi sounded in my ears! But I say nothing—only I shall keep my eye upon him, and time will show whether I am right or wrong." "Do so, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "and fail not to give me advice of all thou mayst discover in this affair, and of all that happens to thee in thy government."

At length Sancho set out with a numerous train. He was dressed like one of the long robe, wearing a loose gown of sad-coloured camlet, and a cap of the same. He was mounted upon a mule, which he rode ginetà fashion, and behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple, adorned with shining trappings of silk; which so delighted Sancho that every now and then he turned his head to look upon him, and thought himself so happy that he would not have changed conditions with the emperor of Germany. On taking leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands: at the same time he received his master's blessing, not without tears on both sides.

Now, loving reader, let honest Sancho depart in peace, and in a happy hour: the accounts hereafter given of his conduct in office may, perchance, excite thy mirth; but at the same time, let us attend to what befel his master on the same night, at which, if thou dost not laugh outright, at least thou wilt show thy teeth, and grin like a monkey; for it is the property of all the noble knight's adventures to produce either surprise or merriment.

It is related, then, that immediately after Sancho's departure, Don Quixote began to feel the solitary state in which he was now left, and had it been possible for him to have revoked the commission, and deprived Sancho of his government, he would certainly have done it. The duchess, perceiving this change, inquired the cause of this sadness; adding that, if it was on account of Sancho's absence, her home contained abundance of squires, duennas and damsels, all ready to serve him to his heart's desire. "It is true, madam," answered Don Quixote, "that Sancho's absence somewhat weighs upon my heart, but that is not the principal cause of my apparent sadness; and of all your excellency's kind offers I accept only of the good-will with which they are tendered: saving

that I humbly entreat that your excellency will be pleased to permit me to wait upon myself in my own apartment." "By my faith, Signor Don Quixote," quoth the duchess, "that must not be; you shall be served by four of my damsels, all beautiful as roses." "To me," answered Don Quixote, "they will not be roses, but even as thorns pricking me to the soul;—they must in nowise enter my chamber. If your grace would continue your favours to me, unmerited as they are, suffer me to be alone, and leave me without attendants in my chamber, that I may still keep a wall betwixt my passions and my modesty: a practice I would not forego for all your highness's liberality towards me; in truth I would rather sleep in my garments than consent that others should undress me."

"Enough, enough, Signor Don Quixote," replied the duchess: "I will surely give orders that not so much as a fly shall enter your chamber, much less a damsel. I would by no means be accessory to the violation of Signor Don Quixote's delicacy; for, by what I can perceive, the most conspicuous of his virtues is modesty. You shall undress and dress by yourself, your own way, when and how you please; for no intruders shall invade the privacy of your chamber, in which you will find all the accommodation proper for those who sleep with their doors closed, that there may be no necessity for opening them. May the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand ages, and may her name be extended over the whole circumference of the earth, for meriting the love of so valiant and so chaste a knight! And may indulgent Heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a disposition to finish his penance speedily, that the world may again enjoy the beauty of so exalted a lady." "Madam," returned Don Quixote, "your highness has spoken like yourself. From the mouth of so excellent a lady nothing but what is good and generous can proceed; and Dulcinea will be more happy and more renowned by the praises your grace bestows upon her than by all the applause lavished by the most eloquent orators upon earth." "Sir knight," said the duchess, "I must now remind you that the hour of refreshment draws near—let us to supper, for the duke, perhaps, is waiting for us, and we will retire early, for you must needs be weary after your long journey yesterday to Candaya." "Not in the least, madam," answered Don Quixote; "I can assure your grace that in all my life I never bestrode a horse of an easier or better pace than Clavileno; and I cannot imagine what should induce Malambruno to deprive himself of so swift and so gentle a steed, and without scruple thus rashly to destroy him." "It is not impossible," said the duchess, "that repenting of the mischief he had done to the Trifaldi and her attendants, as well as to many other persons, and of the iniquities he had committed as a wizard and an enchanter, he was determined to destroy all the implements of his art, and accordingly he burnt Clavileno, as the principal; being the engine which enabled him to rove all over the world; and thus by his memorable destruction, and the record which he has caused to be set up, has eternized the memory of great Don Quixote de la Mancha."

Don Quixote repeated his thanks to the duchess; and after supper he retired to his chamber, where, conformably to his determination, he remained alone; suffering no attendants to approach him, lest he should be moved to transgress those bounds of virtuous decorum which he had ever observed towards his lady Dulcinea, and always bearing in mind the chastity of Amadis, that flower and mirror of knights-errant. He closed his door after him, and undressed himself by the light of two wax candles: but on pulling off his stockings—O direful mishap, unworthy of such a personage! forth bursts—not sighs, nor anything else unbecoming the purity of his manners, but some two dozen stitches in one of his stockings, giving it the resemblance of a lattice-window! The good

knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had just then a drachm of green silk—I say green, because his stockings were of that colour.

Here Benengeli exclaims, “O poverty, poverty! I cannot imagine what could have induced the great Cordovan poet to call thee ‘a holy, thankless gift!’ I, though a Moor, have learnt, by the intercourse I have had with the Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty. Yet I maintain that a man must be much indebted to God’s grace who can be contented in poverty;—unless, indeed, it be of that kind to which one of their greatest saints alludes, saying, ‘possess all things as not possessing them,’—which is no other than poverty in spirit. But thou, I mean, O second poverty! accursed indigence! it is of thee I would now speak—why dost thou intrude upon gentlemen, and delight in persecuting the well-born in preference to all others? Why dost thou force them to cobble their own shoes; and on the same threadbare garments wear buttons of every kind and colour? Why must their ruffs be, for the most part, ill-plated and worse starched?” (By the way, this shows the antiquity both of starch and ruffs.) “Wretched is the poor gentleman who, while he pampers his honour, starves his belly; dining scurvily or fasting unseen with his door locked: then out in the street he marches making a hypocrite of his toothpick, and picking where, alas! there was nothing to pick! Wretched he, I say, whose honour is in a state of continual alarm; who thinks that, at the distance of a league, every one discovers the patch upon his shoe, the greasiness of his hat, the threadbareness of his cloak, and even the cravings of his stomach!”

All these melancholy reflections must have passed through Don Quixote’s mind as he surveyed the fracture in his stocking; nevertheless he was much comforted on finding that Sancho had left him a pair of travelling-boots, in which he immediately resolved to make his appearance the next day. He now laid himself down, pensive and heavy-hearted, not more for lack of Sancho than for the misfortune of his stocking, which he would gladly have darned, even with silk of another colour:—that most expressive token of gentlemanly poverty! His lights were now extinguished, but the weather was sultry, and he could not compose himself to sleep; he therefore got out of bed, and opened a casement which looked into the garden, which he had no sooner done than he heard the voices of some persons walking on the terrace below. He listened and could distinctly hear these words: “Press me not to sing, dear Emerencia, for you know ever since this stranger entered our castle and my eyes beheld him, I cannot sing, I can only weep. Besides, my lady does not sleep sound, and I would not for the world she should find us here. But though she should not awake, what will my singing avail, if this new *Æneas*, who comes hither only to leave me forlorn, awakes not to hear it?” “Do not fancy so, dear *Altisidora*,” answered the other, “for I doubt not but the duchess is asleep, and everybody else in the house except the master of your heart, and disturber of your repose: he, I am sure is awake, for even now I heard his casement open. Sing, my unhappy friend, in a low and sweet voice to the sound of your lute, and if my lady should hear us, we will plead in excuse the excessive heat of the weather.” “My fears are not on that account, my *Emerencia*,” answered *Altisidora*, “but I fear lest my song should betray my heart, and that, by those who know not the mighty force of love, I might be taken for a light and wanton damsel; but come what may, I will venture: better a blush in the face than a blot in the heart.” And presently she began to touch a lute so sweetly that Don Quixote was delighted and surprised; at the same time an infinite number of similar adventures rushed into his mind, of casements, grates, and gardens, serenades, courtships, and swoonings, with which his memory

was well stored, and he forthwith imagined that some damsel belonging to the duchess had become enamoured of him : though somewhat fearful of the beautiful foe, he resolved to fortify his heart, and on no account to yield ; so, commending himself with fervent devotion to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to listen to the music ; and, to let the damsel know he was there, he gave a feigned sneeze, at which they were not a little pleased, as they desired above all things that he should hear them. The harp being now tuned, Altisidora began the following—

## SONG.

Wake, sir knight, now love's invading.

Sleep in Holland sheets no more ;

When a nymph is serenading,

'Tis an errant shame to snore.

Hear a damsel tall and tender,

Moaning in most rueful guise,

With heart almost burn'd to cinder,

By the sunbeams of thy eyes.

To free damsels from disaster

Is, they say, your daily care :

Can you then deny a plaster

To a wounded virgin here ?

Tell me, doughty youth, who cursed thee

With such humours and ill-luck ?

Was't some sullen bear dry-nursed thee,

Or she-dragon gave thee suck ?

Dulcinea, that virago,

Well may brag of such a cid,

Now her fame is up, and may go

From Toledo to Madrid.

Would she but her prize surrender,

(Judge how on thy face I dote !)

In exchange I'd gladly send her

My best gown and petticoat.

Happy I, would fortune doom me

But to have me near thy bed,

Stroke thee, pat thee, currycomb thee,

And hunt o'er thy knightly head.

But I ask too much, sincerely,

And I doubt I ne'er must do't,

I'd but kiss your toe, and fairly

Get the length thus of your foot.

How I'd rig thee, and what riches

Should be heap'd upon thy bones !

Caps and socks, and cloaks and breeches,

Matchless pearls and precious stones.

Do not from above, like Nero,

See me burn and slight my woe,

But to quench my fires, my hero,

Cast a pitying eye below.



I'm a virgin-pullet, truly ;  
 One more tender ne'er was seen :  
 A mere chicken fledged but newly :--  
 Hang me if I'm yet fifteen.

Wind and limb, all's tight about me,  
 My hair dangles to my feet ;  
 I am straight too :—if you doubt me,  
 Trust your eyes, come down and see't

I've a bob nose has no fellow,  
 And a sparrow's mouth as rare :  
 Teeth like bright topazes, yellow ;  
 Yet I'm deemed a beauty here.

You know what a rare musician  
 (If you hearken) courts your choice ;  
 I dare say my disposition  
 Is as taking as my voice.

Here ended the song of the amorous Altisidora, and began the alarm of the courted Don Quixote ; who, fetching a deep sigh, said within himself: "Why am I so unhappy a knight-errant that no damsel can see but she must presently fall in love with me? Why is the peerless Dulcinea so unlucky that she must not be suffered singly to enjoy this my incomparable constancy? Queens, what would ye have with her? Empresses, why do ye persecute her? Damsels from fourteen to fifteen, why do ye plague her? Leave, leave the poor creature; let her triumph and glory in the lot which love bestowed upon her in the conquest of my heart, and the surrender of my soul. Take notice, enamoured multitude, that to Dulcinea alone I am paste and sugar, and to all others flint. To her I am honey, and to the rest of ye, aloes. To me, Dulcinea alone is beautiful, discreet, lively, modest, and well-born; all the rest of her sex foul, foolish, fickle, and base-born. To be hers, and hers alone, nature sent me into the world. Let Altisidora weep or sing, let the lady despair on whose account I was buffeted in the castle of the enchanted Moor; boiled or roasted, Dulcinea's I must be, clean, well-bred, and chaste, in spite of all the necromantic powers on earth."

Having so said, he clapped-to the casement, and, in despite and sorrow, as if some great misfortune had befallen him, threw himself upon his bed, where we will leave him for the present, to attend the great Sancho Panza, who is desirous of beginning his famous government.

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## CHAPTER XLV.

*How the great Sancho Panza took possession of his island, and of the manner of his beginning to govern it.*

O THOU ceaseless discoverer of the Antipodes, torch of the world, eye of Heaven, and sweet cause of earthen wine-coolers,\* here Thymbrius, there Phœbus; here archer, there physician, father of poesy, inventor of music;

\* In Spain they call *cantimploras* small glass decanters or very small earthen pitchers, which, to cool the water in the summer, are hung in a current of air. Hence the odd epithet Cervantes applies to the sun.

thou who always risest, and, though thou seemest to do so, never settest ; to thee, I speak, O sun ! by whose assistance man begets man ; thee I invoke to favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, that I may be able punctually to describe the government of the great Sancho Panza : without thee I find myself indolent, dispirited, and confused !

Sancho, then, with all his attendants, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, which was one of the largest and best the duke had. They gave him to understand that it was called the island of Barataria, either because Barataria was really the name of the place, or because he obtained the government of it at so cheap a rate. On his arrival near the gates of the town, which was walled about, the municipal officers came out to receive him. The bells rung, and, with all the demonstrations of a general joy and a great deal of pomp, the people conducted him to the great church to give thanks to God. Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented him the keys of the town, and constituted him perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The garb, the beard, the thickness, and shortness of the new governor, surprised all that were not in the secret, and, indeed, those that were, who were not a few. In fine, as soon as they had brought him out of the church, they carried him to the tribunal of justice, and placed him in the chair. The duke's steward then said to him :—"It is an ancient custom here, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is obliged to answer a question put to him, which is to be somewhat intricate and difficult." By his answer, the people are enabled to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and, accordingly, are either glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was saying this, Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his chair, and, being unable to read, he asked what that writing was on the wall. He was answered : "Sir, it is there written on what day your honour took possession of this island. The inscription runs thus : 'This day, such a day of the month and year, Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island. Long may he enjoy it.'"<sup>3</sup> "Pray who is it they call Don Sancho Panza?" demanded Sancho. "Your lordship," answered the steward ; "for no other Panza, besides him now in the chair, ever came into this island." "Take notice, then, brother," returned Sancho, "that the *Don* does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family. I am called plain Sancho Panza ; my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather was a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of *Dons*, or any other title whatever. I fancy there are more *Dons* than stones in this island. But enough, God knows my meaning ; and, perhaps, if my government lasts four days, I may weed out these *Dons* that overrun the country, and, by their numbers, are as troublesome as musquitoes and cousins.\* On with your question, master steward, and I will answer the best I can, let the people be sorry or rejoice."

About this time two men came into court, the one clad like a country-fellow, and the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand ; and the tailor said : "My lord governor, I and this countryman come before your worship by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop (saving your presence, I am a tailor, and have passed my examination, God be thanked), and putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me : 'Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap ?' I, measuring the piece, answered yes. Now he, thinking that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit upon his own knavery, and upon the common ill opinion of tailors,

\* Many plebeians in Cervantes' time already arrogated to themselves the title of *Don*, which was until then reserved exclusively for the nobility.

bade me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. Persisting in his knavish intentions, my customer went on increasing the number of caps, and I still saying yes, till we came to five caps. A little time ago he came to claim them. I offered them to him, but he refuses to pay me for the making, and insists I shall either return him his cloth, or pay him for it." "Is all this so, brother?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," answered the man; "but pray, my lord, make him produce the five caps he has made me." "With all my heart," answered the tailor; and pulling his hand from under his cloak, he showed the five caps on the ends of his fingers and thumb, saying: "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left, and I submit the work to be viewed by any inspectors of the trade." All present laughed at the number of the caps and the novelty of the suit. Sancho reflected a moment, and then said: "I am of opinion there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided very equitably off hand. Therefore I pronounce, that the tailor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that."

If the sentence Sancho afterwards passed on the purse of the herdsman caused the admiration of all the bystanders, this excited their laughter. However, what the governor commanded was executed, and two old men next presented themselves before him. One of them carried a cane in his hand for a staff; the other, who had no staff, said to Sancho: "My lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold to oblige and serve him, upon condition that he should return them on demand." I let some time pass without asking for them, being loth to put him to a greater strait to pay me than he was in when I lent them. But at length, thinking it full time to be repaid, I asked him for my money more than once, but to no purpose: he not only refuses payment, but denies the debt, and says I never lent him any such sum, or, if I did, that he had already paid me. I have no witnesses to the loan, nor has he of the payment which he pretends to have made, but which I deny; yet if he will swear before your worship that he has returned the money, I from this minute acquit him before God and the world." "What say you to this, old gentleman?" quoth Sancho. "I confess, my lord," replied the old fellow, "that he did lend me the money, and if your worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it to him." The governor accordingly held down his wand, and the old fellow, seeming encumbered with his staff, gave it to his creditor to hold while he was swearing; and then taking hold of the cross of the wand, he said it was true indeed the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had restored them to him into his own hand; but having, he supposed, forgotten it, he was continually dunning him for them. Upon which his lordship the governor demanded of the creditor what he had to say in reply to the solemn declaration he had heard. He said that he submitted, and could not doubt but that his debtor had sworn the truth; for he believed him to be an honest man and a good Christian; and that, as the fault must have been in his own memory, he would thenceforward ask him no more for his money. The debtor now took his staff again, and bowing to the governor, went out of court.

Sancho having observed the defendant take his staff and walk away, and noticing also the resignation of the plaintiff, he began to meditate, and laying the fore-finger of his right hand upon his forehead, he continued a short time apparently full of thought; and then raising his head, he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back; and when he had returned, "Honest friend," said the governor, "give me that staff, for I have occasion for it." "With all

my heart," answered the old fellow; and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and immediately giving it to the other old man, he said, "There, take that, and go about your business in God's name, for you are now paid." "I paid, my lord!" answered the old man, "what! is this cane worth ten golden crowns?" "Yes," quoth the governor, "or I am the greatest dunce in the world: and it shall now appear whether or not I have a head to govern a whole kingdom." He then ordered the cane to be broken in court; which being done, ten crowns of gold were found within it. All the spectators were struck with admiration, and began to look upon their new governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he had discovered that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that, having observed the defendant give it to the plaintiff to hold, while he took his oath that he had truly restored the money into his own hands, and that being done he took his staff again, it came into his head that the money in dispute must be inclosed within it. From this, he added, they might see that it sometimes pleased God to direct the judgments of those who govern, though otherwise little better than blockheads. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another business, which was still in his mind; indeed he had so special a memory, that, were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all that he chiefly wanted to remember, there would not have been a better in the whole island. The cause being ended, the two old men went away, the one abashed and the other satisfied; and the secretary, who minuted down the words, actions, and behaviour of Sancho Panza, could not yet determine in his own mind whether he should set him down for wise or simple.

This cause was no sooner ended, than there came into court a woman keeping fast hold of a man clad like a rich herdsman. She came, crying aloud: "Justice, my lord governor, justice! If I cannot find it on earth, I will seek it in heaven! Lord governor of my soul, this wicked man surprised me in the middle of a field, and made use of my person as if it had been a dish-clout. Woe is me! he has robbed me of what I have kept above these three-and-twenty years, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and foreigners. Have I been as hard as a cork-tree, and preserved myself as entire as a salamander in the fire, or as wool among briers, that this honest man should come with his clean hands to handle me!" "That remains to be inquired into," said Sancho; "let us now proceed to see whether this gallant's hands are clean or not;" and, turning to the man, he asked him what he had to say in answer to this woman's complaint. The man all in confusion, replied: "Sir, I am a poor herdsman, and deal in swine; and this morning I went out of this town, after having sold, under correction be it spoken, four hogs; and, what between dues and exactions, the officers took from me little less than they were worth. As I was returning home, by the way I lighted upon this good dame, and the devil, the author of all mischief, yoked us together. I paid her handsomely; but, she, not contented, laid hold of me, and has never let me go till she has dragged me to this place. She says I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lies. This is the whole truth."

Then the governor asked him if he had any silver money about him. The man answered that he had about twenty ducats in a leathern purse in his bosom. Sancho ordered him to produce it, and deliver it just as it was to the plaintiff. He did so, trembling; the woman took the purse, and making a thousand curtsies, and praying to God for the life and health of the lord governor, who took such care of poor orphans and maidens, out of the court she went, holding the purse with both hands, taking care first to see if the money that was in it was silver.

She had no sooner left the room, than Sancho said to the herdsman, who

was in tears, and whose eyes and heart were gone after his purse: "Honest man, follow that woman, and take away the purse from her, whether she will or not, and come back hither with it." This was not said to one deaf or stupid, for the man instantly flew after her like lightning, and went about doing what he was bidden.

All present were in great suspense, expecting the issue of this suit. In a few minutes came in the man and the woman, clinging together closer than the first time, she with her petticoat tucked up and the purse lapped up in it, and the man struggling to take it from her, but in vain, she defended it so stoutly. "Justice from God and the world!" cried she at the top of her lungs: "See, my lord governor, the impudence and want of fear of this varlet, who, in the midst of the town and of the street, would take from me the purse your worship commanded to be given to me." "And has he got it?" demanded the governor. "Got it!" answered the woman; "I would sooner let him take away my life than my purse. A pretty baby I should be, indeed! Other-guise cats must claw my beard, and not such pitiful, sneaking tools as this. Pincers and hammers, crows and chisels, shall not get it out of my clutches, nor even the paws of a lion. My soul and body shall sooner part." "She is in the right," added the man; "I yield myself worsted and spent, and confess I have not strength enough to take it from her." That said, he left her.

Then said the governor to the woman: "Give me that purse, chaste and valiant heroine." She presently delivered it, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the violent but not violated damsel: "Sister of mine, had you shown the same, or but half as much, courage and resolution in defending your chastity, as you have done in defending your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Begone, in God's name, and in an ill hour, and be not found in all this island, nor in six leagues round about it, upon pain of two hundred stripes. Begone, instantly, I say, thou prating, shameless, cheating hussey!" The woman was confounded and went away hanging down her head and not very well pleased. "Now, friend," said the governor to the man, "in Heaven's name get you home with your money, and henceforward, if you would avoid worse luck, yoke not with such cattle." The countryman thanked him in the best manner he could, and went his way, leaving all the court in admiration at the acuteness and wisdom of their new governor: all of whose sentences and decrees, being noted down by the appointed historiographer, were immediately transmitted to the duke, who waited for these accounts with the utmost impatience. Here let us leave honest Sancho and return to his master, who earnestly requires our attendance—Altisidora's serenade having strangely discomposed his mind.

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

*Of the dreadful bell-ringing and catish consternation into which Don Quixote was thrown in the course of the enamoured Altisidora's amour.*

WE left the great Don Quixote in bed, harassed with reflections on the conduct of the love-stricken Altisidora; not to mention others, which arose from the disaster of his stocking. He carried them with him to his couch, and had they been fleas, they could not more effectually have disturbed his rest. But Time is ever moving; nothing can impede his course, and on he came prancing, leading up, at a brisk pace, the welcome morn; which was no sooner

perceived by Don Quixote than, forsaking his pillow, he hastily put on his chamois doublet, and also his travelling-boots, to conceal the misfortune of his stocking. He then threw over his shoulders his scarlet mantle, and put on his head a green velvet cap trimmed with silver lace; his sharp and trusty blade he next slung over his shoulder by its belt, and now, taking up a large rosary, which he always carried about him, he march with great state and solemnity towards the ante-chamber, where the duke and duchess expected him; and, as he passed through the gallery, he encountered Altisidora and her damsel friend, who had placed themselves in his way.

The moment Altisidora caught sight of him, she pretended to fall into a swoon, and dropped into the arms of her companion, who in haste began to unclasp her bosom. Don Quixote, observing this, approached them, and turning to the damsel, "I well know the meaning of this," said he, "and whence these faintings proceed." "It is more than I do," replied her friend, "for this I am sure of, that no damsel in all this family had better health than Altisidora; I have never heard so much as a sigh from her since I have known her:—ill betide all the knights-errant in the world, say I, if they are all so ungrateful. Pray, my lord Don Quixote, for pity's sake leave this place: for this poor young creature will not come to herself while you are near." "Madam," said the knight, "be pleased to order a lute to be left in my chamber to-night, and I will comfort this poor damsel as far as I am able; for love in the beginning is most easily cured."

He then retreated, to avoid observation; and Altisidora, immediately recovering from her swoon, said to her companion, "By all means let him have the lute; for doubtless he intends to give us some music, which being his, cannot but be precious." When they gave the duchess an account of their jest, and of Don Quixote's desire to have a lute in his apartment, she was exceedingly diverted, and seized the occasion, in concert with the duke and her women, to plot new schemes of harmless merriment; with great glee, therefore, they waited for night, which, notwithstanding their impatience, did not seem tardy in its approach, since the day was spent in relishing conversation with Don Quixote. On the same day the duchess had also despatched a page of hers (one who had personated Dulcinea in the wood) to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter and the bundle he had left to be sent; charging him to bring back an exact account of all that should pass.

At the hour of eleven Don Quixote retired to his chamber, where he found a lute, as he had desired. After touching the instrument lightly, he opened his casement, and, on listening, heard footsteps in the garden; whereupon he again ran over the strings of his instrument, and, after tuning it as nicely as he could, he hemmed, cleared his throat, and then with a hoarse, though not unmusical voice, sung the following song, which he had himself composed that day:—

Love, with idleness is friend,  
O'er a maiden gains its end:  
But let business and employment  
Fill up ev'ry careful moment;  
These an antidote will prove  
'Gainst the pois'nous arts of love.  
Maidens that aspire to marry,  
In their looks reserve should carry  
Modesty their price should raise,  
And be the herald of their praise.  
Knights, whom toils of arms employ,  
With the free may laugh and toy;

But the modest only choose  
When they tie the nuptial noose.  
Love that rises with the sun,  
With his setting beams is gone :  
Love that guest-like visits hearts,  
When the banquet 's o'er, departs :  
And the love that comes to-day,  
And to-morrow wings its way,  
Leaves no traces on the soul,  
Its affections to control.  
Where a sovereign beauty reigns,  
Fruitless are a rival's pains—  
O'er a finish'd picture who  
E'er a second picture drew ?  
Fair Dulcinea, queen of beauty,  
Rules my heart, and claims its duty,  
Nothing there can take her place,  
Nought her image can erase.  
Whether fortune smile or frown,  
Constancy's the lover's crown ;  
And, its force divine to prove,  
Miracles performs in love.

Thus far had Don Quixote proceeded in his song, which was heard by the duke and duchess, Altisidora, and almost all the inmates of the castle ; when suddenly from an open gallery directly over Don Quixote's window, a rope was let down, to which above a hundred little tinkling bells were fastened ; and immediately after, a huge sackful of cats, each furnished with similar bells, tied to their tails, was also let down to the window. The noise made by these cats and bells was so great and strange that the duke and duchess, though the inventors of the jest, were alarmed, and Don Quixote himself was panic-struck. Two or three of the cats made their way into his room, where, scouring about from side to side, it seemed as if a legion of devils had broken loose, and were flying about the room. They soon extinguished the lights in the chamber, and endeavoured to make their escape ; in the mean time the rope to which the bells were fastened was playing its part, and added to the discord, insomuch that all those who were not in the secret of the plot were amazed and confounded.

Don Quixote seized his sword, and made thrusts at the casement, crying out aloud, "Avaunt, ye malicious enchanters ! avaunt, ye wizard tribe ! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wicked arts avail not." Then, assailing the cats in the room, they fled to the window, where they all escaped except one, which, being hard pressed by the knight, sprung at his face, and, fixing his claws in his nose, made him roar so loud that the duke and duchess, hearing and guessing the cause, ran up in haste to his chamber, which they opened with a master-key, and there they found the poor gentleman endeavouring to disengage the creature from his face. On observing the unequal combat, the duke hastened to relieve Don Quixote ; but he cried out, "Let no one take him off ! leave me to battle with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter ! I will teach him what it is to deal with Don Quixote de la Mancha !" The cat, however, not regarding these menaces, kept her hold till the duke happily disengaged the furious animal, and put him out of the window.

Don Quixote's face was hideously scratched all over, not excepting his nose, which had fared but ill ; nevertheless, he was much dissatisfied by the interference which had prevented him from chastising that villanous enchanter. Oil

of Aparicio was brought for him, and Altisidora herself, with her lily-white hands, bound up his wounds : and while she was so employed, she said to him in a low voice, "All these misadventures befall thee, hard-hearted knight ! as a punishment for your stubborn disdain, and Heaven grant that Sancho, your squire, may forget to whip himself, that your darling Dulcinea may never be released from her enchantment, nor you ever be blest with her embraces—at least, so long as I, your unhappy adorer, shall live !" To all this Don Quixote answered only with a profound sigh, and then stretched himself at full length upon his bed, thanking the duke and duchess, not for their assistance against that catish, bell-ringing crew of rascally enchanters, which he despised, but for their kind intention in coming to his succour. His noble friends then left him to repose, not a little concerned at the event of their jest, on which they had not calculated : for it was far from their intention that it should prove so severe to the worthy knight as to cost him five days' confinement to his chamber. During that period, however, an adventure befel him more relishing than the former, but which cannot, in this place, be recorded, as the historian must now turn to Sancho Panza, who had, hitherto, proceeded very smoothly in his government.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

*Giving a further account of Sancho's behaviour in his government.*

THE history relates that Sancho Panza was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where in a great hall he found a magnificent entertainment prepared. He had no sooner entered than his ears were saluted by the sound of many instruments, and four pages served him with water to wash his hands, which the governor received with becoming gravity. The music having ceased, Sancho now sat down to dinner in a chair of state placed at the upper end of the table ; for there was but one seat, and only one plate and napkin. A personage who, as it afterwards appeared, was a physician, took his stand at one side of his chair with a whalebone rod in his hand. They then removed the beautiful white cloth which covered a variety of fruits and other eatables. Grace was said by one in a student's dress, and a laced bib was placed by a page under Sancho's chin. Another, who performed the office of sewer, now set a plate of fruit before him ; but he had scarcely tasted it, when, on being touched by the wand-bearer, it was snatched away, and another containing meat instantly supplied its place. Yet, before Sancho could make a beginning, it vanished, like the former, on a signal of the wand.

The governor was surprised at this proceeding, and, looking around him, asked if this dinner was only to show off their sleight of hand. "My lord," said the wand-bearer, "your lordship's food must here be watched with the same care as is customary with the governors of other islands. I am a doctor of physic, sir, and my duty, for which I receive a salary, is to watch over the governor's health, whereof I am more careful than of my own. I study his constitution night and day, that I may know how to restore him when sick ; and therefore think it incumbent on me to pay especial regard to his meals, at which I constantly preside, to see that he eats what is good and salutary, and prevent his touching whatever I imagine may be prejudicial to his health, or offensive to his stomach. It was for that reason, my lord," continued he, "I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too watery, and that other dish as being too hot, and over-seasoned with spices, which are apt to



provoke thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life.”

“Well, then,” quoth Sancho, “that plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, I suppose will do me no manner of harm?” “Hold,” said the doctor; “my lord governor shall not eat them while I live to prevent it.” “Pray, why not?” quoth Sancho. “Because,” answered the doctor, “our great master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdis autem pessima*; which means, ‘All repletion is bad, but that from partridges the worst.’” “If it be so,” quoth Sancho, “pray cast your eye, signor doctor, over all these dishes here on the table, and see which will do me the most good, or the least harm, and let me eat of it, without whisking it away with your conjuring-stick: for, by my soul, and as Heaven shall give me life to enjoy this government, I am dying with hunger: and to deny me food—let signor doctor say what he will—is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short.”

“Your worship is in the right, my lord governor,” answered the physician, “And therefore I am of opinion you should not eat of these stewed rabbits, as being a food that is tough and acute; of that veal, indeed, you might have taken a little, had it been neither roasted nor stewed; but as it is, not a morsel.” “What think you, then,” said Sancho, “of that huge dish there, smoking hot, which I take to be an olla-podrida?—for, among the many things contained in it, I surely may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome.” “Absit!” quoth the doctor; “far be such a thought from us. Olla-podrida! there is no worse dish in the world;—leave them to prebends and rectors of colleges, or lusty feeders at country weddings; but let them not be seen on the tables of governors, where nothing contrary to health and delicacy should be tolerated.) Simple medicines are always more estimable and safe, for in them there can be no mistake; whereas, in such as are compounded, all is hazard and uncertainty. Therefore, what I would at present advise my lord governor to eat, in order to corroborate and preserve his health, is about a hundred small rolled-up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit upon the stomach, and help digestion.”

Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, looking at the doctor from head to foot very seriously, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered, “My lord governor, my name is Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero; I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, lying between Caraquel and Almoddobar del Campo, on the right hand, and I have taken my doctor’s degrees in the university of Ossuna.” “Then hark you,” said Sancho, in a rage, “Signor Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant!—or, by the light of heaven, I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with your carcase, will so belabour all the physic-mongers in the island, that not one of the tribe shall be left!—I mean of those like yourself, who are ignorant quacks; for those who are learned and wise I shall make much of, and honour as so many angels. I say again, Signor Pedro Rezio, begone; or I shall take the chair I sit on, and comb your head to some tune; and, if I am called to an account for it when I give up my office, I shall prove that I have done a good service, in ridding the world of a bad physician, who is a public executioner. Body of me! give me something to eat, or let them take back their government: for an office that will not find a man in virtuals is not worth two beans.”

On seeing the governor in such a fury, the doctor would have fled out in the hall, had not the sound of a courier’s horn at that instant been heard in the street. “A courier from my lord duke,” said the sewer (who had looked out

of the window), "and he must certainly have brought despatches of importance." The courier entered hastily, foaming with sweat, and in great agitation, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, he delivered it into the governor's hands, and by him it was given to the steward, telling him to read the superscription, which was this: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, to be delivered only to himself, or to his secretary." "Who is my secretary?" said Sancho. "It is I, my lord," answered one who was present, "for I can read and write, and am, besides, a Biscayan." "With that addition," quoth Sancho, "you may very well be secretary to the emperor himself;—open the packet, and see what it holds." The new secretary did so, and having run his eye over the contents, he said it was a business which required privacy. Accordingly Sancho commanded all to retire excepting the steward and sewer; and when the hall was cleared, the secretary read the following letter:

"It has just come to my knowledge, Signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine intend very soon to make a desperate attack, by night, upon the island under your command; it is necessary, therefore, to be vigilant and alert, that you may not be taken by surprise. I have also received intelligence, from trusty spies, that four persons in disguise are now in your town, sent thither by the enemy, who, fearful of your great talents, have a design upon your life. Keep a strict watch; be careful who are admitted to you, and eat nothing sent you as a present. I will not fail to send you assistance if you are in want of it. Whatever may be attempted, I have full reliance on your activity and judgment.

"Your friend, the DUKE.

"From this place, the 16th of August, at four in the morning."

Sancho was astonished at this information, and the others appeared to be no less so. At length, turning to the steward, "I will tell you," said he, "the first thing to be done, which is, to clap Doctor Rezio into a dungeon; for if anybody has a design to kill me, it is he, and that by the most lingering and the worst of all deaths—starvation." "Be that as it may," said the steward, "it is my opinion your honour would do well to eat none of the meat here upon the table, for it was presented by some nuns, and it is a saying, 'The devil lurks behind the cross.'" "You are in the right," quoth Sancho, "and for the present, give me only a piece of bread and some four pounds of grapes:—there can be no poison in them: for, in truth, I cannot live without food, and if we must keep in readiness for these battles that threaten us, it is fit that we should be well fed; for the stomach upholds the heart, and the heart the man. Do you, Mr. Secretary, answer the letter of my lord duke, and tell him his commands shall be obeyed throughout most faithfully; and present my dutiful respects to my lady duchess, and beg her not to forget to send a special messenger with my letter and bundle to my wife Teresa Panza, which I shall take as a particular favour, and will be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. And, by the way, you may put in my hearty service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see that I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful; and as to the rest, I leave it to you, as a good secretary and a true Biscayan, to add whatever you please, or that may turn to the best account. Now away with this cloth, and bring me something that may be eaten, and then let these spies, murderers, and enchanters, see how they meddle with me or my island."

A page now entered, saying, "Here is a countryman who would speak with your lordship on business, as he says, of great importance." "It is very strange," quoth Sancho, "that these men of business should be so silly as not to see that this is not a time for such matters. What! we who govern and are judges,

belike, are not made of flesh and bone like other men? We are made of marble-stone, forsooth, and have no need of rest or refreshment! Before Heaven, and upon my conscience, if my government lasts, as I have a glimmering it will not, I shall hamper more than one of these men of business! Well, for this once, tell the fellow to come in; but first see that he is no spy, nor one of my murderers." "He looks, my lord," answered the vage, "like a simple fellow: and I am much mistaken if he be not as harmless as a crust of bread." "Your worship need not fear," quoth the steward, "since we are with you." "But now that Doctor Pedro Rezio is gone," quoth Sancho, "may I not have something to eat of substance and weight, though it were but a luncheon of bread and an onion?" "At night your honour shall have no cause to complain," quoth the sewer; "supper shall make up for the want of dinner." "Heaven grant it may," replied Sancho.

The countryman, who was of goodly presence, then came in, and it might be seen a thousand leagues off that he was an honest, good soul. "Which among you here is the lord governor?" said he. "Who should it be," answered the secretary, "but he who is seated in the chair?" "I humble myself in his presence," quoth the countryman; and kneeling down, he begged for his hand to kiss. Sancho refused it, and commanded him to rise and tell his business. The countryman did so, and said, "My lord, I am a husbandman, a native of Miguel Terra, two leagues from Ciudad Real." "What! another Tirtiafuera?" quoth Sancho—"say on, brother; for let me tell you, I know Miguel Terra very well: it is not very far from my own village." "The business is this, sir," continued the peasant: "by the mercy of Heaven, I was married in peace and in the face of the holy Roman Catholic Church. I have two sons, bred scholars; the younger studies for bachelor, and the elder for licentiate. I am a widower—for my wife died, or rather a wicked physician killed her by improper medicines when she was pregnant; and if it had been God's will that the child had been born, and had proved a son, I would have put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his two brothers, the bachelor and the licentiate." "So that, if your wife," quoth Sancho, "had not died, or had not been killed, you would not now be a widower!" "No, certainly, my lord," answered the peasant. "We are much the nearer," replied Sancho—"go on, friend: for this is an hour rather for bed than business."

"I say, then," quoth the countryman, "that my son who is to be the bachelor, fell in love with a damsel in the same village, called Clara Perlerino, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer; which name of Perlerino came to them not by lineal or any other descent, but because all of that race are paralytic; and to mend the name, they call them Perlerinos:—indeed, to say the truth, the damsel is like any oriental pearl, and looked at on the right side, seems a very flower of the field; but on the left, not quite so fair, for on that side she wants an eye, which she lost by the small-pox; and though the pits in her face are many and deep, her admirers say they are not pits, but graves wherein the hearts of her lovers are buried. So clean and delicate, too, is she, that to prevent defiling her face, she carries her nose so hooked up that it seems to fly from her mouth: yet for all that she looks charmingly: for she has a large mouth; and did she not lack half a score or a dozen front teeth, she might pass and make a figure among the fairest. I say nothing of her lips, for they are so thin that were it the fashion to reel lips, one might make a skein of them; but, being of a different colour from what is usual in lips, they have a marvellous appearance; for they are streaked with blue, green, and orange-tawny. Pardon me, good my lord governor, if I paint so minutely the parts of her who is about to become my daughter; for in truth I love and admire her more than I can tell." "Paint what you will," quoth Sancho, "for I am

mightily taken with the picture : and had I but dined, I would have desired no better dessert." "It shall be always at your service," replied the peasant, "and the time may come when we may be acquainted, though we are not so now ; and I assure you, my lord, if I could but paint her genteel air, and the tallness of her person, you would be amazed ; but that cannot be, because she is doubled and folded up together in such wise that her knees touch her mouth ; yet you may see plainly that, could she but stand upright, her head for certain would touch the ceiling. In fine, long ere now would she have given her hand to my bachelor in marriage, but that she cannot stretch it out, it is so shrunk : nevertheless, her long guttered nails show the goodness of its make."

"So far, so good," quoth Sancho ; "and now, brother, that you have painted her from head to foot, what is it you would be at ? come to the point, without so many windings and turnings." "What I desire, my lord," answered the countryman, "is, that your lordship would do me the favour to give me a letter of recommendation to her father, begging his consent to the match, since we are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune and of nature : for, to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and scarcely a day passes in which the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times ; and having thereby once fallen into the fire, his face is as shrivelled as a piece of scorched parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleared and running ; but, bless him ! he has the temper of an angel ; and did he not buffet and belabour himself, he would be a very saint for gentleness."

"Would you have anything else, honest friend ?" said Sancho. "One thing more I would ask," quoth the peasant, "but that I dare not ;—yet out it shall :—come what may, it shall not rot my breast. I say then, my lord, I could wish your worship to give me three or six hundred ducats towards mending the fortune of my bachelor—I mean, to assist in furnishing his house ; for it is agreed they shall live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinences of their fathers-in-law." "Well," quoth Sancho, "see if there is anything else you would have, and be not squeamish in asking." "No, nothing more," answered the peasant. The governor then rising, and seizing the chair on which he had been seated, exclaimed, "I vow to Heaven, Don lubberly, saucy bumpkin, if you do not instantly get out of my sight, I will break your head with this chair ! Son of a strumpet, rascal, and the devil's own painter ! At this time of day to come and ask me for six hundred ducats ! Where should I have them, villain ! And if I had them, idiot ! why should I give them to thee ? What care I for Miguel Turra, or for the whole race of the Perlerinos ? Begone, I say ! or by the life of my lord duke, I will be as good as my word. Thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some scoffer sent from the devil to torment me. Impudent scoundrel ! I have not yet had the government a day and a half, and you expect I should have six hundred ducats !" The sewer made signs to the countryman to go out of the hall, which he did, hanging down his head, and seemingly much afraid lest the governor should put his threat into execution ; for the knave knew very well how to play his part.

But let us leave Sancho in his passion—peace be with him ! and turn to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bound up, and under cure of his catish wounds, which were eight days in healing ; in the course of that time, circumstances occurred to him which Cid Hamet promised to relate with the same truth and precision which he has observed in everything, however minute, appertaining to this history.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

*Of what befel Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez, the duchess's duenna ; together with other incidents worthy to be written and held in eternal remembrance.*

THE sore-wounded Don Quixote was exceedingly discontented and melancholy, with his face bound up and marked, not by the hand of God, but by the claws of a cat : such are the misfortunes incident to knight-errantry ! During six days he appeared not in public. One night, in the course of that time, lying stretched on his bed, awake and meditating on his misfortunes, and the persecution he had suffered from Altisidora, he heard a key applied to his chamber-door, and immediately concluded that the enamoured damsel herself was coming, with a determination to assault his chastity and overcome by temptation the fidelity he owed to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. "No," said he, not doubting the truth of what he fancied, and speaking so loud as to be overheard, "no, not the greatest beauty upon earth shall prevail upon me to cease adoring her whose image is engraven and stamped in the bottom of my soul, and in the inmost recesses of my heart ! Whether, my dearest lady ! thou be now transformed into a garlic-eating wench, or into one of the nymphs of the golden Tagus, who weave in silk and gold their glittering webs ; or whether thou art detained by Merlin or Montesinos :—wherever thou art, mine thou shalt be, and wherever I am, thine I have been and thine I will remain !"

As he concluded these words, the door opened, and he rose up in the bed, wrapped from top to toe in a quilt of yellow satin, a woollen cap on his head, and his face and his mustachios bound up : his face, on account of its scratches, and his mustachios to keep them from flagging : in which guise a more extraordinary phantom imagination never conceived. He riveted his eyes on the door, and when he expected to see the captivated and sorrowful Altisidora enter, he perceived something that resembled a most reverend duenna gliding in, covered with a long white veil that reached from head to foot. Between the fore-finger and the thumb of her left hand she carried half a lighted candle, and held her right over it to keep the glare from her eyes, which were hidden behind a huge pair of spectacles. She advanced very slowly and with cautious tread, and as Don Quixote gazed at her form and face from his watch-tower, he was convinced that some witch or sorceress was come in that disguise to do him secret mischief, and therefore began to cross himself with much diligence.

The apparition kept moving forward, and having reached the middle of the room, it paused and raised its eyes, as if remarking how devoutly the knight was crossing himself : and if he was alarmed at seeing such a figure, she was no less dismayed at the sight of him—so lank, so yellow ! enveloped in the quilt, and disfigured with bandages ! "Jesu ! what do I see ?" she exclaimed—and in the fright the candle fell out of her hand. Finding herself in the dark, she endeavoured to regain the door, but her feet becoming entangled in the skirts of her garment, she stumbled and fell. Don Quixote was in the utmost consternation. "Phantom !" he cried, "or whatever thou art, say, I conjure thee : what art thou and what requirest thou of me ? If thou art a soul in torment, tell me, and I will do all I can to help thee, for I am a Catholic Christian, and love to do good to all mankind. It was for that purpose I took upon me the profession of knight-errantry, which engages me to relieve even the souls in purgatory."

The fallen duenna hearing herself thus exorcised, guessed at Don Quixote's fear by her own, and in a low and doleful voice answered, "Signor Don Quixote (if peradventure your worship be Don Quixote), I am no phantom, nor

apparition, nor soul in purgatory, as your worship seems to think, but Donna Rodriguez, duenna of honour to my lady duchess, and am come to your worship with one of those cases of distress which your worship is wont to remedy." "Tell me, then, Signora Donna Rodriguez," quoth Don Quixote, "if it happens that your ladyship comes in quality of love-messenger? because, if so, I would have you understand that your labour will be fruitless:—thanks to the peerless beauty of my mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso. To be plain, Signora Donna Rodriguez, on condition you waive all amorous messages, you may go and light your candle and return hither, and we will discourse on whatever you please to command—with that exception." "I bring messages, good sir!" answered the duenna; "your worship mistakes me much: it is not so late in life with me yet as to be compelled to take such base employment: for, Heaven be praised! my soul is still in my body, and all my teeth in my head, except a few snatched from me by this cold province of Arragon. But wait, sir, till I have lighted my candle, when I will return and communicate my griefs to your worship, who are the redresser of all the grievances in the world." Thereupon she quitted the room without waiting for a reply from the knight, whom she left in a state of great suspense.

A thousand thoughts now crowded into his mind touching this new adventure, and he was of opinion that he had judged and acted improperly, to expose himself to the hazard of breaking his plighted troth to his lady, and he said to himself, "Who knows but the devil, that father of mischief, means to deceive me now with a duenna, though he could not effect it with empresses, queens, duchesses, and ladies of high degree? For I have often heard wise men say, 'the devil finds a better bait in a flat-nosed than a hawk-nosed woman;' and who can tell but this solitude, this opportunity, and this silence, may awaken my desires, and make me now, at these years, fall where I never yet stumbled? In such cases, better it were to fly than hazard a battle. But why do I talk so idly? Surely I have lost my senses to imagine that an antiquated, white-veiled, lank, and spectacled duenna should awaken a single unchaste thought in the most abandoned libertine in the world. Is there a duenna upon earth who can boast of wholesome flesh and blood? Is there a duenna upon the globe who is not impertinent, affected, and loathsome? Avaunt then, ye rabble of duennas! useless, disgusting, and unprofitable! Wisely did that good lady act who placed near her sofa a couple of painted images, accoutred like those ancient waiting-women, as if at their work: finding the state and decorum of her rank quite as well supported by these dumb imitations."

So saying, he jumped off the bed, intending to lock the door so as to prevent the duenna's return; but before he could effect his purpose, Signora Rodriguez entered with a lighted taper of white wax: and coming at once upon Don Quixote, wrapped up in his quilt, with bandages and nightcap, she was again alarmed, and, retreating two or three steps, she said, "Sir knight, am I safe? for I take it to be no sign of modesty that your worship has got out of bed." "I should rather ask you that question, madam," answered Don Quixote, "and therefore tell me if I am secure from assault and ravishment." "Of whom, or from whom, sir knight, do you demand that security?" answered the duenna. "From you, madam," replied Don Quixote: "for I am not made of marble, nor are you, I suppose, of brass; nor is it noontide, but midnight, and even later, if I am not mistaken; and, moreover, we are in a room retired, and more secret than the cave in which the bold and traitorous Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido. But, madam, give me your hand; for I desire no greater security than my own continence and reserve, and what that most reverend veil inspires." So saying, he kissed his right hand, and took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet makes a parenthesis, and swears by Mahomet he would have given the better of his two vests to have seen the knight and matron walking from the chamber-door to the bedside. He then proceeds to inform us that Don Quixote resumed his situation in bed, and Donna Rodriguez sat down in a chair at some little distance from it, without taking off her spectacles or setting down her candle. Don Quixote covered himself up close, all but his face; and after a short pause, the first who broke silence was the knight. "Now, Signora Donna Rodriguez," said he, "you may unbosom all that is in your oppressed and afflicted heart; for you shall be listened to by me with chaste ears, and assisted with compassionate deeds." "That I verily believe," said the duenna; "and no other than so Christian an answer could be expected from a person of your worship's courtly and seemly presence. The case, then, is this, noble signor, that though you see me sitting in this chair, and in the midst of the kingdom of Arragon, and in the garb of a poor persecuted duenna, I was born in the Asturias of Oviedo, and of a family allied to some of the best of that province. But my hard fate and the neglect of my parents, who fell, I know not how, into a state of poverty, carried me to Madrid, where from prudence and the fear of what might be worse, they placed me in the service of a court lady; and I can assure your worship that, in making needle-cases and plain work, I was never in my life outdone. My parents left me in service, and returned to their own country, where, in a few years after, they died, and, I doubt not, went to heaven; for they were very good and Catholic Christians. Then was I left an orphan and reduced to the sorrowful condition of such court servants—wretched wages, and slender allowance. About the same time—Heaven knows, without my giving him the least cause for it!—the gentleman usher of the family fell in love with me. He was somewhat stricken in years, with a fine beard, a comely person; and, what is more, as good a gentleman as the king himself, for he was a mountaineer. We did not carry on our amour so secretly but that it came to the notice of my lady, who without more ado, and to prevent slander, had us duly married in the face of our holy mother the Roman Catholic Church: from which marriage sprung a daughter, to complete my good fortune, if fortune had been mine:—not that I died in childbed, for in due time I was safely delivered; but alas! my husband died soon after of fright; and had I—but time to tell you how it was, your worship, I am sure, would be all astonishment."

Here Donna Rodriguez shed many tears of tender recollection. "Pardon me, good Signor Don Quixote," said she, "for I cannot command myself: as often as I call to mind my poor ill-fated spouse, these tears will flow. Heaven be my aid! With what stateliness was he wont to carry my lady behind him on a princely mule as black as jet itself: for in those times coaches and side-saddles were not in fashion, as it is said they now are—ladies rode behind their squires. Pardon me, for I cannot help telling you at least this one circumstance, because it proves the good breeding and punctilio of my worthy husband. It happened that, on entering the street of Santiago, which is very narrow, a judge of one of the courts, with two of his officers before him, appeared, and as soon as my good squire saw him, he turned his mule about, as if he would follow him. My lady, who was behind him, said to him in a low voice, 'What are you doing, blockhead? am not I here?' The judge civilly stopped his horse, and said, 'Proceed on your way, sir; for it is rather my duty to attend my lady Donna Casilda,'—my mistress's name; but my husband persisted, cap in hand, in his intention to follow the judge. On which my lady, full of rage and indignation, pulled out a great pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, and stuck it into his back; whereupon my husband bawled out, and, writhing with the smart, down he came, with his lady to the ground. Two of her footmen

ran to assist her, as well as the judge and his officers, and the gate of Guadalajara—I mean the idle people that stood there—were all in an uproar. My mistress was forced to walk home on foot, and my husband repaired to a barber surgeon's, declaring he was quite run through and through. The courtesy and good breeding of my spouse were soon in everybody's mouth, so that the very boys in the street gathered about him and teased him with their gibes when he walked abroad. On this account, and because he was a little shortsighted, my lady dismissed him from her service; which he took so to heart, poor man! that I verily believe it brought him to the grave. Thus, sir, I was left a poor helpless widow, and with a daughter to keep, fair as a flower, and who went on increasing in beauty like the foam of the sea. At length, as I had the reputation of being an excellent workwoman at my needle, my lady duchess, who was then newly married to my lord duke, took me to live with her here in Arragon, and also my daughter, who grew up with a world of accomplishments. She sings like any lark, dances like a fairy, capers like any wild thing, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and casts accounts as exact as a miser. I say nothing of her cleanliness, for surely the running brook is not more pure; and she is now, if I remember right, just sixteen years of age, five months and three days, one more or less. To make short, sir, the son of a very rich farmer, who lives here on my lord duke's land, was smitten with my daughter; and how he managed matters I cannot tell, but the truth is, they got together, and, under promise of being her husband, he has fooled my daughter, and now refuses to make good his word. The duke is no stranger to this business, for I have complained to him again and again, and begged he would be so gracious as to command this young man to wed my daughter: but he turns a deaf ear to my complaints, and will hardly vouchsafe to listen to me; and the reason is, that the cozening knave's father is rich, and lends his grace money, and is bound for him on all occasions: therefore he would not in any way disoblige him. Now, good sir, my humble desire is, that your worship would kindly take upon you to redress this wrong, either by entreaty or by force of arms; since all the world says your worship was born to redress grievances, to right the injured, and succour the wretched. Be pleased, sir, I entreat you, to take pity on a fatherless daughter, and let her youth, her beauty, and all her other good parts, move you to compassion: for, on my conscience, among all my lady's damsels, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe—no, not she who is cried up as the liveliest and finest of them all, whom they call Altisidora—she is not to be named with my daughter; for, let me tell you, dear sir, that all is not gold that glitters, and that that same little Altisidora, after all, has more self-conceit than beauty; besides, she is none of the soundest, for her breath is so foul that nobody can stand near her for a moment. Nay, indeed, as for that, even my lady duchess—but, mum, for they say walls have ears."

"What of my lady duchess?" quoth Don Quixote; "tell me, Madam Rodriguez, I conjure you." "Your entreaties," said the duenna, "cannot be resisted; and I must tell you the truth. Has not your worship observed the beauty of my lady duchess?—that softness, that clearness of complexion, smooth and shining like any polished sword; those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun in the one, and the moon in the other; and that stateliness with which she treads, as if she disdained the very ground she walks on, that one would think her the goddess of health dispensing the blessing wherever she goes? Let me tell you, sir, she may thank God for it, in the first place, and in the next, two issues, one in each leg, that carry off all the bad humours in which, the physicians say, her ladyship abounds." "Holy Virgin!" quoth Don Quixote, "is it possible that my lady duchess should have such drains! I should never have credited such a thing, though barefooted friars themselves



had sworn it; but, since Madam Donna Rodriguez says it, so it must needs be. Yet, assuredly, from such perfection no ill humours can flow, but rather liquid amber. Well, I am now convinced that such conduits may be of importance to health."

Scarcely had Don Quixote said this, when the chamber-door suddenly burst open, which so startled Donna Rodriguez that the candle fell out of her hand, leaving the room as dark as a wolf's mouth; when instantly the poor duenna felt her throat griped by two hands, and so hard that she had not power to cry out, while other two hands so unmercifully beslapped with a slipper, as it seemed, her scantily-protected nethermost parts, that she was presently in a woeful plight. Yet, notwithstanding the compassion which Don Quixote felt for her, he remained quietly in bed: being at a great loss what to think of the matter, and doubtful whether the same calamity might not fall on himself. Nor were his apprehensions groundless, for, after having well curried the duenna, who durst not cry out, the silent executioners then came to Don Quixote, and, turning up the bedclothes, they so pinched and tweaked him all over, that he could not forbear laying about him with his fists, in his own defence; till at last, after a scuffle of almost half an hour, the silent and invisible phantoms vanished. Donna Rodriguez then adjusted her disordered garments, and, bewailing her misfortune, hastened out of the chamber without speaking a word to the knight; who, vexed with the pinching he had received, remained in deep thought, utterly at a loss to conceive who the malicious enchanter could be that had treated him so rudely. This will be explained in its proper place; at present the order of the history requires that our attention should be turned to Sancho Panza.

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## CHAPTER XLIX.

*Of what befel Sancho Panza in going the round of his island.*

NEVER was the great governor more out of humour than when we left him, from the provocation he had received from the knave of a peasant, who was one of the steward's instruments for executing the duke's projects upon Sancho. Nevertheless, simple, rough, and round as he was, he held out toughly against them all; and, addressing himself to those about him, among others the doctor Pedro Rezio (who had returned after the private despatch had been read), "I now plainly perceive," said he, "that judges and governors must or ought to be made of brass, to endure the importunities of your men of business, who, intent upon their own affairs alone, will take no denial, but must needs be heard at all hours and at all times; and if his poor lordship does not think fit to attend to them, either because he cannot, or because it is not a time for business, then, forsooth, they murmur and peck at him, rake up the ashes of his grandfather, and gnaw the very flesh from their bones. Men of business!—out upon them!—meddling, troublesome fools! take the proper times and seasons for your affairs, and come not when men should eat and sleep; for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to their nature what nature requires; except, indeed, miserable I, who am forbidden to do so by mine—thanks to Signor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera, here present, who would have me die of hunger, and swear that this kind of dying is the only way to live. God grant the same life to him, and all those of his tribe!—I mean quacks and impostors; for good physicians deserve palms and laurels." All who knew Sancho Panza were in admiration at his improved oratory, which they could not account for, unless it

be that offices and weighty employments quicken and polish some men's minds, as they perplex and stupify others.

At length the bowels of Doctor Pedro Rezio de Tirteafuera relented, and he promised the governor he should sup that night, although it were in direct opposition to all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this promise his excellency was satisfied, and looked forward with great impatience to the hour of supper; and though time, as he thought, stood stock still, yet the wished-for moment came at last, when messes of cow-beef, hashed with onions, and boiled calves' feet, somewhat of the stalest, were set before him. Nevertheless, he laid about him with more relish than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, veal of Sorrento, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos; and, in the midst of supper, turning to the doctor, "Look you, master doctor," said he, "never trouble yourself again to provide me your delicacies, or your tit-bits; for they will only unhinge my stomach, which is accustomed to goats'-flesh, cow-beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and if you ply me with court kickshaws, it will only make my stomach queasy and loathing. However, it master sewer will now and then set before me one of those—how do you call them?—olla-podridas,\* which are a jumble of all sorts of good things, and to my thinking, the stronger they are, the better they smack—but stuff them as you will, so it be but an eatable—I shall take it kindly, and will one day make you amends. So let nobody play their jests upon me, for either we are, or we are not; and let us all live and eat together in peace and good friendship; for when God sends daylight, it is morning to all. I will govern this island without either waiving right or pocketing bribe. So let every one keep a good lookout, and each mind his own business: for I would have them to know the devil is in the wind, and if they put me upon it, they shall see wonders. Ay, ay; make yourselves honey, and the wasps will devour you."

"Indeed, my lord governor," quoth the sewer, "your lordship is much in the right in all you have said, and I dare engage, in the name of all the inhabitants of this island, that they will serve your worship with all punctuality, love, and good-will; for your gentle way of governing, from the very first, leaves us no room to do, or think, anything to the disadvantage of your worship." "I believe as much," replied Sancho, "and they would be little better than fools if they did, or thought, otherwise; therefore I tell you once again, it is my pleasure that you look well to me and my Dapple in the article of food; for that is the main point: and when the hour comes, we will go the round, as my intention is to clear this island of all manner of filth and rubbish; especially vagabonds, idlers, and sharpers: for I would have you know, friends, that your idle and lazy people in a commonwealth are like drones in a beehive, which devour the honey that the labouring bees gather. My design is to protect the peasants, maintain the gentry in their privileges, reward virtue, and above all, to have a special regard to religion, and the reverence due to holy men. What think you of this, my good friends? Do I say something, or do I crack my brains to no purpose?" "My lord governor speaks so well," replied the steward, "that I am all admiration to hear one devoid of learning, like your worship, utter so many notable things, so far beyond the expectation of your subjects, or those who appointed you. But every day produces something new in the world; jests turn into earnest, and the biters are bit."

The governor having supped by license of Signor Doctor Rezio, they prepared for going the round, and he set out with the secretary, the steward, the sewer, and the historiographer, who had the charge of recording his actions, together with serjeants and notaries; altogether forming a little battalion. Sancho, with

\* A dish composed of beef, mutton, pork, with sometimes poultry or game, vegetables, and a variety of other ingredients.

his rod of office, marched in the midst of them, making a goodly show. After traversing a few streets, they heard the clashing of swords, and, hastening to the place, they found two men fighting. On seeing the officers coming they desisted, and one of them said, "Help, in the name of Heaven and the king! Are people to be attacked here, and robbed in the open streets?" "Hold, honest man," quoth Sancho, "and tell me what is the occasion of this fray; for I am the governor."

His antagonist, interposing, said, "My lord governor, I will briefly relate the matter:—Your honour must know that this gentleman is just come from the gaming-house over the way, where he has been winning above a thousand reals, and Heaven knows how, except that I, happening to be present, was induced, even against my conscience, to give judgment in his favour in many a doubtful point; and when I expected he would have given me something, though it were but the small matter of a crown, by way of present, as it is usual with gentlemen of character like myself, who stand by, ready to back unreasonable demands, and to prevent quarrels, up he got, with his pockets filled, and marched out of the house. Surprised and vexed at such conduct, I followed him, civilly reminded him that he could not refuse me the small sum of eight reals, as he knew me to be a man of honour, without either office or pension; my parents having brought me up to nothing: yet this knave, who is as great a thief as Cacus, and as arrant a sharper as Andradilla, would give me but four reals! Think, my lord governor, what a shameless and unconscionable fellow he is! But, as I live, had it not been for your worship coming, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and taught him how to balance accounts."

"What say you to this, friend?" quoth Sancho to the other. He acknowledged that what his adversary had said was true: "he meant to give him no more than four reals, for he was continually giving him something; and they who expect snacks should be modest, and take cheerfully whatever is given them, and not haggle with the winners; unless they know them to be sharpers, and their gains unfairly gotten; and that he was no such person, was evident from his resisting an unreasonable demand: for cheats are always at the mercy of their accomplices." "That is true," quoth the steward: "be pleased, my lord governor, to say what shall be done with these men."

"What shall be done," replied Sancho, "is this: you, master winner, whether by fair play or foul, instantly give your hackster here a hundred reals, and pay down thirty more for the poor prisoners; and you, sir, who have neither office nor pension, nor honest employment, take the hundred reals, and, some time to-morrow, be sure you get out of this island, nor set foot in it again these ten years, unless you would finish your banishment in the next life; for if I find you here, I will make you swing on a gibbet—at least the hangman shall do it for me: so let no man reply, or he shall repent it." The decree was immediately executed: the one disbursed, the other received; the one quitted the island, the other went home; and the governor said, "Either my power is small, or I will demolish these gaming-houses; for I strongly suspect that much harm comes of them." "The house here before us," said one of the officers, "I fear your honour cannot put down; being kept by a person of quality, whose losses far exceed his gains. Your worship may exert your authority against petty gaming-houses, which do more harm and shelter more abuses than those of the gentry, where notorious cheats dare not show their faces; and since the vice of play is become so common, it is better that it should be permitted in the houses of the great than in those of low condition, where night after night unfortunate gulls are taken in, and stripped of their very skins." "Well, master notary," quoth Sancho, "I know there is much to be said on the subject."

Just at that moment a serjeant came up to him holding fast a young man: "My lord governor," said he, "this youth was coming towards us, but as soon as he perceived us to be officers of justice, he turned about and ran off like a deer—a sure sign he is after some mischief. I pursued him; and had he not stumbled and fallen, I should never have overtaken him." "Why did you fly from the officer, young man?" quoth Sancho. "My lord," said the youth, "it was to avoid the many questions that officers of justice usually ask." "What is your trade?" asked Sancho. "A weaver," answered the youth. "And what do you weave?" quoth Sancho. "Iron heads for spears, an it please your worship." "So then," returned Sancho, "you are pleased to be jocose with me, and set up for a wit! 'tis mighty well. And pray may I ask whither you were going?" "To take the air, sir," replied the lad. "And pray where do people take the air in this island?" said Sancho. "Where it blows," answered the youth. "Good," quoth Sancho; "you answer to the purpose;—a notable youth, truly! but hark you, sir; I am the air which you seek, and will blow in your poop, and drive you into safe custody. Here, secure him, and carry him straight to prison. I will make him sleep there to-night, without air." "Not so, by my faith," said the youth; "your worship shall as soon make the king, as make me sleep there." "I not make you sleep in prison!" cried Sancho—"have I not power to confine or release you as I please?" "Whatever your worship's power may be, you shall not force me to sleep in prison."

"We shall see that," replied Sancho—"away with him immediately, and let him be convinced to his cost; and should the gaoler be found to practise in his favour, and allow him to sleep out of his custody, I will scone him in the penalty of two thousand ducats." "All this is very pleasant," answered the youth; "but no man living shall make me sleep to-night in prison:—in that I am fixed." "Tell me, devil incarnate," quoth Sancho, "hast thou some angel at thy beck, to come and break the fetters with which I mean to tether thee?" "Good, my lord," said the youngster, with a smile, "let us not trifle, but come to the point. Your worship, I own, may clap me in a dungeon, and load me with chains and fetters, and lay what commands you please upon the gaoler; yet if I choose not to sleep, can your worship, with all your power, force me to sleep?" "No, certainly," said the secretary, "and the young man has made out his meaning." "Well, then," quoth Sancho, "if you keep awake, it is from your own liking, and not to cross my will?" "Certainly not, my lord," said the youth. "Then go, get thee home and sleep," quoth Sancho, "and Heaven send thee a good night's rest, for I will not be thy hindrance. But have a care another time how you sport with justice; for you may chance to meet with some man in office who will not relish your jokes, but crack your noddle in return." The youth went his way, and the governor continued his round.

Soon after two serjeants came up, saying, "We have brought you, my lord governor, one in disguise who seems to be a man, but is, in fact, a woman, and no ugly one either." Two or three lanterns were immediately held up to her face, by the light of which they indeed perceived it to be that of a female, seemingly about sixteen years of age; she was beautiful as a thousand pearls, with her hair inclosed under a net of gold and green silk. They viewed her from head to foot, and observed that her stockings were flesh-coloured, her garters of white taffeta, with tassels of gold and seed pearl; her breeches were of green and gold tissue, her cloak of the same, under which she wore a very fine waistcoat of white and gold stuff, and her shoes were white like those worn by men. She had no sword, but a very rich dagger; and on her fingers were many valuable rings. All were struck with admiration of the maiden, but

nobody knew her, not even the inhabitants of the town. Indeed, those who were in the secret of these jests were as much interested as the rest, for this circumstance was not of their contriving, and being, therefore, unexpected, their surprise and curiosity were more strongly excited.

The governor admired the young lady's beauty, and asked her who she was, whither she was going, and what had induced her to dress herself in that habit. With downcast eyes, she modestly answered, "I hope, sir, you will excuse my answering so publicly what I wish so much to be kept secret :—of one thing be assured, gentlemen, I am no thief, nor a criminal, but an unhappy maiden, who, from a jealous and rigorous confinement, has been tempted to transgress the rules of decorum." The steward, on hearing this, said, "Be pleased, my lord governor, to order your attendants to retire, that this lady may speak more freely."

The governor did so, and they all removed to a distance, excepting the steward, the sewer, and the secretary ; upon which the damsel proceeded thus : "I am the daughter, gentlemen, of Pedro Perez Mazorca, who farms the wool of this town, and often comes to my father's house."

"This will not pass, madam," said the steward ; "for I know Pedro Perez very well, and I am sure he has neither sons nor daughters ; besides, after telling us he is your father, you immediately say that he comes often to your father's house." "I took notice of that," quoth Sancho. "Indeed, gentlemen," said she, "I am in such confusion that I know not what I say ; but the truth is, I am daughter to Diego de la Llana, whom you all must know." "That may be true," answered the steward, "for I know Diego de la Llana : he is a gentleman of birth and fortune, and has a son and a daughter ; and, since he has been a widower, nobody in this town can say they have seen the face of his daughter, for he keeps her so confined that he hardly suffers the sun to look upon her ; the common report, too, is, that she is extremely handsome."

"What you say is true, sir," said the damsel, "and whether fame lies or not, as to my beauty, you, gentlemen, who have seen me, may judge." She then began to weep most bitterly ; upon which the secretary whispered the sewer, "Something of importance, surely, must have caused a person of so much consequence as this young lady to leave her own house in such a dress, and at this unseasonable hour." "No doubt of that," replied the sewer : "besides, this suspicion is confirmed by her tears." Sancho comforted her as well as he could, and desired her to tell the whole matter without fear, for they would be her friends, and serve her in the best manner they were able.

"The truth is, gentlemen," replied she, "that since my mother died, which is now ten years ago, my father has kept me close confined. We have a chapel in the house, where we hear mass ; and in all that time I have seen nothing but the sun in the heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night ; nor do I know what streets, squares, or churches are ; nor even men, excepting my father and brother, and Pedro Perez the wool-farmer, whose constant visits to our house led me to say he was my father, to conceal the truth. This close confinement, and being forbidden to set my foot out of doors, though it were but to church, has for many days and months past disquieted me very much, and gave me a constant longing to see the world, or at least the town where I was born ; and I persuaded myself that this desire was neither unlawful nor unbecoming. When I heard talk of bull-fights, running at the ring, and theatrical shows, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what those things were, and several others that I have never seen. He described them as well as he could, but it only inflamed my curiosity to see them myself. In a word, to shorten the story of my ruin, I prayed and entreated my brother—O that I had never so prayed nor entreated!"—and here a flood of tears inter-

rupted her narrative. "Pray, madam," said the steward, "be comforted, and proceed ; for your words and tears keep us all in anxious suspense." "I have but few more words," answered the damsel, "though many tears to shed : for misplaced desires like mine can be atoned for no other way."

The beauty of the damsel had made an impression on the soul of the sewer, and again he held up his lantern to have another view of her, when he verily thought her tears were orient pearls and dew-drops of the morning, and he heartily wished her misfortune might not be so great as her tears and sighs seemed to indicate. But the governor was out of all patience at the length of her story, and therefore bid her make an end and keep them no longer, as it grew late, and they had much ground yet to pass over. As well as the frequent interruption of sobs and sighs would let her, she continued, saying, "My misfortune and misery is no other than this, that I desired my brother to let me put on his clothes, and take me out some night when my father was asleep, to see the town. Yielding to my frequent entreaties, he at length gave me this habit, and dressed himself in a suit of mine, which fits him exactly, and he looks like a beautiful girl—for he has yet no beard ; and this night, about an hour ago, we contrived to get out of the house, and with no other guide than a foot-boy and our own unruly fancies, we have walked through the whole town ; and as we were returning home, we saw a great company of people before us, which my brother said was the round, and that we must run, or rather fly, for if we should be discovered it would be worse for us. Upon which he set off at full speed, leaving me to follow him ; but I had not got many paces before I stumbled and fell, and that instant a man seized me and brought me hither, where my indiscreet longing has covered me with shame." "Has nothing, then," quoth Sancho, "befallen you but this?—you mentioned at first something of jealousy, I think, which had brought you from home." "Nothing," said she, "has befallen me but what I have said, nor has anything brought me out but a desire to see the world, which went no farther than seeing the streets of this town."

The truth of the damsel's story was now confirmed by the arrival of two other sergeants, who had overtaken and seized the brother as he fled from the sister. The female dress of the youth was only a rich petticoat and a blue damask mantle bordered with gold ; on his head he had no other ornament or cover than his own hair, which appeared like so many waves of gold. The governor, the steward, and the sewer, examined him apart, and, out of the hearing of his sister, asked why he had disguised himself in that manner. With no less bashfulness and distress, he repeated the same story they had heard from his sister, to the great satisfaction of the enamoured sewer. "Really, young gentlefolks," said the governor, "this seems only a piece of childish folly, and all these sobs and tears might well have been spared in giving an account of your frolic. Had you but told us your names, and said you had got out of your father's house only to satisfy your curiosity, there would have been an end of the story." "That is true," answered the damsel ; "but my confusion was so great, that I knew not what I said, or how to behave myself." "Well, madam," said Sancho, "there is no harm done ; we will see you safe to your father's house, who, perhaps, has not missed you ; and henceforward be not so childish nor so eager to get abroad ; for 'the modest maiden and the broken leg should keep at home ;' 'the woman and the hen are lost by gadding ;' and 'she who wishes to see, wishes no less to be seen'—I say no more."

The young man thanked the governor for the favour he intended them, in seeing them safe home, whither they all went ; and, having reached the house, the youth threw a pebble up at a grated window, which immediately brought down one of the domestics, who opened the door, and they went in, leaving

every one in admiration of their beauty and graceful demeanour, and much entertained by their desire of seeing the world by night. The sewer finding that his heart was pierced through and through, secretly resolved to demand the young lady in marriage of her father the next day, and he flattered himself that, being a servant of the duke, he should not be refused. Sancho, too, had some thoughts of matching the young man with his daughter Sanchica, and determined to bring it about the first opportunity; feeling assured that no man's son would think himself too good for a governor's daughter. Thus ended the night's round of the great Sancho: two days after also ended his government, which put an end to all his great designs and expectations, as shall hereafter be shown.

## CHAPTER L.

*Which declares who were the enchanters and executioners that whipped the duenna, and pinched and scratched Don Quixote; and also the success of the page who carried Sancho's letter to his wife, Teresa Panza.*

CID HAMET, the most laborious and careful investigator into the minutest particles of this true history, says that, when Donna Rodriguez went out of her chamber to go to that of Don Quixote, another duenna, who had slept with her, observed her, and as all duennas are addicted to listening, prying into, and smelling out everything, she followed her, and with so light a foot that the good Rodriguez did not hear it; and no sooner had she entered Don Quixote's chamber, than the other, that she might not be deficient in the laudable practice of tale-bearing, in which duennas usually excel, hastened to acquaint the duchess that Donna Rodriguez was then actually in Don Quixote's chamber. The duchess immediately told the duke, and having gained his permission to go with Altisidora to satisfy her curiosity respecting this night-visit of her duenna, they silently posted themselves at the door of the knight's apartment, where they stood listening to all that was said within: but when the duchess heard her secret imperfections exposed, neither she nor Altisidora could bear it, and so, brimful of rage and eager for revenge, they bounced into the chamber, and seizing the offenders, inflicted the whipping and pinching before mentioned, and in the manner already related—for nothing awakens the wrath of women and inflames them with a desire of vengeance more effectually than affronts levelled at their beauty or other objects of their vanity.

The duke was much diverted with his lady's account of this night-adventure; and the duchess being still merrily disposed, now despatched a messenger extraordinary to Teresa Panza with her husband's letter (for Sancho, having his head so full of the great concerns of his government, had quite forgotten it), and with another from herself, to which she added as a present a large string of rich coral beads.

Now the history tells us that the messenger employed on this occasion was a shrewd fellow, and the same page who personated Dulcinea in the wood, and, being desirous to please his lord and lady, he set off with much glee to Sancho's village. Having arrived near it, he inquired of some women whom he saw washing in a brook if there lived not in that town one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha. "That Teresa Panza is my mother," said a young lass who was washing among the rest, "and that Sancho my own father, and that knight our master." "Are they so?" quoth the page: "come then, my girl, and lead me to your mother;

for I have a letter and a token for her from that same father of yours." "That I will, with all my heart, sir," answered the girl (who seemed to be about fourteen years of age), and leaving the linen she was washing to one of her companions, without stopping to cover either her head or feet, away she ran skipping along before the page's horse, bare-legged, and her hair dishevelled.

"Come along, sir, an't please you," quoth she, "for our house stands hard by, and you will find my mother in trouble enough for being so long without tidings of my father." "Well," said the page, "I now bring her news that will cheer her heart, I warrant her." So on he went, with his guide running, skipping, and capering before him, till they reached the village, and, before she got up to the house, she called out aloud, "Mother, mother, come out! here's a gentleman who brings letters and other things from my good father."

At these words out came her mother Teresa Panza with a distaff in her hand—for she was spinning flax. She was clad in a russet petticoat, so short that it looked as if it had been docked at the placket, with a jacket of the same, and the sleeves of her under garment hanging about it. She appeared to be about forty years of age, and was strong, hale, sinewy, and hard as a hazel-nut.

"What is the matter, girl?" quoth she, seeing her daughter with the page; "What gentleman is that?" "It is an humble servant of my Lady Donna Teresa Panza," answered the page; and, throwing himself from his horse, with great respect he went and kneeled before the Lady Teresa, saying, "Be pleased, Signora Donna Teresa, to give me your ladyship's hand to kiss, as the lawful wife of Signor Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island of Barataria." "Alack-a-day, good sir, how you talk!" she replied: "I am no court-dame, but a poor countrywoman, daughter of a ploughman, and wife indeed of a squire-errant, but no governor." "Your ladyship," answered the page, "is the most worthy wife of a thrice-worthy governor, and to confirm the truth of what I say, be pleased, madam, to receive what I here bring you." He then drew the letter from his pocket, and a string of corals, each bead set in gold, and, putting it about her neck, he said, "This letter is from my lord governor, and another that I have here, and those corals are from my lady duchess, who sends me to your ladyship."

Teresa and her daughter were all astonishment. "May I die," said the girl, "if our master Don Quixote be not at the bottom of this—as sure as day he has given my father the government or earldom he has so often promised him." "It is even so," answered the page; "and for Signor Don Quixote's sake, my Lord Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria, as the letter will inform you." "Pray, young gentleman," quoth Teresa, "be pleased to read it; for though I can spin, I cannot read a jot." "Nor I neither, i' faith," cried Sanchica; "but stay a little, and I will fetch one who can, either the bachelor Sampson Carrasco or the priest himself, who will come with all their hearts to hear news of my father." "You need not take that trouble," said the page; "for I can read, though I cannot spin, and will read it to you." Which he accordingly did: but, as its contents have already being given, it is not here repeated. He then produced the letter from the duchess, and read as follows:

"Friend Teresa,—

"Finding your husband Sancho worthy of my esteem for his honesty and good understanding, I prevailed upon the duke, my spouse, to make him governor of one of the many islands in his possession. I am informed he governs like any hawk; at which I and my lord duke are mightily pleased, and give many thanks to Heaven that I have not been deceived in my choice,



for Madam Teresa may be assured that it is no easy matter to find a good governor—and God make me as good as Sancho governs well. I have sent you, my dear friend, a string of corals set in gold—I wish they were oriental pearls; but, whoever gives thee a bone has no mind to see thee dead: the time will come when we shall be better acquainted, and converse with each other, and then Heaven knows what may happen. Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and tell her from me to get herself ready; for I mean to have her highly married when she least expects it. I am told the acorns near your town are very large—pray send me some two dozen of them; for I shall value them the more as coming from your hand. Write to me immediately, to inform me of your health and welfare; and, if you want anything, you need but open your mouth, and it shall be measured. So God keep you.

“Your loving Friend,

“From this place.

“The DUCHESS.”

“Ah!” quoth Teresa, at hearing the letter, “how good, how plain, how humble a lady! let me be buried with such ladies as this, say I, and not with such proud madams as this town affords, who think, because they are gentle-folks, the wind must not blow upon them; and go flaunting to church as if they were queens! they seem to think it a disgrace to look upon a peasant woman: and yet you see how this good lady, though she be a duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her equal!—and equal may I see her to the highest steeple in La Mancha! As to the acorns, sir, I will send her ladyship a peck of them, and such as, for their size, people shall come from far and near to see and admire. But for the present, Sanchica, let us make much of this gentleman. Do thou take care of his horse, child, and bring some new-laid eggs out of the stable, and slice some rashers of bacon, and let us entertain him like any prince; for his good news and his own good looks deserve no less. Meanwhile I will step and carry my neighbours the joyful tidings, especially our good priest and Master Nicholas the barber, who are and have always been such friends to your father.” “Yes, I will,” answered Sanchica; “but hark you, mother, half that string of corals comes to me; for sure the great lady knows better than to send them all to you.” “It is all for thee, daughter,” answered Teresa, “but let me wear it a few days about my neck, for, truly, methinks it cheers my very heart.” “You will be no less cheered,” quoth the page, “when you see the bundle I have in this portmanteau: it is a habit or superfine cloth, which the governor wore only one day at a hunting-match, and he has sent it all to Signora Sanchica.” “May he live a thousand years!” answered Sanchica; “and the bearer neither more or less—aye, and two thousand, if need be!”

Teresa now went out of the house with the letters, and the beads about her neck, and playing, as she went along, with her finger upon the letters, as if they had been a timbrel, when, accidentally meeting the priest and Sampson Carrasco, she began dancing and capering before them. “Faith and troth,” cried she, “we have no poor relations now:—we have got a government! Ay, ay, let the proudest she amongst them all meddle with me; I will make her know her distance.” “What is the matter, Teresa Panza? What madness is this?” quoth the priest; “and what papers have you got there?” “No other madness,” quoth she, “but that these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these about my neck are true coral; and the Ave-marias and the Pater-nosters are of beaten gold, and I am a governor’s lady—that’s all.” “Heaven be our aid!” they exclaimed; “we know not what you mean, Teresa.” “Here,” said she, giving them the letters, “take these, read, and believe your own eyes.” The priest having read them so that Sampson Carrasco heard the

contents, they both stared at each other in astonishment. The bachelor asked who had brought those letters. Teresa said if they would come home with her they should see the messenger, who was a youth like any golden pine-tree; and that he had brought her another present worth twice as much. The priest took the string of corals from her neck, and examined them again and again; and being satisfied that they were genuine, his wonder increased, and he said, "By the habit I wear, I know not what to say nor what to think of these letters and these presents! On the one hand I see and feel the fineness of these corals, and on the other I read that a duchess sends to desire a dozen or two of acorns!" "Make these things tally, if you can," quoth Carrasco; "let us go and see the messenger, who may explain the difficulties which puzzle us."

They then returned with Teresa, and found the page sifting a little barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher to fry with eggs for the page's dinner, whose appearance and behaviour they both liked; and, after the usual compliments, Sampson requested him to give them some intelligence of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; for though they had read a letter from Sancho to his wife, and another from a duchess, still they were confounded, and could not divine what Sancho's government could mean, and especially of an island; well knowing that all, or most, of those in the Mediterranean belonged to his majesty. "Gentlemen," answered the page, "that Signor Sancho Panza is a governor, is beyond all doubt; but whether it be an island or not that he governs, I cannot say; I only know that it is a place containing above a thousand inhabitants. And as to my lady duchess sending to beg a few acorns, if you knew how humble and affable she is, it would give no surprise; she will even send to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. The ladies of Arragon, gentlemen, I would have you to know, though as high in rank, are not so proud and ceremonious as the ladies of Castile:—they are much more condescending."

Sanchica now came in with her lap full of eggs. "Pray, sir," said she to the page, "does my father, now he is a governor, wear trunk-hose?"\* "I never observed," answered the page, "but doubtless he does." "God's my life!" replied Sanchica, "what a sight to see my father in long breeches! Is it not strange that, ever since I was born, I have longed to see my father with breeches of that fashion, laced to his girdle?" "I warrant you will have that pleasure if you live," answered the page; "before Heaven, if his government lasts but two months, he is likely to travel with a cape to his cap."† The priest and the bachelor clearly saw that the page spoke jestingly; but the fineness of the corals, and also the hunting-suit sent by Sancho, which Teresa had already shown them, again perplexed them exceedingly. They could not forbear smiling at Sanchica's longing, and still more when they heard Teresa say, "Master priest, do look about, and see if anybody be going to Madrid or Toledo, who may buy me a farthingale, right and tight, and fashionable, and one of the best that is to be had; for, truly, I am resolved not to shame my husband's government; and, if they vex me, I will get to that same court myself, and ride in my coach as well as the best of them there: for she who has a governor for her husband may very well have a coach, and afford it too, i' faith!" "Aye, marry," quoth Sanchica, "and would to Heaven it were to-day, rather than to-morrow; though folks that saw me coached with my lady mother, should say, 'Do but see the bumpkin there, daughter of such an one, stuffed with garlic!—how she flaunts it about, and lolls in her coach like

\* Trunk-hose were prohibited by royal decree shortly after the publication of *Don Quixote*.

† It was customary for men of quality to wear a veil or mask depending from the covering worn on the head, in order to shield the face from the sun.

any she-pope !' But let them jeer, so they trudge in the dirt, and I ride in my coach, with my feet above the ground. A bad year and a worse month to all the murmurers in the world ! While I go warm, let 'em laugh that like it. Say I well, mother ?" "Ay, mighty well, daughter," answered Teresa ; "and, indeed, my good man Sancho foretold me all this, and still greater luck ; and, thou shalt see, daughter, it will never stop till it has made me a countess : for luck only wants a beginning : and, as I have often heard your father say—who, as he is yours, so is he the father of proverbs—"When they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter : when they offer thee a governorship, lay hold of it ; when an earldom is put before thee, lay your claws on it ; and when they whistle to thee with a good gift, snap at it ; if not, sleep on, and give no answer to the good luck that raps at your door." "Ay, indeed," quoth Sanchica, "what care I, though they be spiteful, and say, when they see me step it stately, and bridle it, 'Look, look there at the dog in a doabiet ! the higher it mounts, the more it shows.'"

"Surely," said the priest, "the whole race of Panzas were born with their bellies stuffed with proverbs, for I never knew one of them that did not throw them out at every turn." "I believe so too," quoth the page ; "even his honour, the governor Sancho, utters them very thick ; and, though often not much to the purpose, they are mightily relished, and my lady duchess and the duke commend them highly." "You persist then in affirming, sir," quoth the bachelor, "that Sancho is really a governor, and that these presents and letters are in truth sent by a duchess ? As for us, though we touch the presents and have read the letters, we have no faith, and are inclined to think it one of the adventures of our countryman Don Quixote, and take it all for enchantment ;—indeed, friend, I would fain touch you, to be certain you are a messenger of flesh and blood, and not an illusion." "All I know of myself, gentlemen," answered the page, "is, that I am really a messenger, and that Signor Sancho Panza is actually a governor ; and that my lord duke and his duchess can give, and have given, him that government ; in which I have heard that he behaves himself in a notable manner. Now, whether there be enchantment in this or not, I leave to you to determine ; for, by the life of my parents,\* who are living, and whom I dearly love, I know nothing more of the matter." "It may be so," replied the bachelor, "but *Dubitat Augustinus*," "Doubt who will," answered the page, "the truth is what I tell you, and truth will always rise uppermost, as the oil does above water ; but if you will not believe me, *Operibus credite, et non verbis* :—come one of you gentlemen along with me, and be satisfied with your eyes of what your ears will not convince you." "That jaunt is for me," quoth Sanchica : "take me behind you, sir, upon your nag, for I have a huge mind to see his worship my father." "The daughters of governors," said the page, "must not travel unattended, but in coaches and litters, and with a handsome train of servants." "By the mass," quoth Sanchica, "I can go a journey as well upon an ass's colt as in a coach ; I am none of your tender squeamish things, not I." "Peace, wench," quoth Teresa, "thou know'st not what thou say'st : the gentleman is in the right, for, 'according to reason, each thing in its season.' When it was Sancho, it was Sancha ; and when governor, my lady. Say I not right, sir ?" "My Lady Teresa says more than she imagines," quoth the page ; "but pray give me something to eat, and despatch me quickly : for I intend to return home this night." "Be pleased then, sir," said the priest, "to take a humble meal with me, for Madam Teresa has more good will than good cheer to welcome so worthy a guest." The page refused at first, but at length thought it best to

\* To swear by the life of one's parents was a common mode of adjuration in the time of Cervantes.

comply, and the priest very willingly took him home with him, that he might have an opportunity to inform himself more at large concerning Don Quixote and his exploits. The bachelor offered Teresa to write answers to her letters; but, as she looked upon him to be somewhat of a wag, she would not let him meddle in her concerns; so she gave a couple of eggs and a modicum of bread to a novice friar who was a penman, and he wrote two letters for her, one to her husband and the other to the duchess, both of her own inditing; and they are none of the worst things recorded in this great history, as will be seen hereafter.

## CHAPTER LI.

*Of the progress of Sancho Panza's government, with other entertaining matters.*

Now the morning dawned that succeeded the night of the governor's round; the remainder of which the sewer passed, not in sleep, but in pleasing thoughts of the lovely face and charming air of the disguised damsel; and the steward in writing an account to his lord and lady of the words and actions of the new governor, who appeared to him a marvellous mixture of ignorance and sagacity. His lordship being risen, they gave him, by order of Dr. Pedro Rezio, a little conserve, and four draughts of clear spring water, which, however, he would gladly have exchanged for a luncheon of bread and a few grapes. But, seeing it was rather a matter of compulsion than choice, he submitted, although with much grief of heart and mortification of appetite: being assured by his doctor that spare and delicate food sharpened that acute judgment which was so necessary for persons in authority and high employment, where a brawny strength of body is much less needful than a vigorous understanding. By this sophistry Sancho was induced to struggle with hunger, while he inwardly cursed the government, and even him that gave it.

Nevertheless, on this fasting fare did the worthy magistrate attend to the administration of justice; and the first business that occurred on that day was an appeal to his judgment in a case which was thus stated by a stranger—the appellant: "My lord," said he, "there is a river which passes through the domains of a certain lord, dividing it into two parts—I beseech your honour to give me your attention, for it is a case of great importance and some difficulty. I say, then, that upon this river there was a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows, and a kind of court-house, where four judges sit to try, and pass sentence upon those who are found to transgress a certain law enacted by the proprietor, which runs thus: 'Whoever would pass over this bridge must first declare upon oath whence he comes, and upon what business he is going; and, if he swears the truth, he shall pass over; but, if he swears to a falsehood, he shall certainly die upon the gibbet there provided.' After this law was made known, many persons ventured over it, and the truth of what they swore being admitted, they were allowed freely to pass. But a man now comes demanding a passage over the bridge; and, on taking the required oath, he swears that he is going to be executed upon the gibbet before him, and that he has no other business. The judges deliberated, but would not decide. 'If we let this man pass freely,' said they, 'he will have sworn falsely, and, by the law, he ought to die: and, if we hang him, he will verify his oath, and he, having sworn the truth, ought to have passed unmolested, as the law ordains.' The case, my lord, is yet suspended, for the judges know not how to act; and, therefore, having heard of your lordship's great wisdom and acuteness, they have sent me humbly to beseech your lordship on their behalf, to give your opinion in so intricate and perplexing a case." "To deal plainly with you," said Sancho,

"these gentlemen judges who sent you to me might have saved themselves and you the labour; for I have more of the blunt than the acute in me. However, let me hear your question once more, that I may understand it the better, and mayhap I may chance to hit the right nail on the head." The man accordingly told his tale once or twice more, and when he had done, the governor thus delivered his opinion: "To my thinking," said he, "this matter may soon be settled; and I will tell you how. The man, you say, swears he is going to die upon the gallows, and if he is hanged, it would be against the law, because he swore the truth: and if they do not hang him, why then he swore a lie, and ought to have suffered." "It is just as you say, my lord governor," said the messenger, "and nothing more is wanting to the right understanding of the case." "I say, then," continued Sancho, "that they must let that part of the man pass that swore the truth, and hang that part that swore the lie, and thereby the law will be obeyed." "If so, my lord," replied the stranger, "the man must be divided into two parts; and thereby he will certainly die, and thus the law, which we are bound to observe, is in no respect complied with." "Harkee, honest man," said Sancho, "either I have no brains, or there is as much reason to put this passenger to death, as to let him live, and pass the bridge; for, if the truth saves him, the lie also condemns him; and, this being so, you may tell those gentlemen who sent you to me, that since the reasons for condemning and acquitting him are equal, they should let the man pass freely: for it is always more commendable to do good than to do harm; and this advice I would give you under my hand, if I could write. Nor do I speak thus of my own head, but on the authority of my master Don Quixote, who, on the night before the day I came to govern this island, told me, among many other good things, that when justice was doubtful, I should lean to the side of mercy; and God has been pleased to bring it to my mind in the present case, in which it comes pat to the purpose." "It does so," answered the steward; "and, for my part, I think Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have decided more wisely than the great Panza has just done. And now let the business of the court cease for this morning, and I will give orders that my lord governor shall dine to-day much to his satisfaction." "That," quote Sancho, "is what I desire; give us fair play, feed us well, and then let cases and questions rain upon me ever so thick I will despatch them in a trice."

The steward was as good as his word, for it would have gone much against his conscience to starve so excellent a governor; besides, he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play off the last trick he had in commission.

Now Sancho, having dined to his heart's content, though against all the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, when the cloth was removed, a courier arrived with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho desired the secretary to read it first to himself, and then, if it contained nothing that required secrecy, to read it aloud. The secretary having done as he was commanded, "My lord," said he, "well may it be read aloud, for what Signor Don Quixote writes to your lordship deserves to be engraven in letters of gold. Pray listen to me.

"DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA TO SANCHE PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA.

"When I expected, friend Sancho, to have heard only of thy carelessness and blunders, I have had accounts of thy vigilance and discretion; for which I return particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise up the lowest from their poverty, and convert the fool into a wise man. I am told, that as a governor thou art a man; yet, as a man thou art scarcely above the brute creature—such

is the humility of thy demeanour. But I would observe to thee, Sancho, that it is often expedient and necessary, for the due support of authority, to act in contradiction to the humility of the heart. The personal adornments of one that is raised to a high situation must correspond with his present greatness, and not with his former lowliness: let thy apparel, therefore, be good and becoming; for the hedgestake, when decorated no longer, appears what it really is. I do not mean that thou shouldst wear jewels, or finery; nor, being a judge, would I have thee dress like a soldier; but adorn thyself in a manner suitable to thy employment. To gain the goodwill of thy people, two things, among others, thou must not fail to observe: one is, to be courteous to all—that, indeed, I have already told thee; the other is, to take especial care that the people be exposed to no scarcity of food; for, with the poor, hunger is, of all afflictions, the most insupportable. Publish few edicts, but let those be good; and, above all, see that they are well observed; for edicts that are not kept are the same as not made, and serve only to show that the prince, though he had wisdom and authority to make them, had not the courage to insist upon their execution. Laws that threaten, and are not enforced, become like King Log, whose croaking subjects first feared, then despised him. Be a father to virtue, and a stepfather to vice. Be not always severe, nor always mild; but choose the happy mean between them, which is the true point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the markets; for there the presence of the governor is highly necessary: such attention is a comfort to the prisoner hoping for release; it is a terror to the butchers, who then dare not make use of false weights; and the same effect is produced on all other dealers. Shouldst thou unhappily be secretly inclined to avarice, to gluttony, or women, which I hope thou art not, avoid showing thyself guilty of these vices: for, when those who are concerned with thee discover thy ruling passion, they will assault thee on that quarter, nor leave thee till they have effected thy destruction. View and review, consider and reconsider, the counsels and documents I gave thee in writing before thy departure hence to thy government; and in them thou wilt find a choice supply to sustain thee through the toils and difficulties which governors must continually encounter. Write to thy patrons, the duke and duchess, and show thyself grateful; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins; whereas he who is grateful to those that have done him service, thereby testifies that he will be grateful also to God, his constant benefactor.

“My lady duchess has despatched a messenger to thy wife Teresa with thy hunting-suit, and also a present from herself. We expect an answer every moment. I have been a little out of order with a certain catclawing which befel me, not much to the advantage of my nose; but it was nothing; for, if there are enchanters who persecute me, there are others who defend me. Let me know if the steward who is with thee had any hand in the actions of the Trifaldi, as thou hast suspected: and give me advice, from time to time, of all that happens to thee, since the distance between us is so short. I think of quitting this idle life very soon; for I was not born for luxury and ease. A circumstance has occurred which may, I believe, tend to deprive me of the favour of the duke and duchess; but, though it afflicts me much, it affects not my determination, for I must comply with the duties of my profession in preference to any other claim; as it is often said, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas*. I write this in Latin, being persuaded that thou hast learned that language since thy promotion. Farewell, and God have thee in His keeping: so mayest thou escape the pity of the world.

“Thy friend,

“DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.”

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was praised for its wisdom by all who heard it ; and, rising from table, he took his secretary with him into his private chamber, being desirous to send an immediate answer to his master ; and he ordered him to write, without adding or diminishing a tittle, what he should dictate to him. He was obeyed, and the answer was as follows :—

“*SANCHO PANZA TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.*”

“I am so taken up with business, that I have scarcely time either to scratch my head or even to pare my nails, and therefore, Heaven help me ! I wear them very long. I tell your worship this, that you may not wonder why I have given you no account before of my well or ill being in this government, where I suffer more hunger than when we both wandered about through woods and deserts.

“My lord duke wrote to me the other day, to tell me of certain spies that were come into this island to take away my life ; but, as yet, I have been able to find none, except a certain doctor, hired by the islanders to kill their governors. He calls himself Doctor Pedro Rezio, and is a native of Tirteafuera ; so your worship may see by his name that one is in danger of dying under his hands. The same doctor owns that he does not cure distempers, but prevents them, for which he prescribes nothing but fasting and fasting, till he reduces his patient to bare bones ; as if a consumption was not worse than a fever. In short, by this man's help I am in a fair way to perish by hunger and vexation ; and, instead of coming hither, as I expected, to eat hot, and drink cool, and lay my body at night between Holland sheets, upon soft beds of down, I am come to do penance, like a hermit ; and this goes so much against me, that I do believe the devil will have me at last.

“Hitherto, I have neither touched fee nor bribe ; and how I am to fare hereafter, I know not ; but I have been told that it was the custom with the governors of this island, on taking possession, to receive a good round sum by way of gift or loan from the townspeople, and furthermore, that it is the same in all other governments.

“One night, as I was going the round, I met a very comely damsel in man's clothes, and a brother of hers in those of a woman. My sewer fell in love with the girl, and has thoughts of making her his wife, and I have pitched upon the youth for my son-in-law. To-day we both intend to disclose our minds to their father, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman, and as good a Christian as one can desire.

“I visit the markets, as your worship advised me, and yesterday I found a huckster-woman pretending to sell new hazel-nuts, and, finding that she had mixed them with such as were old and rotten, I condemned them all to the use of the hospital boys, who well knew how to pick the good from the bad, and forbade her to appear in the market again for fifteen days. The people say I did well in this matter, for it is a common opinion in this town that there is not a worse sort of people than your market women : for they are all shameless, hard-hearted, and impudent ; and I verily believe it is so, by those I have seen in other places.

“I am mightily pleased that my lady duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent her the present your worship mentions ; I hope one time or other to requite her goodness : pray kiss her honour's hands in my name, and tell her she has not thrown her favours into a rent sack, as she will find.

“I should be grieved to hear that you had any cross reckonings with my lord and lady ; for if your worship quarrels with them, 'tis I must come to the ground ; and, since you warn me, of all things, not to be ungrateful, it would

ill become your worship to be so towards those who have done you so many kindnesses, and entertained you so nobly in their castle.

"The cat business I don't understand—one of the tricks, mayhap, of your worship's old enemies, the enchanters; but I shall know more about it when we meet.

"I would fain send your worship a token, but I cannot tell what, unless it be some little clyster-pipes which they make here very curiously; but, if I continue in office I shall get fees and other pickings worth sending you. If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, be so kind as to pay the postage and send me the letter; for I have a mighty desire to know how fares it with her, and my house and children. So Heaven protect your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me safe and sound out of this government; which I very much doubt, seeing how I am treated by Doctor Pedro Rezio.

"Your worship's servant,

"SANCHO PANZA, the governor."

The secretary sealed the letter, and it was forthwith despatched by the courier; and, as it was now judged expedient to release the governor from the troubles of office, measures were concerted by those who had the management of these jests. Sancho passed that afternoon in making divers regulations for the benefit of his people. Among others, he strictly prohibited the monopoly and forestalling of provisions; wines he allowed to be imported from all parts, requiring only the merchant to declare of what growth it was, that a just price might be set upon it; and whoever adulterated it, or gave it a false name, should be punished with death. He moderated the prices of all sorts of hose and shoes, especially the latter, the current price of which he thought exorbitant. He limited the wages of servants, which were mounting fast to an extravagant height. He laid several penalties upon all those who should sing lewd and immoral songs, either by day or by night; and prohibited the vagrant blind from going about singing their miracles in rhyme, unless they could produce unquestionable evidence of their truth; being persuaded that such counterfeit tales brought discredit upon those which were genuine. He appointed an overseer of the poor,—not to persecute them, but to examine their true claims: for under the disguise of pretended lameness and counterfeit sores are often found sturdy thieves and hale drunkards. In short, he made many good and wholesome ordinances, which are still observed in that town; and, bearing his name, are called, "The Regulations of the great Governor Sancho Panza."

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## CHAPTER LII.

*In which is recorded the adventure of the second afflicted matron, otherwise called Donna Rodriguez.*

CID HAMET relates that Don Quixote, being now properly healed of his wounds, began to think the life he led in that castle was against all the rules of his profession, and therefore he determined to request his noble host and hostess to grant him their permission to depart for Saragossa, as the approaching tournament drew near, wherein he proposed to win the suit of armour which was the prize at that festival.

But as he was dining one day with their highnesses, and preparing to unfold his purpose, lo! two women, clad in deep mourning, entered the great hall, and



one of them, advancing towards the table, threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, which she embraced, at the same time pouring forth so many groans that all present were astonished, and the duke and duchess suspected it to be some jest of their domestics; yet the groans and sobs of the female appeared so much like real distress that they were in doubt, until the compassionate Don Quixote raised her from the ground, and prevailed with her to remove the veil from her weeping visage, when, to their surprise, they beheld the duenna Donna Rodriguez, accompanied by her unfortunate daughter, who had been deluded by the rich farmer's son. This discovery was a fresh cause of amazement, especially to the duke and duchess, for, though they knew the good woman's simplicity and folly, they had not thought her quite so absurd. At length Donna Rodriguez, turning to her lord and lady, "May it please your excellencies," said she, "to permit me to speak with this gentleman, by whom I hope to be relieved from a perplexity in which we are involved by a cruel, impudent villain." The duke told her that she had his permission to say whatever she pleased to Don Quixote. Whereupon, addressing herself to the knight, she said, "It is not long, valorous knight, since I gave you an account how basely and treacherously a wicked peasant had used my poor dear child, this unfortunate girl here present, and you promised me to stand up in her defence and see her righted; and now I understand that you are about to leave this castle in search of good adventures—which Heaven send you—my desire is that, before you go forth into the wide world, you would challenge that graceless villain, and force him to wed my daughter, as he promised before he overcame her maiden scruples; for to expect justice in this affair from my lord duke would, for the reasons I mentioned to you, be to look for pears on an elm-tree; so Heaven preserve your worship, and still be our defence."

"Worthy madam," replied Don Quixote, with much gravity and stateliness, "moderate your tears—or rather dry them up, and spare your sighs; for I take upon me the charge of seeing your daughter's wrongs redressed: though it had been better if she had not been so ready to believe the promises of lovers, who, for the most part, are forward to make promises, and very slow to perform them. However, I will, with my lord duke's leave, depart immediately in search of this ungracious youth, and will challenge and slay him if he refuse to perform his contract: for the chief end and purpose of my profession is, to spare the humble, and chastise the proud;—I mean to succour the wretched, and destroy the oppressor." "Sir knight," said the duke, "you need not trouble yourself to seek the rustic of whom this good duenna complains; nor need you ask my permission to challenge him: regard him as already challenged, and leave it to me to oblige him to answer it, and meet you in person here in this castle, within the lists, where all the usual ceremonies shall be observed, and impartial justice distributed; conformable to the practice of all princes, who grant the lists to combatants within the bounds of their territories." "Upon that assurance," said Don Quixote, "with your grace's leave, I waive on this occasion the punctilios of my gentility, and degrade myself to the level of the offender, that he may be qualified to meet me in equal combat. Thus, then, though absent, I challenge and defy him, upon account of the injury he has done in deceiving this poor girl, who through his fault, is no longer a maiden; and he shall either perform his promise of becoming her lawful husband, or die in the contest." Thereupon pulling off his glove, he cast it into the middle of the hall, and the duke immediately took it up, declaring, as he had done before, that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal, and that the combat should take place six days after, in the inner court of his castle: the arms to be those customary among knights—namely, a lance, shield, and laced suit of armour, and all the other pieces, without deceit, fraud, or any superstition whatever, to be first

viewed and examined by the judges of the field. "But first it will necessary," he further said, "that this good ducnna here, and this naughty damsel, should commit the justice of their cause to the hand of their champion Don Quixote: for otherwise the challenge would become void, and nothing be done." "I do commit it," answered the duenna. "And I too," added the daughter, all in tears, ashamed and confused.

The day being fixed, and the duke determined within himself what should be done, the mourning supplicants retired; at the same time the duchess gave orders that they should not be regarded as domestics, but as ladies-errant, who came to seek justice in her castle. A separate apartment was therefore allotted to them, and they were served as strangers—to the amusement of the rest of the household, who could not imagine what was to be the end of the folly and presumption on the part of the duenna and her forsaken daughter.

A choice dessert to their entertainment now succeeded, and to give it a happy completion, in came the page who had carried the letters and presents to Governor Sancho's wife Teresa. The duke and duchess were much pleased at his return, and eager to learn the particulars of his journey. He said, in reply to their inquiries, that he could not give his report so publicly, nor in few words, and therefore entreated their graces would be pleased to hear it in private, and in the mean time accept of what amusement the letters he had brought might afford. He thereupon delivered his packet, when one of the letters was found to be addressed "To my lady duchess, of I know not where," and the other, "To my husband, Sancho Panze, governor of the island of Barataria, whom God prosper more years than me." The duchess's cake was dough, as it is said, till she had perused her letter, which she eagerly opened, and, after hastily running her eye over it, finding nothing that required secrecy, she read it aloud to the duke and the rest of the company, and the following were its contents:—

#### TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS.

"My lady,

"The letter your greatness sent to me made me right glad, and, in faith, I longed for it mightily. The string of corals is very good, and my husband's hunting-suit comes not short of it. All the people in our town talk of your ladyship's goodness in making my husband a governor, though nobody believes it;—especially the priest and Master Nicholas the barber, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco. But what care I? for so long as the thing is so as it is, they may say what they list; though, to own the truth, I should not have believed it myself but for the corals and the habit; for in this village everybody takes my husband for a dolt, and cannot think what government he can be good for, but over a herd of goats. Heaven be his guide, and speed him in what is best for his children. As for me, dear honey-sweet madam, I am bent upon making hay while the sun shines, and hie me to court, to loll in my coach, though it makes a thousand that I could name stare their eyes out to see me. So pray bid my husband to send me a little money—and let it be enough: for I reckon it is dear living at court, where bread sells for sixpence, and meat for thirty maravedis the pound, which is a judgment; and if he is not for my going, let him send me word in time, for my feet tingle to be on the tramp; and besides, my neighbours all tell me that if I and my daughter go stately and fine at court, my husband will be better known by me than I by him; and to be sure, many will ask, what ladies are those in that coach? and will be told by a footman of ours that 'tis the wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria; and so shall my husband be known, and I much looked upon—to Rome for everything!

"I am as sorry as sorry can be, that hereabouts there has been no gathering of acorns this year of any account; but, for all that, I send your highness about half a peck, which I went to the hills for, and with my own hands picked them one by one, and could find no better—I wish they had been as big as ostrich eggs.

"Pray let not your mightiness forget to write to me, and I will take care to answer, and send you tidings of my health, and all the news of the village where I now remain, praying our Lord to preserve your greatness, and not to forget me. My daughter Sanchica and my son kiss your ladyship's hands.

"She who is more minded to see than to write to your ladyship,

"Your servant,

"TERESA PANZA."

Teresa's letter gave great pleasure to all who heard it, especially the duke and duchess, insomuch that her grace asked Don Quixote if he thought her letter to the governor might with propriety be opened, as it must needs be admirable: to which he replied that, to satisfy her highness's curiosity, he would open it. Accordingly he did so, and found it to contain what follows:—

#### TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND SANCHE PANZA

"I received thy letter, dear husband of my soul, and I vow and swear to thee, as I am a Catholic Christian, that I was within two fingers' breadth of running mad with joy. Yes, indeed, when I came to hear that thou wast a governor, methought I should have dropped down dead for mere gladness; for 'tis said, thou know'st, that sudden joy kills as soon as great sorrow. And as for our daughter Sanchica, verily she could not contain herself, for pure pleasure. There I had before my eyes thy suit, and the corals sent by my lady duchess about my neck, and the letters in my hands, and the young man that brought them standing by; yet, for all that, I thought it could be nothing but a dream: for who could think that a goatherd should ever come to be a governor of islands! My mother used to say that 'he who would see much must live long.' I say this because, if I live longer, I hope to see more;—no, faith, I shall not rest till I see thee a tax-farmer, or a collector of the customs: for, though they be offices that send many to the devil, there is much money to be touched and turned. My lady duchess will tell thee how I have a huge longing to go to court—think of it, and let me know thy mind: for I would fain do thee credit there by riding in a coach.

"Neither the priest, the barber, the bachelor, nor even the sexton, can yet believe thou art a governor, and will have it that it is all a cheat, or a matter of enchantment, like the rest of thy master Don Quixote's affairs; and Sampson says he will find thee out, and drive this government out of thy pate, and scour thy master's brains. But I only laugh at them, and look upon my string of corals, and think how to make thy suit of green into a habit for our daughter. I sent my lady duchess a parcel of acorns:—I wish they had been of gold. Pr'ythee send me some strings of pearl, if they are in fashion in that same island. The news of our town is that Berrueca has married her daughter to a sorry painter, who came here and undertook any sort of work. The corporation employed him to paint the king's arms over the gate of the town-house. He asked them two ducats for the job, which they paid beforehand; so he fell to it, and worked eight days, at the end of which he had made nothing of it, and said he could not bring his hand to paint such trumpery, and returned the money; yet, for all that, he married in the name of a good workman. The truth is, he has left his brushes and taken up the spade, and goes to the field

like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaven his crown, meaning to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's niece, hearing of it, is suing him upon a promise of marriage;—evil tongues do not stick to say she is with child by him; but he denies it stiffly. We have had no olives this year, nor is there a drop of vinegar to be had in all the town. A company of foot-soldiers passed through here, and carried off with them three girls—I will not say who they are; mayhap they will return, and somebody or other marry them, with all their faults. Sanchica makes bone-lave, and gets eight maravedis a day, which she drops into a saving-box, to help her towards household stuff; but now that she is a governor's daughter she has no need to work, for thou wilt give her a portion without it. The fountain in our market-place is dried up. A thunderbolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they all light! I expect an answer to this, and about my going to court. And so God grant thee more years than myself, or as many, for I would not willingly leave thee behind me.

“Thy wife,  
“TERESA PANZA.”

This letter caused much merriment, applause, and admiration; and to complete all, the courier now arrived, who brought the letter sent by Sancho to his master, which was also read aloud, and occasioned the governor's folly to be much questioned. The duchess retired to hear from the page the particulars of his journey to Sancho's village, all of which he related very minutely, without omitting a single circumstance. He delivered the acorns, also a cheese, which Teresa presented as an excellent one, and better than those of Tronchon. These the duchess received with great satisfaction; and here we will leave them, to record how the government ended of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all island governors.

## BOOK IV.

### CHAPTER LIII.

#### *Of the toilsome end and conclusion of Sancho Panza's government.*

It is in vain to expect uniformity in the affairs of this life ; the whole seems rather to be in a course of perpetual change. The seasons from year to year run in their appointed circle, spring is succeeded by summer, summer by autumn, and autumn by winter, which is again followed by the season of renovation ; and thus they perform their everlasting round. But man's mortal career has no such renewal : from infancy to age it hastens onward to its end, and to the beginning of that state which has neither change nor termination. Such are the reflections of Cid Hamet, the Mahomedan philosopher : for many, by a natural sense, without the light of faith, have discovered the changeful uncertainty of our present condition, and the eternal duration of that which is to come. In this place, however, our author alludes only to the instability of Sancho's fortune, and the brief duration of his government, which so suddenly expired, dissolved, and vanished like a dream.

The governor being in bed on the seventh night of his administration, not sated with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgment, deciding causes, and making statutes and proclamations ; and just at the moment when sleep, in despite of hunger, was closing his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bells and voices that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He started up in his bed, and listened with great attention, to find out, if possible, the cause of so alarming an uproar : but far from discovering it, his confusion and terror were only augmented by the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums being added to the former noises. Quitting his bed, he put on his slippers, on account of the damp floor ; but, without night-gown, or other apparel, he opened his chamber-door, and saw more than twenty persons coming along a gallery with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud, "Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm !—a world of enemies are got into the island, and we are undone for ever, if your conduct and valour do not save us." Thus advancing, with noise and disorder, they came up to where Sancho stood, astonished and stupified with what he heard and saw. "Arm yourself quickly, my lord," said one of them, "unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you." "What have I to do with arming," replied Sancho, "who know nothing of arms or fighting ? It were better to leave these matters to my master Don Quixote, who will despatch them and secure us in a rice : for as I am a sinner to Heaven, I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burlys." "How ! signor governor ?" said another ; "what faint-heartedness is this ? Here we bring you arms and weapons—

harness yourself, my lord, and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, which, as governor, you ought to be." "Why then arm me, in God's name," replied Sancho: and instantly they brought two large old targets, which they had provided for the occasion, and, without allowing him to put on other garments, clapped them over his shirt, the one before and the other behind. They thrust his arms through holes they had made in them, and bound them so fast together with cords that the poor commander remained cased and boarded up as stiff and straight as a spindle, without power to bend his knees, or stir a single step. They then put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned to keep himself up; and thus accoutred, they desired him to lead on and animate his people; for he being their north-pole, their lantern, and their morning star, their affairs could not fail to have a prosperous issue. "How should I march—wretch that I am!" said the governor, "when I cannot stir a joint between these boards, that press into my flesh? Your only way is to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart, or set me upright, at some gate, which I will maintain either with my lance or my body." "Fie, signor governor!" said another, "it is more fear than the targets that hinders your marching. Hasten and exert yourself, for time advances, the enemy pours in upon us, and every moment increases our danger."

The unfortunate governor, thus urged and upbraided, made efforts to move, and down he fell, with such violence that he thought every bone had been broken; and there he lay, like a tortoise in his shell, or like a fitch of bacon packed between two boards, or like a boat on the sands keel upwards. Though they saw his disaster, those jesting rogues had no compassion; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they renewed the alarm, and, with terrible noise and precipitation, trampled over his body; and bestowed numerous blows upon the targets, insomuch that, if he had not contrived to shelter his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor, who, pent up within his narrow lodging, and sweating with fear, prayed, from the bottom of his heart, for deliverance from that horrible situation. Some kicked him, others stumbled, and fell over him, and one among them jumped upon his body, and there stood as on a watch-tower, issuing his orders to the troops. "There, boys, there! that way the enemy charges thickest; defend that breach; secure yon gate: down with those scaling ladders; this way with your kettles of melted pitch, resin, and flaming oil; quick! fly!—get woolpacks and barricade the streets!" In short, he called for all the instruments of death, and everything employed in the defence of a city besieged and stormed. All this while Sancho, pressed and battered, lay and heard what was passing, and often said to himself, "O that it would please the Lord that this island were but taken, and I could see myself either dead or delivered out of this devil's den!" Heaven at last heard his prayers, and, when least expecting it, he was cheered with shouts of triumph. "Victory! victory!" they cried, "the enemy is routed. Rise, signor governor, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valour of that invincible arm!" "Raise me up," quoth Sancho, in a woeful tone; and when they had placed him upon his legs, he said, "All the enemies I have routed may be nailed to my forehead. I will divide no spoils; but I beg and entreat some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine to keep me from choking with thirst, and help me to dry up the sweat; for I am almost turned into water." They untied the targets, wiped him, and brought him wine; and, when seated upon his bed, such had been his fatigue, agony, and terror, that he fainted away. Those concerned in the joke were now sorry they had laid it on so heavily; but were consoled on seeing him recover. He asked them what time it was and they told him it was daybreak. He said no

more, but proceeded, in silence, to put on his clothes; while the rest looked on, curious to know what were his intentions.

At length, having put on his clothes, which he did slowly, and with much difficulty, from his bruises, he bent his way to the stable, followed by all present, and going straight to Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on his forehead. "Come hither," said he, with tears in his eyes, "my friend, and the partner of my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other care but mending thy furniture, and feeding that little carcase of thine, happy were my hours, my days, and my years: but since I forsook thee, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand toils, a thousand torments, and ten thousand tribulations, have seized and worried my soul." While he thus spoke, he fixed the panel upon his ass without interruption from anybody, and when he had done, with great difficulty and pain he got upon him, and said to the steward, the secretary, the doctor, Pedro Rezio, and many others who were present, "Make way, gentlemen, make way, and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me seek the life I have left, that I may rise again from this grave. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from enemies that break in upon them. I understand better how to plough and dig, to plant and prune vines, than to make laws, and take care of provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is well at Rome:—I mean to say, that nothing becomes a man so well as the employment he was born for. In my hand a sickle is better than a sceptre. I had rather have my bellyful of my own poor porridge, than to be mocked with dainties by an officious doctor, who would kill me with hunger; I had rather lay under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap myself in a jerkin of double sheep's-skin in winter, at my liberty, than lay me down, under the slavery of a government, between Holland sheets, and be robed in fine sables. Heaven be with you, gentlefolks; tell my lord duke that naked was I born, and naked I am; I neither win nor lose; for without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I leave it—all governors cannot say the like. Make way, gentlemen, I beseech you, that I may go and plaister myself, for I verily believe all my ribs are broken—thanks to the enemies who have been trampling over me all night long."

"It must not be so, signor governor," said the doctor, "for I will give your lordship a balsamic draught, good against all kinds of bruises, that shall presently restore you to your former health and vigour; and as to your food, my lord, I promise to amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you desire." "Your promises come too late, Mr. Doctor," quoth Sancho; "I will as soon turn Turk as remain here. These tricks are not to be played twice;—fore Heaven, I will no more hold this nor any other government, though it were served up to me in a covered dish, than I will fly to heaven without wings. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are made of stubborn stuff; and if they once cry, Odd!—odds it shall be, come of it what will. Here will I leave the pismire's wings that raised me aloft to be pecked at by martlets and other small birds; and be content to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot; for though it be not adorned with pink Cordovan shoes, it will not wait for hempen sandals. Every sheep with its like; stretch not your feet beyond your sheet; so let me be gone, for it grows late." "Signor governor," said the steward, "we would not presume to hinder your departure, although we are grieved to lose you, because of your wise and Christian conduct: but your lordship knows that every governor before he lays down his authority is bound to render an account of his administration. Be pleased, my lord, to do so for the time which you have been among us; then peace be with you." "Nobody can require that of me," replied Sancho, "but my lord duke; to him I go, and to him I shall give a fair and square account; though, in going away naked, as I do,

there needs nothing more to show that I have governed like an angel." "Before Heaven," said Doctor Pedro Rezio, "the great Sancho is in the right, and I am of opinion we should let him go; for without doubt his highness will be glad to see him." They all agreed, therefore, that he should be allowed to depart, and also offered to attend him and provide him with whatever was necessary, or convenient, for his journey. Sancho told them he wanted only a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; that having so short a distance to travel, nothing more would be needful. Hereupon they all embraced him, which kindness he returned with tears in his eyes, and he left them in admiration both of his good sense and unalterable firmness.

## CHAPTER LIV.

*Which treats of matters relating to this particular history and to no other.*

THE duke and duchess resolved that Don Quixote's challenge of their vassal should not be neglected; and though the young man had fled into Flanders to avoid having Donna Rodriguez for his mother-in-law, they made choice of a Gascon lacquey, named Tosilos, to supply his place, and for that purpose gave him instructions how to perform his part; and the duke informed Don Quixote that his opponent would in four days present himself in the lists, armed as a knight, and prepared to maintain that the damsel lied by half his beard, and even by the whole beard, in saying that he had given her a promise of marriage. The information was highly delightful to Don Quixote, who flattered himself that the occasion would offer him an opportunity of performing wonders, and thought himself singularly fortunate that he should be able in the presence of such noble spectators to give proofs of the valour of his heart and the strength of his arm; and so with infinite content he waited the four days, which his eager impatience made him think were so many ages.

Now letting them pass, as we have done many other matters, we will turn to our friend Sancho, who, partly glad and partly sorrowful, was hastening as fast as his Dapple would carry him to his master, whose society he loved better than being governor of all the islands in the world. He had not, however, proceeded far from this island, city, or town (for which of these it was, he had never given himself the trouble to determine), when he saw on the road, six pilgrims with their staves, being foreigners of that class who were wont to sing their supplications for alms. As they drew near, they placed themselves in order, and began their song in the language of their country; but Sancho understood nothing except the word signifying alms: whence he concluded that alms was the object of their chanting; and he being, as Cid Hamet says, extremely charitable, he took the half loaf and half cheese out of his wallet and gave it them, making signs, at the same time, that he had nothing else to give.

They received his donation eagerly, saying, "Guelte, guelte."\* "I do not understand you," answered Sancho; "what is it you would have, good people?" One of them then drew out of his bosom a purse, and, showing it to Sancho, intimated that it was money they wanted, upon which Sancho placing his thumb to his throat, and extending his hand upward, gave them to understand he had not a penny in the world. Then clapping heels to Dapple, he made way through them; but as he passed by, one of them, looking at him with particular attention, caught hold of him, and throwing his arms about his

\* A Dutch word, signifying "money."



waist, "God be my aid!" said he, in good Castilian, "what is it I see? Is it possible I hold in my arms my dear friend and good neighbour, Sancho Panza? Yes, truly, it must be so, for I am neither drunk nor sleeping." Sancho, much surprised to hear himself called by his name, and to be embraced by the stranger pilgrim, stared at him for some time, without speaking a word, but though he viewed him earnestly, he could not recollect him. "How!" said the pilgrim, observing his amazement, "have you forgotten your neighbour Ricote, the Morisco shopkeeper of your town?" Sancho at length, after a fresh examination, recognised the face of an old acquaintance, and, without alighting from his beast, he embraced him, and said, "Who, in the devil's name, Ricote, would know you in this covering? Tell me how you came to be thus Frenchified, and how you dare venture to come again into Spain, where, if you are found out, egad, that coat of yours will not save you?" "If you do not discover me, Sancho," answered the pilgrim, "I am safe enough: for in this habit nobody can know me. But go with us to yonder poplar-grove, where my comrades mean to dine and rest themselves, and you shall eat with us. They are honest souls, I can assure you; there I shall have an opportunity to tell you what has befallen me since I was obliged to leave the town by the king's edict, which, as you know, caused so much misery to our people."

Sancho consented, and after Ricote had conferred with his comrades, they all retired together to the poplar-grove, which was far enough out of the high-road. There they flung down their staves, and putting off their pilgrim's attire, every man appeared in his doublet, excepting Ricote, who was somewhat advanced in years. They were all good-looking young fellows; each had his wallet, which, as it soon appeared, was well stored, at least with relishing incentives to thirst, and such as provoke it at two leagues' distance. They laid themselves along on the ground, and, making the grass their table-cloth, there was presently a comfortable display of bread, salt, nuts, and cheese, with some bacon-bones, which, though they would not bear picking, were to be sucked with advantage. Cavière too was produced, a kind of black eatable, made of the roes of fish:—a notable awakener of thirst. Even olives were not wanting, and though somewhat dry, they were savoury and in good keeping. But the glory of the feast was six bottles of wine: each wallet being charged with one, even honest Ricote, who from a Moor had become a German, or Hollander, and like the rest, drew forth his bottle, which in size might vie with the other five. They now began their feast, dwelling upon each morsel with great relish and satisfaction, and as if they were determined to make the most of them; then pausing, they altogether raised their arms and bottles aloft into the air, mouth to mouth, and with eyes fixed upwards, as if taking aim at the heavens; and, in this posture, waving their heads from side to side in token of the pleasure they received, they continued a long time, transfusing the precious fluid into their stomachs. Sancho beheld all this, and, nothing grieved thereat, but rather in compliance with a proverb he well knew, "When in Rome, do as Rome does," he asked Ricote for his bottle, and took his aim as the others had done, and with equal delight. Four times the bottles were tilted with effect, but the fifth was to no purpose, for alas! they were now all empty, and as dry as a rush, which struck a damp on the spirits of the party. Nevertheless, one or other of them would ever and anon take Sancho by the hand, saying, "Spaniard and Dutchman, all one, goot companion." "Well said, i' faith!" replied Sancho, "goot companion I vow to gad!"—then burst into a fit of laughing which held him an hour, losing at the time all recollection of the events of his government:—for care has no control over the time that is spent in eating and drinking. In short, the finishing of the wine was the beginning of a sound sleep, which seized them all, upon their very board and table-cloth,—Ricote and Sancho excepted:—they having drunk

less and eaten more, remained awake, and leaving their companions in a deep sleep, went a little aside and sat down under the shade of a beech tree, where Ricote, in pure Castilian, without once stumbling into his Morisco jargon, spoke as follows :

"You well know, friend Sancho, the dread and terror which his Majesty's proclamation everywhere produced among our people ;\* at least, it had that effect upon me, and to such a degree that I almost imagined its dreadful penalty had already fallen upon my own family before the time limited for our departure from Spain. I endeavoured, however, to provide for our safety, as the prudent man does, who, expecting to be deprived of his habitation, looks out for another before he is turned out of doors. I quitted the town alone, in search of some place where I might conveniently remove my family, without that hurry and confusion which generally prevailed ; for the wisest among us clearly saw that the proclamations of his Majesty were no empty threats, but would certainly be carried into effect at the time which had been fixed. In this belief I was the more confirmed from knowing the dangerous designs of our people, so that I could not but think that the king was inspired by Heaven to adopt so wise a measure. Not that we were culpable : some of us were steady and true Christians, but their number was so small as to bear no proportion to those who were otherwise. In short, the country could no longer shelter the serpent in its bosom, and our expulsion was just and necessary ; a punishment which, though some might treat lightly, to us is the most terrible that can be inflicted. In whatever part of the world we are driven, our affections are centred here ; this alone is our country ; here alone we find the compassion which our misery and misfortunes demand ; for in Barbary, and other parts of Africa, where we expected to be received and cherished, it is there we are most neglected and maltreated. We knew not our happiness till we lost it ; and so great is the desire that we feel to return to Spain, that the most of those who, like myself, can speak the language, and they are not a few, forsake even their wives and children to revisit the country they love so much. Now it is we feel the truth of the saying, 'Sweet is our native land !'

"After quitting our village, I made the best of my way to France ; but there, though I was well received, my stay was short, as I wished to examine other countries. From France, therefore, I went to Italy, and thence to Germany, where I thought we might live without restraint : the inhabitants being not over scrupulous, and almost, in every part of the country, enjoy liberty of conscience. There I engaged a house situated in a village near Augsburg, and soon after joined these adventurers in an excursion to Spain, whither great

\* When the Moors were in possession of Spain, they allowed the Christians to remain in the country, with the free exercise of their holy religion, but subject to certain imposts. On the restoration of the Christian power, the Moors were likewise suffered to reside in separate quarters, paying tribute, as well as the Jews, to our king and nobles. In the year 1525, Charles the Fifth ordered, on pain of death, all the Moors in Spain either to embrace the Christian faith or leave the country. Numbers were thus banished, but many remained and received baptism, though not all with equal sincerity. Their language, their national dances, songs, fêtes, and nuptial ceremonies were all prohibited. These descendants of the conquerors of Spain were called Moriscos, or the new proselytes, to distinguish them from the old Christians.

These Moriscos were detected in a conspiracy with the Grand Signor and some of the chiefs of Barbary. On the discovery of this plot, various councils of prelates and ministers were held, in which opinions were divided as to the question of expulsion ; a measure which, as the only security for religion and the country, was, in the end, wisely adopted. Edicts were issued for general banishment, with the exception only of children of eight years of age ; ordering likewise that the property they were allowed to carry away with them, consisting of their goods and chattels, or the money they might derive from the sale of them, should be all registered at the ports. On pain of death, no treasures were to be concealed, no Morisco harboured, nor suffered to return to Spain ; which orders were, nevertheless, occasionally transgressed.

numbers come every year to visit the usual resorts of devotees : regarding it as their Indies, to which they are certain of making a profitable voyage. They traverse the whole kingdom, and there is not a village where they are not certain to get meat and drink, and at least a real in money : generally managing matters so well as to amass above a hundred crowns clear gain, which they change into gold, and hide either in the hollow of their staves, the patches of their garments, or some other private way ; and thus, in spite of the numerous searchers and other officers, convey it safely into their own country.

"My object, however, in coming hither, is not to collect alms, but, if possible, to carry off the treasure I left behind when I went away, which, being buried in a place without the town, I can do with little danger. That being done, I intend to write or go to my wife and daughter, who, I know, are in Algiers, and contrive means for their reaching some port of France, and thence carry them into Germany, where we will wait, and see how Providence will dispose of us. Frâncisca, my wife, I know is a good Catholic Christian, and also my daughter Ricota ; and, though I am not entirely so, yet I am more of the Christian than the Mahometan, and make it my constant prayer to the Almighty to open the eyes of my understanding, and make me know how best to serve Him. But what surprises me much is that my wife and daughter should have preferred going to Barbary, rather than France, where they might have lived as Christians."

"Mayhap, neighbour," said Sancho, "that was not their choice, for John Tiopeyo, your wife's brother, who carried them away, being a rank Moor, would certainly go where he liked best to stay ; and I can tell you another thing, which is, that it may be lost labour now to seek for your hidden treasure, for the report was that a power of jewels and money had been taken from your wife and brother-in-law, which they were carrying off without being registered." "That may be," replied Ricote : "but I am sure, Sancho, they did not touch my hoard ; for being afraid of some mischance, I never told them where I had hidden it ; and therefore if you will go with me, and help me to carry it off, and conceal it, I will give you two hundred crowns, with which you may relieve your wants ; for I know, friend, that they are not a few." "I would do it," answered Sancho, "but that I am not at all covetous. Had it been so with me, it was but this morning I quitted an employment out of which I could have covered the walls of my house with beaten gold, and, in six months, have eaten my victuals out of silver plates. And so, for that reason, and because, to my thinking, it would be treason against the king to favour his enemies, I will not go with you, though, instead of two hundred crowns, you should lay me down twice as much." "And pray what employment is it you have quitted, Sancho?" demanded Ricote. "I have been governor of an island," answered Sancho, "and such a one, in faith, as you would not easily match." "Where might this island be?" said Ricote. "Where?" replied Sancho ; "why, about two leagues off, and it is called Barataria." "Prythee, not so fast, friend Sancho," quoth Ricote ; "islands are in the sea : there can be no islands here on land." "No, say you?" quoth Sancho ; "I tell you, neighbour, it was but this very morning that I left it ; yesterday I was there, governing at my pleasure, like any dragon :—yet for all that, I turned my back upon it, for that same office of governor, as I take it, is a ticklish and dangerous thing." "And what have you got by your governorship?" demanded Ricote. "I have got," replied Sancho, "experience enough to know that I am fit to govern nothing but a herd of cattle, and that the riches to be gained in such governments must be paid for in hard labour, and toil, and watching, ay, and hunger too ; for your island governors eat next to nothing, especially if they have physicians to look after your health." "The meaning of all this," said Ricote, "I cannot compre-

hend ; but it seems to me you talk wildly, for who should give you islands to govern ? Are wise men now so scarce that they must needs make you a governor ? Say no more, man, but come along with me, as I said before, and help me dig up my treasure—for, in truth, I may give it that name—and you shall have wherewithal to banish care.” “Hark you, friend,” said Sancho, “I have already told you my mind upon the point ; be satisfied that I will not betray you, and so in God’s name go your way, and let me go mine ; for I have heard that ‘Well-got wealth may meet disaster, but ill-got wealth destroys its master.’”

“Well, Sancho,” said Ricote, “I will not press you farther ; but tell me, were you in the village when my wife and daughter, and my brother-in-law, went away ?” “Truly I was,” replied Sancho ; “and I can tell you too that your daughter looked so comely that all the town went out to see her, and everybody said that there was none to be compared with her. Poor damsel ! she wept bitterly on leaving us, and embraced all her friends and acquaintances, and all that came to see her, and desired them to recommend her to God and to our Lady his mother ; and so piteously that even I could not help shedding tears, though not much of a weeper ; in faith, many thought of stopping her on the road, and carrying her off, but the king’s proclamation kept them in awe. Don Pedro Gregorio, the rich heir, was more moved than all, for they say he was mightily in love with her ; and, since she went away, he has never been seen in our town, so that we all thought he followed to steal her away ; but as yet we have heard nothing more of the matter.” “I long had a suspicion,” quoth Ricote, “that this gentleman was smitten with my daughter, but, trusting to her virtue, it gave me no uneasiness ; for you must have heard, Sancho, that the Moorish women seldom or never hold amorous intercourse with old Christians ; and my daughter, who, as I believe, minded religion more than love, thought but little of his courtship.” “Heaven grant it,” replied Sancho, “for otherwise it would go ill with them both ; and now let me be gone, friend, for to-night I intend to join my master Don Quixote.” “God be with you, brother Sancho,” said Ricote ; “my comrades are stirring, and it is time for us also to be on our way.” They then embraced each other ; Sancho mounted his Dapple, and Ricote leaned on his pilgrim’s staff, and so they parted.

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## CHAPTER LV.

*Of what befel Sancho on his way ; and other matters, which will be known when read.*

IT was so late before Sancho parted with his friend Ricote, that he could not reach the duke’s castle that day, although he was within half-a-league of it, when night, somewhat darker than usual, overtook him : but as it was summertime, this gave him little concern, and therefore he turned out of the road, intending to proceed no farther till the morning. But in seeking a convenient shelter for the night, his ill-luck so ordered it that he and Dapple fell together into a cavity, among the ruins of an old building. The hole was deep, and Sancho, in the course of his descent, devoutly recommended himself to Heaven, not expecting to stop till he came to the utmost depth of the abyss ; but therein he was mistaken, for he had not much exceeded three fathoms before Dapple felt the ground, with Sancho still upon his back, without having received the

smallest damage. He forthwith examined the condition of his body, held his breath, and felt all about him, and, finding himself whole, and in catholic health, he thought he could never be sufficiently grateful to Heaven for his wonderful preservation; for he verily believed he had been dashed into a thousand pieces. He then groped about the pit, in the hope of discovering some means of getting out, but found that the sides were perpendicular, smooth, and without either hold or footing, which grieved him much, especially when he heard Dapple groan most piteously; nor did he lament without a good cause, for in truth he was in a bad plight. "Woe is me!" exclaimed Sancho, "what sudden and unlooked-for mischances perpetually befall us poor wretches who live in this miserable world! Who could have thought that he who but yesterday saw himself on a throne, a governor of an island, with officers and servants at his call, should, to-day, find himself buried in a pit, alone, helpless, and cut off from all relief! Here must I and my ass perish with hunger, unless we die first, he with bruises, and I with grief; for I cannot reckon upon my master's luck in the cave of Montesinos, where, it seems, he met with better entertainment than in his own house, and where he found the cloth ready laid, and the bed ready made. There he saw beautiful and pleasant visions, and here, if I see anything, it will be toads and snakes. Unfortunate that I am! what are my follies and my fancies come to? Whenever it shall please Heaven that I shall be found, here will my bones be taken up, clean, white, and bare, and those of my trusty Dapple with them; by which, peradventure, it will be guessed who we are—at least by those who know that Sancho Panza never left his ass, nor did his ass ever leave Sancho Panza. Wretches that we are! not to have the comfort of dying among our friends, where at least there would be some to grieve for us, and, at our last gasp, to close our eyes. O my dear companion and friend! how ill have I requited thy faithful services! forgive me, and pray to fortune, in the best manner thou canst, to bring us out of this miserable pickle; and I here promise thee, besides doubling thy allowance of provender, to set a crown of laurel upon thy head, that thou mayst look like any poet-laureate."

Thus did Sancho Panza bewail his misfortune, and though his ass listened to all he said, yet not a word did he answer: such was the poor beast's anguish and distress! At length, after having passed all that night in sad complaints and bitter wailings, day-light began to appear, whereby Sancho was soon confirmed in what he so much feared—that it was utterly impossible to escape from that dungeon without help. He therefore had recourse to his voice, and set up a vigorous outcry, in the hope of making somebody hear him: but alas! it was all in vain, for not a human creature was within hearing, and after many trials he gave himself up as dead and buried. Seeing that his dear Dapple was yet lying upon his back, with his mouth upwards, he endeavoured to get him upon his legs, which, with much ado, he accomplished, though the poor animal could scarcely stand; he then took a luncheon of bread out of his wallet (which had shared in the disaster) and gave it to his beast, saying to him, "Bread is relief for all kind of grief:" all of which the ass appeared to take very kindly. At last, however, Sancho perceived a crevice on one side of the pit large enough to admit the body of a man. He immediately thrust himself into the hole, and creeping upon all-fours, he found it to enlarge as he proceeded, and that it led into another cavity, which, by a ray of light that glanced through some cranny above, he saw was large and spacious. He saw also that it led into another vault equally capacious; and having made this discovery he returned for his ass, and by removing the earth about the hole, he soon made it large enough for Dapple to pass. Then laying hold of his halter, he led him along through the several cavities, to try if he could not find a way out on the other side. Thus

he went on, sometimes in the dusk, sometimes in the dark, but always in fear and trembling. "Heavens defend me!" said he, "what a chicken-hearted fellow am I! This now, which to me is a sad mishap, to my master Don Quixote would have been a choice adventure. These caves and dungeons, belike, he would have taken for beautiful gardens and stately palaces of Galiana, and would have reckoned upon their ending in some pleasant, flowery meadow; while I, poor, helpless, heartless wretch that I am, expect some other pit still deeper to open suddenly under my feet and swallow me up. O welcome the ill-luck that comes alone!" Thus he went on, lamenting and despairing; and when he had gone, as he supposed, somewhat more than half a league, he perceived a kind of glimmering light, like that of day, breaking through some aperture above that seemed to him an entrance to the other world; in which situation Cid Hamet leaves him for awhile, and returns to Don Quixote, who, with great pleasure, looked forward to the day appointed for the combat, by which he hoped to revenge the injury done to the honour of Donna Rodriguez's daughter.

One morning as the knight was riding out to exercise and prepare himself for the approaching conflict, now urging, now checking the mettle of his steed, it happened that Rozinante, in one of his curvettings, pitched his feet so near the brink of a deep cave, that had not Don Quixote used his reins with all his skill, he must inevitably have fallen into it. But, having escaped that danger, he was curious to examine the chasm, and as he was earnestly surveying it, still sitting on his horse, he thought he heard a noise issuing from below, like a human voice; and listening more attentively, he distinctly heard these words: "Ho! above there! is there any Christian that hears me, or any charitable gentleman to take pity on a sinner buried alive; a poor governor without a government?" Don Quixote thought it was the voice of Sancho Panza; at which he was greatly amazed, and, raising his voice as high as he could, he cried, "Who are you below there? Who is it that complains?" "Who should be here, and who complain," answered the voice, "but the most wretched soul alive, Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and evil-errantry, of the island of Barataria, and late squire to the famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha."

On hearing this Don Quixote's wonder and alarm increased; for he conceived that Sancho Panza was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance; and in this persuasion, he said, "I conjure thee, as far as a Catholic Christian may, to tell me who thou art; and if thou art a soul in purgatory, let me know what I can do for thee; for since my profession obliges me to aid and succour all that are afflicted in this world, I shall also be ready to aid and assist the distressed in the world below, where they cannot help themselves." "Surely," answered the voice from below, "it is my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who speaks to me—by the sound of the voice it can be no other!" "Don Quixote I am," replied the knight, "he whose profession and duty it is to relieve and succour the living and the dead in their necessities. Tell me, then, who thou art, for I am amazed at what I hear. If thou art really my squire Sancho Panza, and art dead, since the devils have not got thee, and through God's mercy thou art still in purgatory, our holy mother the Roman Catholic church has power by her supplications to deliver thee from the pains which afflict thee; and I will myself solicit her in thy behalf, as far as my estate and purse will go: speak, therefore, and tell me quickly who thou art!" "Why then, I vow to Heaven," said the voice, "and will swear by whatever your worship pleases, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your squire Sancho Panza, and that I never died in the whole course of my life; but that, having left my government for reasons and causes that require more leisure to be told, I fell last night into this cavern,

where I now am, and Dapple with me, who will not let me lie; and, as a further proof, here the good creature stands by me."

Now it would seem the ass understood what Sancho said, and willing to add his testimony, at that instant began to bray so lustily that the whole cave resounded. "A credible witness!" quoth Don Quixote; "that bray I know as well as if I myself had brought it forth: and thy voice, too, I know, my dear Sancho—wait a little, and I will go to the duke's castle and bring some people to get thee out of this pit, into which thou hast certainly been cast for thy sins." "Pray go, for the Lord's sake," quoth Sancho, "and return speedily; for I cannot bear any longer to be buried alive, and am dying with fear." Don Quixote left him, and hastened to the castle to tell the duke and duchess what had happened to Sancho Panza; at which they were not a little surprised, though they readily accounted for his being there, and conceived that he might easily have fallen down the pit, which was well known, and had been there time out of mind; but they could not imagine how he should have left his government without their having been apprised of it. Ropes and pulleys were, however, immediately sent; and, with much labour, and many hands, Dapple and his master were drawn out of that gloomy den, to the welcome light of the sun.

A certain scholar, who was present at Sancho's deliverance, said, "Thus should all bad governors quit their governments; even as this sinner comes out of the depth of this abyss; pale, hungry, and penniless!" "Harkye, brother," said Sancho, who had overheard him, "it is now eight or ten days since I began to govern the island that was given to me, and in all that time I never had my bellyful but once. Doctors persecuted me, enemies trampled over me and bruised my bones, but no leisure had I either to touch a bribe or receive my dues; and this being the fact, methinks I deserve not to come out of it in this fashion. But, man proposes and God disposes; and He knows what is best and fittest for everybody; and, as is the reason, such is the season; and, let nobody say, I will not drink of this cup: for where one expected to find a flitch, there may not be even a pin to hang it on! Heaven knows my mind, and that is enough. I could say much, but I say nothing." "Be not angry, Sancho, nor concerned at what may be said," quoth Don Quixote, "otherwise thou wilt never be at peace. Keep but a safe conscience, and let people say what they will; for as well mayst thou think to barricade the plain, as to tie up the tongue of slander. If a governor comes rich from his government, they say he has plundered it; and, if he leaves it poor, that he has been a fool." "I warrant," answered Sancho, "that, for this bout, they will rather take me for a fool than a thief."

In such discourse, amidst a rabblement of boys and other followers, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess were already in a gallery waiting for them. Sancho would not go up to see the duke till he had first taken the necessary care of Dapple in the stable, because the poor creature, he said, had had but an indifferent night's lodging; and, that done, he went up to the duke and duchess, and kneeling before them, he said, "My lord and lady, you made me governor of your island of Barataria; and not from any desert of mine, but because your grandeurs would have it so. Naked I entered it, and naked have I left it. I neither win nor lose; whether I have governed well or ill, there are witnesses, who may say what they please. I have cleared up doubts, and pronounced sentences, and all the while famished with hunger: so far it was ordered by Pedro Rezio, native of Tirteafuera, doctor in ordinary to the island and its governor. Enemies attacked us by night; and, though they put us in great danger, I heard many say that the island was delivered; and according as they speak the truth, so help them Heaven. In short, I have by this time been able to reckon up the cares and burthens the trade of governing

brings with it, and find them, by my account, too heavy for my shoulders or ribs to bear,—they are not arrows for my quiver; and so, before the government left me, I e'en resolved to leave the government; and yesterday morning, turning my back on the island, I left it just as I found it, with the same streets, the same houses, with the selfsame roofs to them as they had when I first entered it. I have neither borrowed nor hoarded; and though I intended to make some wholesome laws, I made none, fearing they would not be observed, which is the same as if they were not made. I came away, as I said, from the island without any company but my Dapple. In the dark, I fell headlong into a pit, and crept along under ground, till this morning by the light of the sun I discovered a way out, though not so easy a one but that if Heaven had not sent my master Don Quixote, there I might have stayed till the end of the world. So that, my lord duke and my lady duchess, behold here your governor Sancho Panza, who in the ten days that he held his office, found out by experience that he would not give a single farthing to be governor, not of an island only, but even of the whole world. This then being the case, kissing your honours' feet, and imitating the boys at play, who cry, leap and away, I give a leap out of the government, and pass over to the service of my master Don Quixote: for, after all, though with him I eat my bread in bodily fear, at least I have my bellyful; and, for my part, so I have but that well stuffed, it is all one to me whether it be with carrots or partridges."

Here Sancho ended his long speech, Don Quixote dreading all the while a thousand absurdities, and when he had ended with so few, he gave thanks to Heaven in his heart. The duke embraced Sancho, and said that it grieved him to the soul he had left the government so soon: but that he would take care he should have some other employment in his territories, of less trouble and more profit. The duchess was no less kind, and ordered that he should be taken good care of; for he seemed to be much bruised and in wretched plight.

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## CHAPTER LVI.

*Of the prodigious and unparalleled battle between Don Quixote de la Mancha and the lacquey Tosilos, in defence of the duenna Donna Rodriguez' daughter.*

THE duke and duchess repented not of the jest they had practised upon Sancho Panza, when the steward, on his return, gave them a minute relation of almost every word and action of the governor during that time; and he failed not to enlarge upon the assault of the island, with his terror and final abdication, which gave them not a little entertainment. The history then tells us that the appointed day of combat arrived; nor had the duke neglected to give his lacquey Tosilos all the necessary instructions how to vanquish his antagonist, and yet neither kill nor wound him; for which purpose he gave orders that the iron heads of their lances should be taken off, because, as he told Don Quixote, that Christianity upon which he valued himself forbade that in this battle their lives should be exposed to danger; and though contrary to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits such encounters, he should allow them free field-room in his territories; but he did not wish the affair pushed to the utmost extremity. Don Quixote begged his excellency would arrange all things as he deemed best; and assured him that he would acquiesce in every particular.

On the dreadful day, the duke having commanded a spacious scaffold to be erected before the court of the castle for the judges of the field, and the two



duennas, mother and daughter, appellants, an infinite number of people, from all the neighbouring towns and villages, flocked to see the novel spectacle, for, in latter times, nothing like it had ever been seen or heard of in that country either by the living or the dead.

The first who entered the lists was the master of the ceremonies, who walked over the ground, and examined it in every part, to guard against foul play and see that there was nothing on the surface to occasion stumbling or falling. The duennas now entered, and took seats, covered with veils even to their breasts, and betraying much emotion. Don Quixote next presented himself in the lists, and soon after the sound of trumpets announced the entrance of the great Tosilos, mounted on a stately steed, making the earth shake beneath him; with vizor down, and stiffly cased within a suit of strong and shining armour. The horse seemed to be a Frieslander, broad-built, and flea-bitten, with abundance of hair upon each fetlock. The courageous Tosilos came well instructed by the duke his lord how to behave towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and cautioned in nowise to hurt him, and also to be careful to elude his adversary at the first onset, lest he should himself be slain, which would be inevitable if he met him in full career. He traversed the enclosure, and, advancing towards the duennas, he surveyed the lady who demanded him for her husband. The marshal of the field, attended by Don Quixote and Tosilos, now formally demanded of the duennas whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha should maintain their right. They answered, that they did, and that whatever he should do in their behalf they should confirm, and hold to be right, firm, and valid.

The duke and duchess now took their seats, in a balcony over the barriers, which were crowded by an infinite number of people, all in full expectation of beholding this terrible and extraordinary conflict. It was stipulated, between Don Quixote and Tosilos, that if the former should conquer his adversary, the latter should be obliged to marry Donna Rodriguez' daughter; and if he should be overcome, his adversary should be released from his engagement with the lady, and every other claim on her account. And now the master of the ceremonies divided the sun equally between them, and fixed each at his post. The drums beat; the sound of trumpets filled the air, earth shook beneath the steeds of the combatants; the hearts of the gazing multitude palpitated, some with fear, some with hope, for the issue of this affair; finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself to Heaven, and to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood waiting the signal for the onset. But our lacquey's thoughts were differently employed, for it so happened that, while he stood looking at his female enemy, she appeared to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life, and the little blind boy called Cupid seized the opportunity of adding a lacquey's heart to the list of his trophies. Softly, and unperceived, therefore, he approached his victim, and, taking aim at the left side of the devoted youth, with an arrow two yards long he pierced his heart through and through: and this the amorous archer could do with perfect safety, for he is invisible, and goes and comes when and where he pleases, and to none is he accountable. So that when the signal was given for the onset, our lacquey stood transported, contemplating the beauty of her who was now the mistress of his liberty, and therefore attended not to the trumpet's sound. It was not so with Don Quixote, who instantly spurring forward, advanced towards his enemy at Rozinante's best speed; while his trusty squire Sancho cried aloud, "God guide you, cream and flower of knights-errant! Heaven give you victory, for the right is on your side!"

Though Tosilos saw Don Quixote making towards him, he stirred not a step from the place where he stood, but loudly calling the marshal of the field to him, he said, "Is not this combat, sir, to decide whether I shall marry, or not

marry, that young lady?" "It is," answered the marshal. "Then," quoth the lacquey, "my conscience will not let me proceed any further; and I declare that I yield myself vanquished, and am ready to marry that gentlewoman this moment." The marshal was surprised at what Tosilos said, and being privy to the contrivance, he was at a loss how to answer him. Don Quixote, perceiving that his adversary was not advancing, stopped short in the midst of his career. The duke could not conceive why the combat was retarded; and, when the marshal explained the cause, he was angry at the disappointment. In the mean time, however, Tosilos approached Donna Rodriguez, and said aloud, "I am willing, good madam, to marry your daughter, and would not seek, by strife and bloodshed, what I may have peaceably, and without danger." "Since that is the case," said the valorous Don Quixote, "I am absolved from my promise; let them be married, in God's name, and, as God has given her, Saint Peter bless her."

The duke now came down into the court of the castle, and, going up to Tosilos, he said, "Is it true, knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you intend to marry this damsel?" "Yes, an't please your grace," replied Tosilos. "And, faith, 'tis the wisest course," quoth Sancho Panza. "What you would give to the mouse give to the cat, and you will save trouble." Tosilos was, in the meantime, unlacing his helmet, to do which he begged for prompt assistance, as his spirits and breath were just failing him, unable to remain any longer pent up in so strait a lodging. They presently unarmed him, and, the face of the lacquey being exposed to view, Donna Rodriguez and her daughter cried aloud, "A cheat! a cheat! Tosilos, my lord duke's lackey, is put upon us instead of our true spouse! Justice from Heaven and the king against so much deceit, not to say villany!" "Afflict not yourselves, ladies," quoth Don Quixote, "for this is neither deceit nor villany, or, if it be so, the duke is not to blame, but the wicked enchanters, my persecutors, who, envying me the glory I should have acquired by this conquest, have transformed the countenance of your husband into that of another, who, you say, is a lacquey belonging to my lord duke. Take my advice, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him; for, without doubt, he is the very man you desire for your husband."

The duke, hearing this, angry as he was, could not forbear laughing. "Truly," said he, "so many extraordinary things happen every day to the great Don Quixote that I am inclined to believe this is not my lacquey; but, for our better satisfaction, and to detect the artifice, let us, if you please, defer the marriage for fifteen days, and, in the mean time, keep this doubtful youth in safe custody; by that time, perhaps, he may return to his own proper form; for doubtless the malice of those wicked magicians against the noble Don Quixote cannot last so long: especially when they find these tricks and transformations avail them so little." "O, sir," quoth Sancho, "the wicked wretches are for ever at this work, changing from one shape to another, whatever my master has to do with. It was but lately they turned a famous knight he had beaten, called the Knight of the Mirrors, into the very shape of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a fellow-townsmen and special friend of ours; and more than that, they changed my lady Dulcinea del Toboso from a princess into a downright country bumkin: so that I verily believe this lacquey here will live and die a lacquey all the days of his life." "Let him be who he will," said the duenna's daughter, "as he demands me to wife I take it kindly of him; for I had rather be lawful wife to a lacquey than the cast mistress of a gentleman, though indeed he who deluded me is not one."

All these events, in short, ended in the imprisonment of Tosilos, where it was determined he should remain till it was seen in what his transformation

would end ; and although the victory was adjudged to Don Quixote by general acclamation, the greater part of the spectators were disappointed and out of humour that the long-expected combatants had not hacked each other to pieces : as the rabble are wont to repine when the criminal is pardoned whom they expected to see hanged. The crowd now dispersed ; the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle, after ordering the lacquey into close keeping ; Donna Rodriguez and her daughter were extremely well pleased to see that, one way or other, this business was likely to end in matrimony ; and Tosilos was consoled with the like expectation.

## CHAPTER LVII.

*Which relates how Don Quixote took his leave of the duke, and of what befel him with the witty and wanton Altisidora, one of the duchess's damsels.*

EVEN Don Quixote now thought it full time to quit so inactive a life as that which he had led in the castle, deeming himself culpable in living thus in indolence, amidst the luxuries prepared for him, as a knight-errant, by the duke and duchess ; and he believed he should have to account to Heaven for this neglect of the duties of his profession. He therefore requested permission of their graces to depart, which they granted him, but with every expression of regret. The duchess gave Sancho Panza his wife's letters, which he wept over, saying, "Who could have thought that all the mighty hopes which my wife puffed herself up with on the news of my government should come at last to this, and that it should again be my lot to follow my master Don Quixote in search of hungry and toilsome adventures ! I am thankful, however, that my Teresa has behaved like herself in sending the acorns to her highness, which if she had not done, and proved herself ungrateful, I should never have forgiven her ; and my comfort is that the present could not be called a bribe, for they were not sent till I was a governor ; and, indeed, it is fitting that all who receive a benefit should show themselves grateful, though it be only a trifle. Naked I went into the government, and naked came I out of it ; so I can say with a clear conscience, which is no small matter, naked I came into the world, and naked I am ; I neither win nor lose."

In this manner Sancho communed with himself while preparing for his departure. That same evening Don Quixote took leave of the duke and duchess, and early the next morning he sallied forth, completely armed, into the great court, the surrounding galleries of which were crowded with the inmates of the castle, all eager to behold the knight ; nor were the duke and duchess absent on that occasion. Sancho was mounted upon Dapple, his wallets well furnished, and himself much pleased ; for the duke's steward, who had played the part of the Trifaldi, had given him, unknown to Don Quixote, a little purse with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the occasions of the journey. And now, whilst all were gazing at Don Quixote, the arch and witty Altisidora, who was with the duennas and damsels of the duchess, came forward, and, in a doleful tone, addressed herself to him in the following rhymes :—

Stay, cruel knight,  
Take not thy flight,  
Nor spur thy batter'd jade  
Thy haste restrain,  
Draw in the rein,  
And hear a love-sick maid

Why dost thou fly?  
 No snake am I,  
 That poison those I love :  
 Gentle I am  
 As any lamb,  
 And harmless as a dove.  
 Thy cruel scorn  
 Has left forlorn  
 A nymph whose charms may vie  
 With theirs who sport  
 In Cynthia's court,  
 Tho' Venus' self were by.  
 Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,  
 Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee !

Like ravenous kite  
 That takes its flight  
 Soon as't has stol'n a chicken,  
 Thou bear'st away  
 My heart, thy prey,  
 And leav'st me here to sicken  
 Three night-caps, too,  
 And garters blue,  
 That did to legs belong  
 Smooth to the sight  
 As marble white,  
 And, faith, almost as strong.  
 Two thousand groans,  
 As many moans,  
 And sighs enough to fire  
 Old Priam's town,  
 And burn it down,  
 Did it again aspire.  
 Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,  
 Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee !

May Sancho ne'er  
 His buttocks bare  
 Fly-flap, as is his duty ;  
 And thou still want  
 To disenchant  
 Dulcinea's injured beauty.  
 May still transform'd,  
 And still deform'd,  
 Toboso's nymph remain,  
 In recompense  
 Of thy offence,  
 Thy scorn and cold disdain.  
 When thou dost wield  
 Thy sword in field,  
 In combat or in quarrel,  
 Ill-luck and harms  
 Attend thy arms,  
 Instead of fame and laurel.

Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,  
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee !

May thy disgrace  
Fill ev'ry place,  
Thy falsehood ne'er be hid,  
But round the world  
Be toss'd and hurl'd,  
From Seville to Madrid.  
If, brisk and gay,  
Thou sitt'st to play  
At Ombre or at Chess,  
May ne'er spadill  
Attend thy will,  
Nor luck thy movements bless.  
Though thou with care  
Thy corns dost pare,  
May blood the pen-knife follow ;  
May thy gums rage,  
And nought assuage  
The pain of tooth that's hollow.

Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,  
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee.

Whilst Altisidora thus poured forth her tuneful complaints, Don Quixote stood looking at her attentively, and when she had done, without making her any answer, he turned to Sancho and said, "By the memory of thy forefathers, dear Sancho, I conjure thee to answer me truly—hast thou the nightcaps and garters which this love-sick damsel speaks of?" "I confess to the three nightcaps, sir," quoth Sancho, "but as to the garters, I know nothing about them."

The duchess was astonished at Altisidora's levity, for though she knew her to be gay, easy, and free, yet she did not think she would venture so far ; and, not being in the secret of this jest, her surprise was the greater. "I think, sir knight," said the duke (meaning to carry on the joke), "that it does not well beseem your worship, after the hospitable entertainment you have received in this castle, to carry off three nightcaps, at least, if not my damsel's garters ; these are indications of a disposition that ill becomes your character. Return her the garters : if not, I defy you to mortal combat, and fear not that your knavish enchanters should change my face, as they have done that of my lacquey." "Heaven forbid," answered Don Quixote, "that I should unsheath my sword against your illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favours. The nightcaps shall be restored, for Sancho says that he has them ; but as for the garters, it is impossible, for neither he nor I ever had them ; if your damsel look well to her hiding-corners, I make no question but she will find them. I, my lord duke, was never a pilferer, nor, if Heaven forsake me not, shall I ever become one. This damsel talks (as she owns) like one in love, which is no fault of mine ; and, therefore, I have no reason to ask pardon either of her or of your excellency, whom I entreat to think better of me, and again desire your permission to depart."

"Farewell, Signor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "and Heaven send you so prosperous a journey that we may always hear happy tidings of your exploits. Go, and Heaven be with you ; for the longer you stay, the more you stir up the flames that scorch the hearts of these tender damsels while they gaze on you. As for this wanton, take my word, I will so deal with her that she shall not again offend either in word or deed." "Hear me but one word more

O valeros Don Quixote !" quoth Altisidora ; " pardon me for having charged you with stealing my garters, for, on my soul and conscience, they are on my legs ! and I have blundered like the man who looked about for the ass he was riding." " Did I not tell you," quoth Sancho, " that I am a rare hider of stolen goods ? Had I been that way given, my government would have offered many a fair opportunity." Don Quixote made his obeisance to the duke and duchess, and to all the spectators ; then, turning Rozinante's head, he sallied out at the castle gate, and, followed by Sancho upon Dapple, took the road leading to Saragossa.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

*Showing how adventures crowded so fast upon Don Quixote that they trod upon each other's heels.*

ON finding himself in the open country, unrestrained and free from the troublesome fondness of Altisidora, Don Quixote felt all his chivalric ardour revive within him, and turning to his squire, he said, " Liberty, friend Sancho, is one of the choicest gifts that Heaven hath bestowed upon man, and exceeds in value all the treasures which the earth contains within its bosom, or the sea covers. Liberty, as well as honour, man ought to preserve at the hazard of his life ; for without it life is insupportable. Thou knowest, Sancho, the luxury and abundance we enjoyed in the hospitable mansion we have just left ; yet, amidst those seasoned banquets, those cool and delicious liquors, I felt as if I had suffered the extremity of hunger and thirst, because I did not then enjoy them with the same freedom as if they had been my own. The mind is oppressed and enthralled by favours and benefits to which it can make no return. Happy the man to whom Heaven hath given a morsel of bread without laying him under an obligation to any but Heaven itself ! " " For all that," quoth Sancho, " we ought to feel ourselves much bound to the duke's steward for the two hundred crowns in gold which he gave me in a purse I carry here, next my heart, as a cordial and comfort in case of need ; for we are not likely to find many castles where we shall be made so much of, but more likely inns, where we shall be rib-roasted."

Thus discoursing, the knight and squire-errant proceeded on their way, when having travelled a little more than half a league, they observed a dozen men, who looked like peasants, seated on a little patch of green near the road, with their cloaks spread under them, eating their dinner on the grass. Close to where they sat were spread sundry pieces of white cloth, like sheets, separate from each other, and which seemed to be covers to something on the ground beneath them. Don Quixote approached the eating party, and, after courteously saluting them, asked what they had under those sheets ? " They are figures carved in wood, sir," said one of them, " intended for an altar-piece we are erecting in our village, and we carry them covered that they may not be soiled or broken." " With your permission," said Don Quixote, " I should be glad to see them ; for things of that kind, carried with so much care, must doubtless be good." " Ay, indeed are they, sir," answered one of the men, " as their price will testify ; for, in truth, there is not one of them but stands us in above fifty ducats ; and of the truth of what I say your worship shall presently be satisfied. Then rising up and leaving his repast, he took off the covering from the first figure, which was gilt, and appeared to be St. George on horseback, piercing with his lance a serpent coiled at the feet of his horse,

and represented with its usual fierceness. "That figure," said Don Quixote, "represents one of the greatest knights-errant that ever served the holy cause. He was, besides, the champion of the fair, and was called Don St. George. Now let us see what is beneath that other cloth."

On being uncovered, it appeared to be St. Martin, mounted on horseback also, and in the act of dividing his cloak with the beggar. "St. Martin!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "he also was one of the Christian adventurers: a knight, I believe, more liberal than valiant, as thou mayst perceive, Sancho, by his giving half his cloak to that wretch; and doubtless it was then winter, otherwise he would have given the whole: so great was his charity." "That was not the reason," quoth Sancho; "but he had a mind to follow the proverb, that says, 'What to give, and what to keep, requires a head-piece wide and deep.'" Don Quixote smiled, and desired to see another of their figures. The patron of Spain was now presented to him, mounted on a fierce charger; he appeared grasping a bloody sword, and trampling on the bodies of slaughtered Moors. "There," said Don Quixote, "was a knight indeed! one of Christ's own squadron. He was called Don St. Diego, the Moor-killer, one of the most valiant saints and knights of which the world ever boasted, or that heaven now containeth."

Another cloth being removed, the figure of St. Paul was produced, as at the moment of his conversion, when thrown from his horse, and with other attending circumstances. Seeing that event represented with so much animation that St. Paul appeared to be actually answering the voice from heaven, Don Quixote said, "This holy personage was at one time the greatest enemy to the church of God, and afterwards the greatest defender it will ever have; a knight-errant in his life, and an unshaken martyr at his death; an unwearied labourer in Christ's vineyard; an instructor of the Gentiles; heaven was his school, and his great teacher and master our Lord himself!" Don Quixote now desired the figures might be again covered, having seen all. "I regard the sight of these things," said he, "as a favourable omen: for these saints and knights professed what I profess, with this only difference, that, being saints, they fought after a heavenly manner, whereas I, a sinner, fight in the way of this world. By the exercise of arms they gained heaven—for heaven must be won by exertion, and I cannot yet tell what will be the event of my labours; but could my Dulcinea del Toboso be relieved from her suffering, my condition being in that case improved, and my understanding wisely directed, I might, perhaps, take a better course than I now do." "Heaven hear him," quoth Sancho, "and let sin be deaf!" The men wondered no less at the figure than at the words of Don Quixote, without understanding half what he meant by them. They finished their repast, packed up their images, and, taking their leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey. Sancho was more than ever astonished at his master's knowledge, and fully convinced that there was no history nor event in the world which he had not at his fingers' ends and nailed on his memory.

"Truly, master of mine," quoth Sancho, "if what has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it has been one of the sweetest and most pleasant that has ever befallen us in the whole course of our rambles; faith, we are clear of it without either blows or bodily fear! We have neither laid our hands to our weapons, nor beaten the earth with our bodies; neither are we famished for want of food! Heaven be praised that I have seen all this with my own eyes!" "Thou sayest well, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "but I must tell thee that times are wont to vary and change their course; and what are commonly accounted omens by the vulgar, though not within the scope of reason, the wise will, nevertheless, regard as incidents of lucky aspect. Your watcher of

omens rises betimes, and, going abroad, meets a Franciscan friar, whereupon he hurries back again as if a furious dragon had crossed his way. Another happens to spill the salt upon the table, and straightway his soul is overcast with the dread of coming evil; as if nature had willed that such trivial accidents should give notice of ensuing mischances! The wise man and good Christian, will not, however, pry too curiously into the counsels of Heaven. Scipio, on arriving in Africa, stumbled as he leaped on shore; his soldiers took it for an ill omen, but he, embracing the ground, said, 'Africa, thou canst not escape me—I have thee fast.' For my own part, Sancho, I cannot but consider as a favourable prognostic our meeting those holy sculptures." "I verily believe it," answered Sancho, "and I should be glad if your worship would tell me why the Spaniards, when they rush into battle call upon that saint Diego, the Moor-killer, and cry, 'Saint Iago, and close, Spain!' Is Spain, then, so open as to want closing? what do you make of that ceremony?" "Sancho, thou art very shallow in these matters," said Don Quixote: "thou must know that Heaven gave the mighty champion of the red cross to Spain, to be its patron and protector, especially in its desperate conflicts with the Moors: and therefore it is they invoke him in all their battles; and oft, at such times, has he been seen overthrowing, trampling down, destroying, and slaughtering the infidel squadrons: of which I could recount to thee many examples recorded in the true histories of our country."

"I am amazed, sir," said Sancho, suddenly changing the subject, "at the impudence of Altisidora, the duchess's waiting-woman. I warrant you that same mischief-maker they call Love must have mauled and mangled her full sorely. They say he is a boy, short-sighted, or, rather, blind; yet set a heart before him, and, as sure as death, he'll whip an arrow through it. I have heard say, too, that the weapons he makes use of, though sharp, are blunted and turned aside by the armour of modesty and maidenly coyness; but with that same Altisidora methinks they are rather whetted than blunted." "Look you, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "Love has no respect of persons, and laughs at the admonitions of reason; like Death, he pursues his game both in the stately palaces of kings and the humble huts of shepherds. When he has got a soul fairly into his clutches, his first business is to deprive it of all shame and fear; as you have remarked in Altisidora, who being without either, made an open declaration of her desires, which produced in my breast embarrassment instead of compassion."

"Shocking cruelty! Monstrous ingratitude!" cried Sancho. "I can say, for myself, that the least kind word from her would have subdued me, and made me her slave. O whoreson! what a heart of marble, what bowels of brass, and what a soul of plaister! But I wonder much what the damsel saw in your worship that so took her fancy. Where was the finery, the gallantry, the gaiety, and the sweet face which, one by one, or altogether, made her fall in love with you? for, in plain truth, if I look at your worship from the tip of your toe to the top of your head, I see more to be frightened at than to love. Beauty, they say, is the chief thing in love matters; but, your worship having none, I cannot guess what the poor thing was so taken with." "Hearken to me, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "there are two kinds of beauty, the one of the mind, the other of the body. That of the mind shines forth in good sense and good conduct; in modesty, liberality, and courtesy; and all these qualities may be found in one who has no personal attractions; and when that species of beauty captivates, it produces a vehement and superior passion. I well know, Sancho, that I am not handsome; but I know also that I am not deformed; and a man of worth, if he be not hideous, may inspire love, provided he has those qualities of the mind which I have mentioned."



While the knight and squire were conversing in this manner, they entered a wood that was near the road side, but had not penetrated far when Don Quixote found himself entangled among some nets of green thread which were extended from tree to tree; and, surprised at the incident, he said, "These nets, Sancho, surely promise some new and extraordinary adventure—may I die this moment if it be not some new device of the enchanters, my enemies, to stop my way, out of revenge, for having slighted the wanton Altisidora! But I would have them know that, if these nets were chains of adamant, or stronger than that in which the jealous god of blacksmiths entangled Mars and Venus, to me they would be nets of rushes and yarn!" Just as he was about to break through the frail enclosure, two lovely shepherdesses, issuing from the covert, suddenly presented themselves before him; at least, their dress resembled that of shepherdesses, excepting that it was of fine brocade, and rich gold tabby. Their hair, bright as sunbeams, flowed over their shoulders; and chaplets composed of laurel and interwoven with the purple amaranth, adorned their heads; and they appeared to be from fifteen to eighteen years of age.

Sancho was dazzled, and Don Quixote amazed, at so unexpected a vision, which the sun himself must have stopped in his course to admire. "Hold! signor cavalier," said one of them, "pray do not break the nets we have placed here, not to offend you, but to divert ourselves; and as you may wish to know why we spread them, and who we are, I will, in a few words, tell you. About two leagues off, sir, there is a village where many persons of quality and wealth reside, several of whom lately made up a company, of friends, neighbours, and relations, to come and take their diversion at this place, which is accounted the most delightful in these parts. Here we have formed among ourselves a new Arcadia; the young men have put on the dress of shepherds, and the maidens that of shepherdesses. We have learnt by heart two eclogues, one by our admired Garcilaso, and the other by the excellent Camoëns, in his own Portuguese tongue; which, however, we have not yet recited, as it was only yesterday that we came hither. Our tents are pitched among the trees, near the side of a beautiful stream. Last night we spread these nets to catch such simple birds as our calls could allure into the snare: and now, sir, if you please to be our guest, you shall be entertained liberally and courteously: for we allow neither care nor sorrow to be of our party."

"Truly, fair lady," answered Don Quixote, "Actæon was not more lost in admiration and surprise when unawares he saw Diana bathing, than I am in beholding your beauty. I approve and admire your project, and return thanks for your kind invitation, and, if I can do you any service, lay your commands upon me, in full assurance of being obeyed; for by my profession I am enjoined to be grateful and useful to all, but especially to persons of your condition: and were these nets, which probably cover but a small space, extended over the whole surface of the earth, I would seek new worlds, by which I might pass, rather than injure them. And, that you may afford some credit to a declaration which may seem extravagant, know, ladies, that he who makes it is no other than Don Quixote de la Mancha—if, perchance, that name has ever reached your ears."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the other shepherdess, addressing her companion, "what good fortune, my dear friend, has befallen us! See you this gentleman here before us? Believe me, he is the most valiant, the most enamoured, and the most courteous knight in the whole world, if the history of his exploits, which is in print, does not deceive us. I have read it, my dear, through and through; and I will lay a wager that the good man who attends him is that very Sancho Panza, his squire, whose pleasantries none can equal." "I' faith, madam, it is very true," quoth Sancho, "I am, indeed, that same jocular

person, and squire, and this gentleman is my master, the very Don Quixote de la Mancha you have read of in print." "Pray, my dear," said the other, "let us entreat him to stay, for our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased to have him here. I also have heard what you say of his valour and great merit, and, above all, that he is the most true and constant of lovers, and that his mistress, who is called Dulcinea del Toboso, bears away the palm from all the beauties in Spain." "And with great justice," quoth Don Quixote, "unless your wondrous charms should make it questionable. But do not, I beseech you, ladies, endeavour to detain me: for the indispensable duties of my profession allow me no intermission of labour."

At this moment a brother of one of the fair damsels came up to them, dressed as a shepherd, and with the same richness and gaiety. They instantly told him that the persons he saw were the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha and his squire Sancho Panza, whom he also knew by their history. The gay shepherd saluted the knight, and so urgently importuned him to honour their party with his presence, that, unable to refuse, he at length accepted their invitation. Just at that time the nets were drawn, and a great number of small birds, deceived by their artifices, were taken. The gallant party assembled on that occasion, being not less than thirty in number, all in pastoral habits, received Don Quixote and his squire in a manner very much to their satisfaction: for none were strangers to the knight's history. They all now repaired together to the tents, where they found the table spread with elegance and plenty. The place of honour was given to Don Quixote, and all gazed on him with admiration.

When the cloth was removed, the knight, with much gravity, and in an audible voice, thus addressed the company: "Of all the sins that men commit, though some say pride, in my opinion, ingratitude is the worst; it is truly said that hell is full of the ungrateful. From that foul crime I have endeavoured to abstain ever since I enjoyed the use of reason; and if I cannot return the good offices done me by equal benefits, I substitute my desire to repay them; and if this be not enough, I publish them: for he who proclaims the favours he has received, would return them if he could: and generally the power of the receiver is unequal to that of the giver: like the bounty of Heaven, to which no man can make an equal return. But, though utterly unable to repay the unspeakable beneficence of God, gratitude affords a humble compensation suited to our limited powers. This, I fear, is my present situation; and, my ability not reaching the measure of your kindness, I can only show my gratitude by doing that little which is in my power. I therefore engage to maintain, for two whole days, in the middle of the king's highway, leading to Saragossa, that these lady-shepherdesses in disguise are the most beautiful and the most courteous damsels in the world: excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my thoughts—without offence to any present be it spoken."

Here Sancho, who had been listening to him with great attention, could no longer bridle his tongue. "Is it possible," cried he, "that any one should have the boldness to say and swear that this master of mine is a madman? Tell me, gentlemen shepherds, is there a village priest living, though ever so wise, or ever so good a scholar, who could speak as he has spoken? Or is there a knight-errant, though ever so renowned for valour, who could make such an offer as he has done?" Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and, with a wrathful countenance, said: "Is it possible, O Sancho, that there should be a single person on the globe who would not say that all over thou art an idiot, lined with the same, and bordered with I know not what of mischief and knavery? Who gave thee authority to meddle with what belongs to me, or to busy thyself with my folly or my discretion? Be silent, brute; make no reply, but go and saddle Rozinante, if he be unsaddled, and let us depart, that I may perform what I

have engaged: for, relying on the justice of my cause, I consider all those who shall presume to dispute the point with me as already vanquished." Then in great haste, and with marks of furious indignation in his countenance, he arose from his seat and rushed forth, leaving the company in amazement, and doubtful whether to regard him as a lunatic or a man of sense.

They nevertheless endeavoured to dissuade him from his challenge, telling him that they were sufficiently assured of his grateful nature as well as his valour, by the true history of his exploits. Resolute, however, in his purpose, the knight was not to be moved; and, being now mounted upon Rozinante, bracing his shield, and grasping his lance, he planted himself in the middle of the highway, not far from the Arcadian tents. Sancho followed upon his Dapple, with all the pastoral company, who were curious to see the event of so arrogant and extraordinary a defiance.

Don Quixote, being thus posted, he made the air resound with such words as these: "O ye passengers, whoever ye are, knights, squires, travellers on foot and on horseback, who now pass this way, or shall pass, in the course of these two successive days! know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is posted here, ready to maintain that the nymphs who inhabit these meadows and groves excel in beauty and courtesy all the rest of the world, excepting only the mistress of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso! Let him, therefore, who dares to uphold the contrary, forthwith show himself, for here I stand ready to receive him."

Twice he repeated the same words, and twice they were repeated in vain. But better fortune soon followed, for it so happened that a number of horsemen appeared, several of them armed with lances, hastily advancing in a body. Those who had accompanied Don Quixote no sooner saw them than they retired to a distance, thinking it might be dangerous to remain. Don Quixote alone, with an intrepid heart, stood firm, and Sancho Panza sheltered himself close under Rozinante's crupper. When the troop of horsemen came up, one of the foremost called aloud to Don Quixote, "Get out of the way, devil of a man! or these bulls will trample you to dust." "Caitiffs!" replied Don Quixote, "I fear not your bulls, though they were the fiercest that ever bellowed on the banks of Xarama. Confess, ye scoundrels! unsight, unseen, that what I here proclaimed is true; if not, I challenge ye to battle."

The herdsmen had no time to answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way, had he been willing: and now a herd of fierce bulls, together with some tame kine, hurried past with a multitude of herdsmen and others, driving them to a neighbouring town where they were to be baited. Don Quixote, Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, were in a moment overturned, and, after being trampled upon without mercy, were left sprawling on the ground. After the whole had passed, here lay Sancho mauled, there Don Quixote stunned, Dapple bruised, and Rozinante in no enviable plight! Nevertheless, they all contrived to recover the use of their legs, and the knight, in great haste, stumbling and reeling, began to pursue the herd, crying aloud, "Hold! stop! scoundrels! a single knight defies ye all, who scorns the coward maxim, 'Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.'" But the drovers had no time to attend to him, and made no more account of his threats than of last year's clouds. Fatigue obliged Don Quixote to desist from the pursuit; and, more enraged than revenged, he sat down in the road, to wait for Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple. On their coming up, the knight and squire mounted again, and, with more shame than satisfaction, pursued their journey, without taking leave of the shepherds of new Arcadia.

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## CHAPTER LIX.

*Wherein is related an extraordinary accident which befel Don Quixote, and which may pass for an adventure.*

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho removed, by immersion in the waters of a clear fountain, which they found in a cool and shady grove, the fatigue, the dust, and other effects caused by the rude encounter of the bulls. Here the way-worn pair seated themselves: and after giving liberty to Rozinante and Dapple, Sancho had recourse to the store of his wallet, and speedily drew out what he was wont to call his sauce. He rinsed his mouth, and Don Quixote washed his face, by which they were in some degree refreshed: but the knight, from pure chagrin, refused to eat, and Sancho abstained from pure good manners; though waiting and wishing for his master to begin. At length, seeing his master so wrapped in thought as to forget to convey a morsel to his mouth, he opened his own, and banishing all kind of ceremony, made a fierce attack upon the bread and cheese before him.

"Eat, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and support life, which to thee is of more importance than to me, and leave me to expire under my reflections, and the severity of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and thou wilt allow that I speak truth when thou considerest that I, who am recorded in history, renowned in arms, courteous in deeds, respected by princes, and courted by damsels, should, after all, instead of psalms, triumphs, and crowns, earned and merited by my valorous exploits, have this morning seen myself trod upon, kicked, and bruised under the feet of filthy and impure beasts!—the thought thereof dulls the edge of my teeth, unbings my jaws, sickens my appetite, and benumbs my hands, so that I am now awaiting death in its cruellest form—hunger."

"If so," quoth Sancho (still eating as he spoke), "your worship does not approve the proverb, which says, 'Let Martha die, so that she die well fed.' For my part, I have no mind to kill myself; but rather, like the shoemaker, who with his teeth stretches his leather to make it fit for his purpose, I will by eating try all I can to stretch out my life, till it reaches as far as it may please Heaven: and let me tell you, sir, that there is no greater folly than to give way to despair. Believe what I say, and when you have eaten, try to sleep a little upon this green mattress, and I warrant on waking you will find yourself another man."

Don Quixote followed Sancho's advice, thinking he reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool: at the same time, he said: "Ah, Sancho, if thou wouldst do for me what I am going to propose, my sorrow would be diminished, and my relief more certain; it is only this: whilst I endeavour by thy advice to compose myself to sleep, do thou step aside a little, and exposing thy hinder parts to the open air, give thyself, with the reins of Rozinante's bridle, some three or four hundred smart lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd which thou art bound to give thyself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea: for, in truth, it is a great pity the poor lady should continue under enchantment through thy carelessness and neglect."

"There is a great deal to be said as to that," quoth Sancho; "but for the present let us both sleep, and afterwards Heaven knows what may happen. Besides, I would have you remember, sir, that this lashing one's self in cold blood is no easy matter; especially when the strokes light upon a body so tender without, and so ill-stored within, as mine is. Let my lady Dulcinea have a little patience, and mayhap, when she least thinks of it, she shall see my body

a perfect sieve by dint of lashing. Until death all is life: I am still alive, and with a full intention to make good my promise." Don Quixote thanked him, ate a little, and Sancho much; and both of them laid themselves down to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, those inseparable companions and friends, at their own discretion, either to repose or feed upon the tender grass, of which they here had abundance.

They awoke somewhat late in the day, mounted again, and pursued their journey; hastening to reach what seemed to be an inn, about a league before them. An inn it is here called, because Don Quixote himself gave it that name; not happening, as usual, to mistake it for a castle. Having arrived there, they inquired of the host if he could provide them with lodging, and he promised as good accommodation and entertainment as could be found in Saragossa. On alighting, Sancho's first care was to deposit his travelling larder in a chamber of which the landlord gave him the key. He then led Rozinante and Dapple to the stable, and, after seeing them well provided for, he went to receive the further commands of his master, whom he found seated on a stone bench; the squire blessing himself that the knight had not taken the inn for a castle.

Supper-time approaching, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, and Sancho inquired of the host what they could have to eat. The landlord told him that his palate should be suited—for whatever the air, earth, and sea produced, of birds, beasts, or fish, that inn was abundantly provided with. "There is no need of all that," quoth Sancho, "roast us but a couple of chickens, and we shall be satisfied; for my master has a delicate stomach, and I am no glutton." "As for chickens," said the innkeeper, "truly we have none, for the kites have devoured them." "Then let a pullet be roasted," said Sancho; "only see that it be tender." "A pullet? my father!" answered the host; "faith and troth, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to be sold; but, excepting pullets, ask for whatever you will." "Why then," quoth Sancho, "e'en give us a good joint of veal or kid, for they cannot be wanting." "Veal or kid?" replied the host, "ah, now I remember we have none in the house at present, for it is all eaten; but next week there will be enough, and to spare." "We are much the better for that," answered Sancho; "but I dare say all these deficiencies will be made up with plenty of eggs and bacon." "'Fore Heaven," answered the host, "my customer is a choice guesser! I told him I had neither pullets nor hens, and he expects me to have eggs; talk of other delicacies, but ask no more for hens."

"Body of me!" quoth Sancho, "let us come to something—tell me, in short, what you have, master host, and let us have done with your flourishes." "Then," quoth the innkeeper, "what I really and truly have is a pair of cow-heels, that may be taken for calves' feet; or a pair of calves' feet, that are like cow-heels. They are stewed with peas, onions, and bacon, and at this very minute are crying out, 'Come eat me, come eat me.'" "From this moment, I mark them for my own," quoth Sancho; "and let nobody lay finger on them. I will pay you well, for there is nothing like them—give me but cow-heel, and I care not a fig for calves' feet." "They are yours," said the host, "nobody shall touch them; for my other guests, merely for gentility sake, bring their cook, their sewer, and provisions along with them." "As to the matter of gentility," quoth Sancho, "nobody is more a gentleman than my master; but his calling allows of no cooking nor butlering as we travel. No, faith; we clap us down in the midst of a green field, and fill our bellies with acorns or medlars." Such was the conversation Sancho held with the innkeeper, and he now chose to break it off, without answering the inquiries which the host made respecting his master's calling.

Supper being prepared, and Don Quixote in his chamber, the host carried in his dish of cow-heel, and, without ceremony, sat himself down to supper. The adjoining room being separated from that occupied by Don Quixote only by a thin partition, he could distinctly hear the voices of persons within. "Don Jeronimo," said one of them, "I entreat you, till supper is brought in, to let us have another chapter of Don Quixote de la Mancha." The knight hearing himself named, got up, and, listening attentively, he heard another person answer, "Why, Signor Don John, would you have us read such absurdities? Whoever has read the first part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha cannot be pleased with the second." "But for all that," said Don John, "let us read it; for there is no book so bad as not to have something good in it. What displeases me the most in this second part is, that the author describes Don Quixote as no longer enamoured of Dulcinea del Toboso."

On hearing this, Don Quixote, full of wrath and indignation, raised his voice, and said, "Whoever shall say that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten, or ever can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he asserts what is not true; for neither can the peerless Dulcinea be forgotten, nor Don Quixote ever cease to remember her. His motto is Constancy; and to maintain it his pleasure and his duty." "Who is it that speaks to us?" replied one in the other room. "Who should it be," quoth Sancho, "but Don Quixote de la Mancha himself?—who will make good all he says and all he shall say: for a good paymaster is in no want of a pawn."

At these words two gentlemen rushed into the room, and one of them throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, said, "Your person belies not your name, nor can your name do otherwise than give credit to your person. I cannot doubt, signor, of your being the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north and morning-star of knight-errantry, in despite of him who would usurp your name, and annihilate your exploits, as the author of this book has vainly attempted." Don Quixote, without making any reply, took up the book; and, after turning over some of the leaves, he laid it down again, saying, "In the little I have seen of this volume, three things I have noticed for which the author deserves reprehension. The first is some expressions in the preface; the next that his language is Arragonian, for he sometimes omits the articles; and the third is a much more serious objection, inasmuch as he shows his ignorance and disregard of truth in a material point of the history: for he says that the wife of my squire Sancho Panza is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas her name is Teresa Panza; and he who errs in a circumstance of such importance may well be suspected of inaccuracy in the rest of the history."

Here Sancho put in his word: "Pretty work, indeed, of that same history-maker! Sure he knows much of our concerns to call my wife, Teresa Panza, Mary Gutierrez! Pray, your worship, look into it again, and see whether I am there, and if my name be changed too." "By what you say, friend," quoth Don Jeronimo, "I presume you are Sancho Panza, squire to Signor Don Quixote?" "That I am," replied Sancho, "and value myself upon it." "In faith, then," said the gentleman, "this last author treats you but scurvily, and not as you seem to deserve. He describes you as a dull fool, and a glutton, without plesantry—in short, quite a different Sancho from him represented in the first part of your master's history." "Heaven forgive him!" quoth Sancho; "he might as well have left me alone; for 'He who knows the instrument should play on it,' and 'Saint Peter is well at Rome.'" The two gentlemen entreated Don Quixote to go to their chamber and sup with them, as they well knew the inn had nothing fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always courteous, consented to their request, and Sancho remained

with the flesh-pot, *cum mero mixto imperio* :\* placing himself at the head of the table, with the innkeeper for his messmate, whose love for cow-heel was equal to that of the squire.

While they were at supper, Don John asked Don Quixote when he had heard from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; whether she was married; whether she was yet a mother, or likely to be so; or whether, if still a virgin, she retained, with modest reserve and maidenly decorum, a grateful sense of the love and constancy of Signor Don Quixote. "Dulcinea," said the knight, "is still a maiden, and my devotion to her more fixed than ever; our correspondence as heretofore; but alas! her own beautiful person is transformed into that of a coarse country wench." He then related every particular concerning the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea. He also gave them an account of his descent into the cave of Montesinos, and informed them of the instructions given by the sage Merlin for the deliverance of his mistress. Great was the satisfaction the two gentlemen received at hearing Don Quixote relate his strange adventures, and they were equally surprised at his extravagances, and the elegance of his narrative. One moment they thought him a man of extraordinary judgment, and the next that he was totally bereaved of his senses; nor could they decide what degree to assign him between wisdom and folly.

Sancho, having finished his supper, left the innkeeper fully dosed with liquor, and joined his master's party in the next chamber. Immediately on entering, he said, "May I die, gentlemen, if the writer of that book which you have got has any mind that he and I should eat a friendly meal together; he calls me glutton, you say—egad! I wish he may not set me down a drunkard too." "In faith, he does," quoth Don Jeronimo; "though I do not remember his words; only this I know, that they are scandalous, and false into the bargain, as I see plainly by the countenance of honest Sancho here before me." "Take my word for it, gentlemen," quoth the squire, "the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history are in nowise like the men that are so called in the book made by Cid Hamet Benengeli; for they are truly we two;—my master, valiant, discreet, and a true lover; and I, a plain, merry-conceited fellow; but neither a glutton nor a drunkard." "I believe it," quoth Don John; "and, were such a thing possible, I would have it ordered that none should dare to record the deeds of the great Don Quixote but Cid Hamet himself, his first historian; as Alexander commanded that none but Apelles should presume to draw his portrait; being a subject too lofty to be treated by one of inferior talent." "Treat me who will," said Don Quixote, "so that they do not maltreat me; for patience itself will not submit to be overladen with injuries." "No injury," quoth Don John, "can be offered to Signor Don Quixote that he is not able to revenge, should he fail to ward it off with the buckler of his patience, which seems to me both ample and strong."

In such conversation they passed the greater part of the night; and though Don John would fain have had Don Quixote read more of the book, he declined it, saying he deemed it read; and, by the sample he had seen, he pronounced it foolish throughout. He was unwilling, also, to indulge the scribbler's vanity so far as to let him think he had read his book, should he happen to learn that it had been put into his hands; "and, besides, it is proper," he added, "that the eyes, as well as the thoughts, should be turned from everything filthy and obscene."

They then asked him which way he was travelling, and he told them that he should go to Saragossa, to be present at the jousts of that city for the annual prize of a suit of armour. Don John told him that, in the new history, Don Quixote is said to have been there, running at the ring, of which the author

\* That is, with a deputed or subordinate power.

gives a wretched account; dull in the contrivance, mean in style, miserably poor in devices, and rich only in absurdity. "For that very reason," answered Don Quixote, "I will not set foot in Saragossa, and thus I shall expose the falsity of this new historian, and all the world will be convinced that I am not the Don Quixote of whom he speaks." "In that you will do wisely," said Don Jeronimo; "and at Barcelona there are other jousts, where Signor Don Quixote may have a full opportunity to display his valour." "To Barcelona I will go, gentlemen," replied the knight; "and now permit me to take my leave, for it is time to retire to rest, and be pleased to rank me among the number of your best friends and faithful servants." "And me too," quoth Sancho; "for, mayhap, you may find me good for something."

Don Quixote and Sancho then retired to their chamber, leaving the two strangers surprised at the medley of sense and madness they had witnessed, and with a full conviction that these were the genuine Don Quixote and Sancho, and those of the Arragonese author certainly spurious. Don Quixote arose early, and, tapping at the partition of the other room, he again bid his new friends adieu. Sancho paid the innkeeper most magnificently, and at the same time advised him either to boast less of the provision of his inn, or to supply it better.

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## CHAPTER LX.

### *Of what befel Don Quixote on his way to Barcelona.*

In the morning, which was cool, and promised a temperate day, Don Quixote left the inn, having first informed himself which was the most direct road to Barcelona, avoiding Saragossa; for he was determined to prove the falsehood of the new history, which he understood had so grossly misrepresented him. Six days he pursued his course without meeting with any adventure worth recording; at the end of which time, leaving the high-road, night overtook them among some shady trees, but whether of cork or oak, it does not appear; Cid Hamet, in this instance, not observing his wonted minuteness of description. Master and man having alighted, they laid themselves down at the foot of these trees. Sancho had already taken his afternoon's collation, and therefore he rushed at once into the arms of sleep; but Don Quixote, not from hunger, but his restless imagination, could not close his eyes. Agitated by a thousand fancies, now he thought himself in the cave of Montesinos; now he saw his Dulcinea, in her odious disguise, spring upon her ass; the next moment he heard the words of the sage Merlin, declaring the means of her deliverance; then again he was in despair when he recollected the unfeeling negligence of his squire, who, he believed, had given himself only five lashes! a number so small compared with those yet remaining, that, overwhelmed with grief and indignation, he thus argued with himself:—"If Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, saying, 'To cut is the same as to untie,' and became thereby the universal lord of all Asia, exactly the same may happen now in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if the lashes be applied by force; for if the virtue of this remedy consist in Sancho's receiving three thousand lashes, what is it to me whether they are applied by himself or another, since the efficacy lies in his receiving them, from whatever hand they may come?"

Under this conviction Don Quixote approached his sleeping squire, having first taken Rozinante's reins and adjusted them, so that he might use them with effect. He then began to untruss his points—though it is generally thought that



he had only that one in the front which kept up his breeches. Sancho was soon roused, and cried out, "What is the matter? Who is untrussing me?" "It is I," answered Don Quixote, "who am come to atone for thy neglect, and to remedy my own troubles. I am come to whip thee, Sancho, and to discharge, at least in part, the debt for which thou art bound. Dulcinea is perishing; thou livest unconcerned; I am dying with desire; and therefore untruss of thine own accord; for it is my intention to give thee, in this convenient solitude, at least two thousand lashes." "No, indeed," quoth Sancho; "body o' me! keep off, or the dead shall hear of it! The strokes I am bound to give myself must be with my own will and when I please. At present I am not in the humour. Let your worship be content that I promise to flog and flay myself as soon as ever I am so inclined." "There is no trusting to thy courtesy, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for thou art hard-hearted, and, though a peasant, of very tender flesh." He then struggled with Sancho, and endeavoured, by force, to uncover him. Upon which Sancho jumped up, then closing with his master, he threw his arms about him, tripped up his heels, and laid him flat on his back; whereupon setting his right knee upon his breast, he held his hands down so fast that he could not stir, and scarcely could breathe. "How, traitor!" exclaimed the knight, "dost thou rebel against thy master and natural lord? Dost thou raise thy hand against him who feeds thee?" "I neither raise up nor pull down," answered Sancho: "I only defend myself, who am my own lord. If your worship will promise me to let me alone, and not talk about whipping at present, I will set you at liberty; if not, 'Here thou diest, traitor, enemy to Donna Sancho.'"\* Don Quixote gave him the promise he desired, and swore, by the life of his best thoughts, he would not touch a hair of his garment, but leave the whipping entirely to his own discretion.

Sancho now removed to another place, and, as he was going to lay himself under another tree, he thought something touched his head; and reaching up his hands, he felt a couple of dangling feet, with hose and shoes. Trembling with fear, he moved on a little further, but was incommoded by other legs; upon which he called to his master for help. Don Quixote went up to him, and asked him what was the matter: when Sancho told him that all the trees were full of men's feet and legs. Don Quixote felt them, and immediately guessing the cause, he said, "Be not afraid, Sancho; doubtless these are the legs of robbers and banditti, who have been punished for their crimes: for here the officers of justice hang them by scores at a time, when they can lay hold of them, and from this circumstance I conclude we are not far from Barcelona." In truth Don Quixote was right in his conjecture, for when day began to dawn, they plainly saw that the legs they had felt in the dark belonged to the bodies of thieves.

But if they were alarmed at these dead banditti, how much more were they disturbed at being suddenly surrounded by more than forty of their living comrades, who commanded them to stand, and not to move till their captain came up. Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree at some distance; in short, being defenceless, he thought it best to cross his hands, hang down his head, and reserve himself for better occasions. The robbers, however, were not idle, but immediately fell to work upon Dapple, and in a trice emptied both wallet and cloak-bag. Fortunately for Sancho, he had secured the crowns given him by the duke, with his other money, in a belt which he wore about his waist; nevertheless, they would not have escaped the searching eyes of these good people, who spare not even what is hid between the flesh and the skin, had they not been checked by the arrival of their captain. His age seemed to be about four-and-thirty, his body was robust, his stature

\* Sancho here quotes the last line of an old ballad.

tall, his visage austere, and his complexion swarthy; he was mounted upon a powerful steed, clad in a coat of steel, and his belt was stuck round with pistols. Observing that his squires (for so they call men of their vocation) were about to rifle Sancho, he commanded them to forbear, and was instantly obeyed, and thus the girdle escaped. He wondered to see a lance standing against a tree, a target on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour, and pensive, with the most sad and melancholy countenance that sadness itself could frame.

Going up to the knight, he said, "Be not so dejected, good sir, for you are not fallen into the hands of a cruel Osiris, but into those of Roque Guinart, who has more of compassion in his nature than cruelty." "My dejection," answered Don Quixote, "is not on account of having fallen into your hands, O valorous Roque, whose fame extends over the whole earth, but for my negligence in having suffered myself to be surprised by your soldiers, contrary to the bounden duty of a knight-errant, which requires that I should be continually on the alert, and, at all hours, my own sentinel: for, let me tell you, illustrious Roque, had they met me on horseback, with my lance and my target, they would have found it no very easy task to make me yield. Know, sir, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, he with whose exploits the whole globe resounds."

Roque Guinart presently perceived Don Quixote's infirmity, and that it had in it more of madness than valour; and, though he had sometimes heard his name mentioned, he always thought that what had been said of him was a fiction, conceiving that such a character could not exist: he was therefore delighted with this meeting, as he might now know, from his own observations, what degree of credit was really due to the reports in circulation. "Be not concerned," said Roque, addressing himself to Don Quixote, "nor tax Fortune with unkindness; by thus stumbling, you may chance to stand more firmly than ever: for Heaven, by strange and circuitous ways, incomprehensible to men, is wont to raise the fallen, and enrich the needy."

Don Quixote was about to return his thanks for this courteous reception, when suddenly a noise was heard near them, like the trampling of many horses; but it was caused by one only, upon which came, at full speed, a youth, seemingly about twenty years of age, clad in green damask edged with gold lace, trousers, and a loose coat; his hat cocked in the Walloon fashion, with strait waxed-leather boots, spurs, dagger, and gold-hilted sword: a small carbine in his hand, and a brace of pistols by his side. Roque, hearing the noise of a horse, turned his head, and observed this handsome youth advancing towards him: "Valiant Roque," said the cavalier, "you are the person I have been seeking; for with you I hope to find some comfort, though not a remedy, in my afflictions. Not to keep you in suspense, because I perceive that you do not know me, I will tell you who I am. I am Claudia Jeronima, daughter of Simon Forte, your intimate friend, and the particular enemy of Claquel Torellas, who is also yours, being of the faction which is adverse to you. You know, too, that Torellas has a son, called Don Vincente de Torellas, at least so he was called not two hours ago. That son of his—to shorten the story of my misfortune—ah, what sorrow he has brought upon me!—that son, I say, saw me, and courted me; I listened to him, and loved him, unknown to my father: for there is no woman, however retired or secluded, but finds opportunity to gratify her unruly desires. In short he promised to be my spouse, and I pledged myself to become his, without proceeding any farther. Yesterday I was informed that, forgetting his engagement to me, he was going to be married to another, and that this morning the ceremony was to be performed. The news confounded me, and I lost all patience. My father being out of town, I took the opportunity of equipping myself as you now see me; and by the speed of this horse, I overtook Don Vincente about a league hence, and, without stopping to reproach

him, or hear his excuses, I fired at him not only with this piece, but with both my pistols, and lodged, I believe, not a few balls in his body: thus washing away with blood the stains of my honour. I left him to his servants, who either dared not, or could not prevent the execution of my purpose; and am come to seek your assistance to get to France, where I have relations, with whom I may live; and to entreat you likewise to protect my father from any cruel revenge on the part of Don Vincente's numerous kindred."

Roque was struck with the gallantry, bravery, figure, and also the adventure of the beautiful Claudia; and said to her, "Come, madam, and let us first be assured of your enemy's death, and then we will consider what is proper to be done for you." Don Quixote, who had listened attentively to Claudia's narration, and the reply of Roque Guinart, now interposed, saying, "Let no one trouble himself with the defence of this lady, for I take it upon myself. Give me my horse and my arms, and wait for me here while I go in quest of the perjured knight, and, whether living or dead, make him fulfil his promise to so much beauty." "Ay, ay, let nobody doubt that," quoth Sancho: "my master is a special hand at match-making. 'Twas but the other day he made a young rogue consent to marry a damsel he would fain have left in the lurch, after he had given her his word; and, had not the enchanters who always torment his worship, changed the bridegroom into a lacquey, that same maid by this time would have been a matron."

Roque, who was more intent upon Claudia's business than the discourse of master and man, heard them not: and, after commanding his squires to restore to Sancho all they had taken from Dapple, and likewise to retire to the place where they had lodged the night before, he went off immediately with Claudia, at full speed, in quest of the wounded, or dead, Don Vincente. They presently arrived at the place where Claudia had overtaken him, and found nothing there except the blood which had been newly spilt; but, looking round, at a considerable distance they saw some persons ascending a hill, and concluded (as indeed it proved) that it was Don Vincente being conveyed by his servants either to a doctor or his grave. They instantly pushed forward to overtake them, which they soon effected, and found Don Vincente in the arms of his servants, entreating them in a low and feeble voice to let him die in that place, for he could no longer endure the pain of his wounds.

Claudia and Roque, throwing themselves from their horses, drew near; the servants were startled at the appearance of Roque, and Claudia was troubled at the sight of Don Vincente; when, divided between tenderness and resentment, she approached him, and, taking hold of his hand, said, "Had you but given me this hand, according to our contract, you would not have been reduced to this extremity." The wounded cavalier opened his almost closed eyes, and, recognising Claudia, he said, "I perceive, fair and mistaken lady, that it is to your hand I owe my death:—a punishment, unmerited by me, for neither in thought nor deed could I offend you." "It is not true, then," said Claudia, "that, this very morning, you were going to be married to Leonora, daughter of the rich Balvastro?" "No, certainly," answered Don Vincente; "my evil fortune must have borne you that news, to excite your jealousy to bereave me of life; but since I leave it in your arms, I esteem myself happy; and, to assure you of this truth, take my hand, and, if you are willing, receive me for your husband; for I can now give you no other satisfaction for the injury which you imagine you have received."

Claudia pressed his hand, and such was the anguish of her heart, that she swooned away upon the bloody bosom of Don Vincente, and at the same moment he was seized with a mortal paroxysm. Roque was confounded, and knew not what to do; the servants ran for water, with which they sprinkled their faces;

Claudia recovered, but Don Vincente was left in the sleep of death. When Claudia was convinced that her beloved husband no longer breathed, she rent the air with her groans, and pierced the skies with her lamentations. She tore her hair, scattered it in the wind, and with her own merciless hands wounded and disfigured her face, with every other demonstration of grief, distraction, and despair. "O rash and cruel woman!" she exclaimed, "with what facility wert thou moved to this evil deed! O maddening sting of jealousy, how deadly thy effects! O my dear husband! whose love for me hath given thee, for thy bridal bed, a cold grave!"

So piteous, indeed, were the lamentations of Claudia, that they forced tears even from the eyes of Roque, where they were seldom or never seen before. The servants wept and lamented; Claudia was recovered from one fainting-fit, only to fall into another; and all around was a scene of sorrow. At length Roque Guinart ordered the attendants to take up the body of Don Vincente, and convey it to the town where his father dwelt, which was not far distant, that it might be there interred. Claudia told Roque that it was her determination to retire to a nunnery, of which her aunt was abbess, there to spend what remained of her wretched life, looking to heavenly nuptials and an eternal spouse. Roque applauded her good design, offering to conduct her wherever it was her desire to go, and to defend her father against the relatives of Don Vincente, or any one who should offer violence to him. Claudia expressed her thanks in the best manner she could, but declined his company, and, overwhelmed with affliction, took her leave of him. At the same time Don Vincente's servants carried off his dead body, and Roque returned to his companions. Thus ended the amour of Claudia Jeronima; and no wonder that it was so calamitous, since it was brought about by the cruel and irresistible power of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his band of desperadoes in the place he had appointed to meet them, and Don Quixote in the midst of them, endeavouring, in a formal speech, to persuade them to quit that kind of life, so prejudicial both to soul and body. But his auditors were chiefly Gascons, a wild and ungovernable race, and therefore his harangue made but little impression upon them. Roque having asked Sancho Panza whether they had restored to him all the property which had been taken from Dapple, he said they had returned all but three nightcaps, which were worth three cities. "What does the fellow say?" quoth one of the party: "I have got them, and they are not worth three reals." "That is true," quoth Don Quixote; "but my squire justly values the gift for the sake of the giver." Roque Guinart insisted upon their being immediately restored; then, after commanding his men to draw up in a line before him, he caused all the clothes, jewels, and money, and, in short, all they had plundered since the last division, to be brought out and spread before them; which being done, he made a short appraisalment, reducing into money what could not be divided, and shared the whole among his company with the utmost exactness and impartiality.

After sharing the booty in this manner, by which all were satisfied, Roque said to Don Quixote, "If I were not thus exact in dealing with these fellows, there would be no living with them." "Well," quoth Sancho, "justice must needs be a good thing, for it is necessary, I see, even among thieves." On hearing this, one of the squires raised the butt-end of his piece, and would surely have split poor Sancho's head, if Roque had not called out to him to forbear. Terrified at his narrow escape, Sancho resolved to seal up his lips while he remained in such company.

Just at this time intelligence was brought by the scouts that, not far distant, on the Barcelona road, a large body of people were seen coming that way

"Can you discover," said Roque, "whether they are such as we look for, or such as look for us?" "Such as we look for, sir." "Away, then," said Roque, "and bring them hither straight—and see that none escape." The command was instantly obeyed; the band sallied forth, while Don Quixote and Sancho remained with the chief, anxious to see what would follow. In the mean time Roque conversed with the knight on his own way of living. "This life of ours must appear strange to you, Signor Don Quixote—new accidents, new adventures, in constant succession, and all full of danger and disquiet: it is a state, I confess, in which there is no repose either for body or mind. Injuries which I could not brook, and a thirst of revenge, first led me into it, contrary to my nature; for the savage asperity of my present behaviour is a disguise to my heart, which is gentle and humane. Yet, unnatural as it is, having plunged into it, I persevere; and, as one sin is followed by another, and mischief is added to mischief, my own resentments are now so linked with those of others, and I am so involved in wrongs, and factions, and engagements, that nothing but the hand of Providence can snatch me out of this entangled maze. Nevertheless, I despair not of coming, at last, into a safe and quiet harbour."

Don Quixote was surprised at these sober reflections, so different from what he should have expected from a banditti chief, whose occupation was robbery and murder. "Signor Roque," said he, "the beginning of a cure consists in the knowledge of the distemper, and in the patient's willingness to take the medicines prescribed to him by his physician. You are sick; you know your malady, and God, our physician, is ready with medicines that, in time, will certainly effect a cure. Besides, sinners of good understanding are nearer to amendment than those who are devoid of it; and, as your superior sense is manifest, be of good cheer, and hope for your entire recovery. If in this desirable work you would take the shortest way, and at once enter that of your salvation, come with me, and I will teach you to be a knight-errant—a profession, it is true, full of labours and disasters, but which, being placed to the account of penance, will not fail to lead you to honour and felicity." Roque smiled at Don Quixote's counsel, but, changing the discourse, he related to him the tragical adventure of Claudia Jeronima, which grieved Sancho to the heart; for he had been much captivated by the beauty, grace, and sprightliness of the young lady.

The party which had been despatched by Roque now returned with their captives, who consisted of two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by six servants, some on foot, and some on horseback, and also two muleteers belonging to the gentlemen. They were surrounded by the victors, who, as well as the vanquished, waited in profound silence till the great Roque should declare his will. He first asked the gentlemen who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had? "We are captains of infantry, sir," said one of them, "and are going to join our companies, which are at Naples, and, for that purpose, intend to embark at Barcelona, where, it is said, four galleys are about to sail for Sicily. Two or three hundred crowns is somewhere about the amount of our cash, and with that sum we accounted ourselves rich, considering that we are soldiers, whose purses are seldom overladen." The pilgrims being questioned in the same manner, said their intention was to embark for Rome, and that they had about them some threescore reals. The coach now came under examination, and Roque was informed, by one of the attendants, that the persons within were the lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones, wife of the Regent of the vicarship of Naples, her younger daughter, a waiting-maid, and a duenna; that six servants accompanied them, and their money amounted to six hundred crowns. "It appears, then," said Roque Guinart, "that we have here nine

hundred crowns, and sixty reals : my soldiers are sixty in number ; see how much falls to the share of each ; for I am myself but an indifferent accomptant."

His armed ruffians, on hearing this, cried out, " Long live Roque Guinart ! in spite of the dogs that seek his ruin." But the officers looked chafallen, the lady-regent much dejected, and the pilgrims nothing pleased at witnessing this confiscation of their effects. Roque held them awhile in suspense, but would not long protract their suffering, which was visible a bow-shot off, and therefore, turning to the captains, he said, " Pray, gentlemen, do me the favour to lend me sixty crowns ; and you, lady-regent, fourscore, as a slight perquisite which these honest gentlemen of mine expect : for ' the abbot must eat that sings for his meat ; ' and you may then depart, and prosecute your journey without molestation ; being secured by a pass which I will give you, in case of your meeting with any other of my people, who are dispersed about this part of the country : for it is not a practice with me to molest soldiers, and I should be loath, madam, to be found wanting in respect to the fair sex—especially to ladies of your quality."

The captains were liberal in their acknowledgments to Roque for his courtesy and moderation in having generously left them a part of their money ; and Donna Guiomar de Quinones would have thrown herself out of the coach to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque, but he would not suffer it, and entreated her pardon for the injury he was forced to do them, in compliance with the duties of an office which his evil fortune had imposed upon him. The lady then ordered the fourscore crowns to be immediately paid to him, as her share of the assessment ; the captains had already disbursed their quota, and the pilgrims were proceeding to offer their little all, when Roque told them to wait ; then, turning to his men, he said, " Of these crowns two fall to each man's share, and twenty remain : let ten be given to these pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest squire, that, in relating his travels, he may have cause to speak well of us." Then, producing his writing-implements, with which he was always provided, he gave them a pass, directed to the chiefs of his several parties ; and, taking his leave, he dismissed them, all admiring his generosity, his gallantry, and extraordinary conduct, and looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great, than a notorious robber.\*

On the departure of the travellers, one of Roque's men seemed disposed to murmur, saying, in his Catalan dialect, " This captain of ours is wondrous charitable, and would do better among friars than with those of our trade ; but if he must be giving, let it be with his own." The wretch spoke not so low but that Roque overheard him, and, drawing his sword, he almost cleft his head in two, saying, " Thus I chastise the mutinous." The rest were silent and overawed ; such was their obedience to his authority. Roque then withdrew a little, and wrote a letter to a friend at Barcelona, to inform him that he had with him the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom so much had been reported, and that, being on his way to Barcelona, he might be sure to see him there on the approaching festival of St. John the Baptist, parading the strand, armed at all points, mounted on his steed Rozinante, and attended by his squire Sancho Panza, upon an ass ; adding, that he had found him wonderfully sagacious and entertaining. He also desired him to give notice of this to his friends the Niarra, that they might be diverted with the knight, and enjoy a pleasure, which he thought too good for his enemies the Cadells, though he

\* Pellicer proves that this robber Guinart, properly named Pedro Rocha Guinarda, was a person actually existing in the time of Cervantes, and the captain of a band of freebooters. About the same period there were, likewise, other Andalusian robbers in Sierra Cabrilla, who were no less equitable, and even more scrupulous, than the great Roque himself. Their garb was that of good reformed people, and they took from travellers but half their property

feared it was impossible to prevent their coming in for a share of what all the world must know and be delighted with. He despatched this epistle by one of his troop, who, changing the habit of his vocation for that of a peasant, entered the city, and delivered it as directed.

## CHAPTER LXI.

*Of what befel Don Quixote at his entrance into Barcelona, with other events more true than ingenious.*

THREE days and three nights Don Quixote sojourned with the great Roque; and, had he remained with him three hundred years, in such a mode of life he might still have found new matter for observation and wonder. Here they sleep, there they eat, sometimes flying from they know not what, at others lying in wait for they know not whom; often forced to steal their nap standing, and every moment liable to be roused. Now they appear on this side of the country, now on that; always on the watch, sending out spies, posting sentinels, blowing the matches of their muskets—though they had but few, being chiefly armed with pistols. Roque passed the nights apart from his followers, making no man privy to his lodgings; for the numerous proclamations which the viceroy of Barcelona had published against him, setting a price upon his head, kept him in continual apprehension of surprise, and even of the treachery of his own followers; making his life irksome and wretched beyond measure.

Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, attended by six squires, set out for Barcelona, and, taking the most secret and unfrequented ways, at night reached the strand on the eve of St. John. Roque now embraced the knight and squire, giving to Sancho the promised ten crowns; and thus they parted, with many friendly expressions and a thousand offers of service on both sides.

Roque returned back, and Don Quixote remained there on horseback waiting for daybreak: and it was not long before the beautiful Aurora appeared in the golden balconies of the east, cheering the flowery fields, while at the same time the ears were regaled with the sound of numerous kettle-drums and jingling morrice-bells, mixed with the noise of horsemen coming out of the city. Aurora now retired, and the glorious sun gradually rising, at length appeared broad as an ample shield on the verge of the horizon. Don Quixote and Sancho now beheld the sea, which to them was a wondrous novelty, and seemed so boundless and so vast, that the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha, could not be compared to it. They saw the galleys too, lying at anchor near the shore, which, on removing their awnings, appeared covered with flags and pennants all flickering in the wind, and kissing the surface of the water. Within them was heard the sound of trumpets, hautboys, and other martial instruments, that filled the air with sweet and cheering harmony. Presently the vessels were put in motion, and on the calm sea began a counterfeit engagement; at the same time a numerous body of cavaliers, in gorgeous liveries and nobly mounted, issued from the city, and performed corresponding movements on shore. Cannon were discharged on board the galleys, which were answered by those on the ramparts; and thus the air was rent by mimic thunder. The cheerful sea, the serene sky, only now and then obscured by the smoke of the artillery, seemed to exhilarate and gladden every heart.

Sancho wondered that the bulky monsters which he saw moving on the water should have so many legs : and while his master stood in silent astonishment at the marvellous scene before him, the body of gay cavaliers came galloping up towards him, shouting in the Moorish manner ; and one of them—the person to whom Roque had written—came forward, and said, “Welcome to our city, thou mirror and beacon, and polar-star of knight-errantry ! Welcome, I say, O valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, not the spurious, the fictitious, the apocryphal one, lately sent amongst us in lying histories, but the true, the legitimate, the genuine Quixote of Cid Hamet Benengeli, the flower of historians !” Don Quixote answered not a word, nor did the cavaliers wait for any answer, but, wheeling round with all their followers, they began to curvet in a circle about Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said, “These people seem to know us well, Sancho ; I dare engage they have read our history, and even that of the Arragonese, lately printed.”

The gentleman who spoke to Don Quixote again addressed him, saying, “Be pleased, Signor Don Quixote, to accompany us, for we are all the intimate and devoted friends of Roque Guinart.” To which Don Quixote replied, “If courtesy beget courtesy, yours, good sir, springs from that of the great Roque ; conduct me whither you please, for I am wholly at your disposal.” The gentlemen answered in expressions no less polite, and, enclosing him in the midst of them, they all proceeded, to the sound of martial music, towards the city ; at the entrance of which the father of mischief so ordered it that, among the boys, all of whom are his willing instruments, two, more audacious than the rest, contrived to insinuate themselves within the crowd of horsemen, and one lifting Dapple’s tail, and the other that of Rozinante, they lodged under each a handful of briars, the stings whereof being soon felt by the poor animals, they clapped their tails only the closer, which so augmented their suffering that, plunging and kicking from excess of pain, they quickly brought their riders to the ground. Don Quixote, abashed and indignant at the affront, hastened to relieve his tormented steed, while Sancho performed the same kind office for Dapple. Their cavalier escort would have chastised the offenders, but the young rogues presently found shelter in the rabble that followed. The knight and the squire then mounted again, and, accompanied by the same music and acclamations, proceeded until they reached the conductor’s house, which was large and handsome, declaring the owner to be a man of wealth and consideration ; and there we will leave them ; for such is the will and pleasure of the author of this history, Cid Hamet Benengeli.

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## CHAPTER LXII.

*Which treats of the adventure of the enchanted head, with other trifling matters that must not be omitted.*

LEARNED, rich, sensible, and good-humoured, was Don Antonio Moreno, the present host of Don Quixote ; and, being cheerfully disposed, with such an inmate, he soon began to consider how he might extract amusement from his whimsical infirmity ; but without offence to his guest—for the jest that gives pain is no jest, nor is that lawful pastime which inflicts an injury. Having prevailed upon the knight to take off his armour, he led him to a balcony at the front of his house, and there, in his strait chamois doublet (which has already been mentioned), exposed him to the populace, who stood gazing at him as if he had



been some strange baboon. The gay cavaliers again appeared, and paraded before him as in compliment to him alone, and not in honour of that day's festival. Sancho was highly delighted to find unexpectedly what he fancied to be another Camacho's wedding; another house like that of Don Diego de Miranda, and another duke's castle.

On that day several of Don Antonio's friends dined with him, all paying homage and respect to Don Quixote as a knight-errant; with which his vanity was so flattered that he could scarcely conceal the delight which it gave him. And such was the power of Sancho's wit, that every servant of the house, and indeed all who heard him, hung, as it were, upon his lips. While sitting at table, Don Antonio said to him, "We are told here, honest Sancho, that you are so great a lover of capons and sausages, that, when you have crammed your belly, you stuff your pockets with the fragments for another day." "'Tis not true, an't please your worship; I am not so filthy, nor am I glutton, as my master Don Quixote here present can bear witness: for he knows we have often lived day after day, ay, a whole week together, upon a handful of acorns or hazel-nuts. It is true, I own, that if they give me a heifer, I make haste with a halter;—my way is to take things as I find them, and eat what comes to hand; and whoever has said that I am given to greediness, take my word for it, he is very much out; and I would tell my mind in another manner, but for the respect due to the honourable beards here at table."

"In truth, gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "the frugality of my squire and his cleanliness in eating deserve to be recorded on plates of brass, to remain an eternal memorial for ages to come. I confess that, when in great want of food, he may appear somewhat ravenous, eating fast and chewing on both sides of his mouth; but, as for cleanliness, he is therein most punctilious; and when he was a governor, such was his nicety in eating, that he would take up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with the point of a fork." "How!" quoth Don Antonio, "has Sancho been a governor?" "Yes, i' faith, I have," replied Sancho, "and of an island called Barataria. Ten days I governed it at my own will and pleasure; but I paid for it in sleepless nights, and learned to hate with all my heart the trade of governing, and made such haste to leave it that I fell into a pit, which I thought would be my grave, but I escaped alive out of it, by a miracle." Hereupon Don Quixote related minutely all the circumstances of Sancho's government, to the great entertainment of the hearers.

The dinner being ended, Don Quixote was led by his host into a distant apartment, in which there was no other furniture than a small table, apparently of jasper, supported by a pillar of the same: and upon it was placed a bust, seemingly of bronze, the effigy of some high personage. After taking a turn or two in the room, Don Antonio said, "Signor Don Quixote, now that we are alone, I will make known to you one of the most extraordinary circumstances, or rather, I should say, one of the greatest wonders, imaginable, upon condition that what I shall communicate be deposited in the inmost recesses of secrecy." "It shall be there buried," answered Don Quixote; "and, to be more secure, I will cover it with a tombstone; besides, I would have you know, Signor Don Antonio" (for by this time he had learned his name), "that you are addressing one who, though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to betray: so that if it please you to deposit it in my breast, be assured it is plunged into the abyss of silence." "I am satisfied," said Don Antonio, "and, confiding in your promise, I will at once raise your astonishment, and disburthen my own breast of a secret which I have long borne with pain, from the want of some person worthy to be made a confidant in matters which are not to be revealed to everybody."

Thus having, by his long preamble, strongly excited Don Quixote's curiosity,

Don Antonio made him examine carefully the brazen head, the table, and the jasper pedestal upon which it stood; he then said, "Know, Signor Don Quixote, that this extraordinary bust is the production of one of the greatest enchanters or wizards that ever existed. He was, I believe, a Polander, and a disciple of the famous Escotillo,\* of whom so many wonders are related. He was here in my house, and, for the reward of a thousand crowns, fabricated this head for me, which has the virtue and property of answering to every question that is put to it. After much study and labour, drawing figures, erecting schemes, and frequent observation of the stars, he completed his work. To-day being Friday, it is mute, but to-morrow, signor, you shall surely witness its marvellous powers. In the mean time you may prepare your questions, for you may rely on hearing the truth."

Don Quixote was much astonished at what he heard, and could scarcely credit Don Antonio's relation; but, considering how soon he should be satisfied, he was content to suspend his opinion, and express his acknowledgments to Don Antonio for so great a proof of his favour. Then leaving the chamber, and carefully locking the door, they both returned to the saloon, where the rest of the company were diverting themselves with Sancho's account of his master's adventures.

The same evening they carried Don Quixote abroad, to take the air, mounted on a large easy-paced mule, with handsome furniture, himself unarmed, and with a long wrapping-coat of tawny-coloured cloth, so warm that it would have put even frost into a sweat. They had given private orders to the servants to find amusement for Sancho, so as to prevent his leaving the house, as they had secretly fixed on the back of Don Quixote's coat a parchment, on which was written in capital letters:—"This is Don Quixote de la Mancha."

They had no sooner set out, than the parchment attracted the eyes of the passengers, and the inscription being read aloud, Don Quixote heard his name so frequently repeated that, turning to Don Antonio with much complacency, he said, "How great the prerogative of knight-errantry, since its professors are known and renowned over the whole earth! Observe, Signor Don Antonio, even the very boys of this city know me, although they never could have seen me before!" "It is very true, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Antonio; "for, as fire is discovered by its own light, so is virtue by its own excellence: and no renown equals in splendour that which is acquired by the profession of arms."

As Don Quixote thus rode along amidst the applause of the people, a Castilian who had read the label on his back, exclaimed, "What! Don Quixote de la Mancha! Now the devil take thee! How hast thou got here alive after the many drubbings and bastings thou hast received? Mad indeed thou art! Had thy folly been confined to thyself, the mischief had been less; but thou hast the property of converting into fools and madmen all that keep thee company—witness these gentlemen here, thy present associates. Get home, blockhead, to thy wife and children; look after thy house, and leave these fooleries that eat into thy brain and skim off the cream of thy understanding!"

"Go, friend," said Don Antonio, "look after your own business, and give your advice where it is required; Signor Don Quixote is wise, and we, his friends, know what we are doing. Virtue demands our homage wherever it is found; begone, therefore, in an evil hour, nor meddle where you are not called." "Truly," answered the Castilian, "your worship is in the right; for to give that lunatic advice, is to kick against the pricks. Yet am I grieved that the good sense which he is said to have, should run to waste and be lost in the mire of knight-errantry. And may the evil hour, as your worship said, overtake

\* Michael Scotus.

me and all my generation, if ever you catch me giving advice again to anybody, asked or not asked, though I were to live to the age of Methusalem." So saying, the adviser went his way; but the rabble still pressing upon them to read the inscription, Don Antonio contrived to have it removed, that they might proceed without interruption.

On the approach of night the calvacade returned home, where preparations were made for a ball by the wife of Don Antonio, an accomplished and beautiful lady, who had invited other friends, both to do honour to her guest, and to entertain them with his singular humour. The ball, which was preceded by a splendid repast, began about ten o'clock at night. Among the ladies, there were two of an arch and jocosé disposition, who, though they were modest, behaved with more freedom than usual; and, to divert themselves and the rest, so plied Don Quixote with dancing that they worried both his soul and body. A sight it was indeed to behold his figure, long, lank, lean, and swarthy, straitened in his clothes, so awkward, and with so little agility.

These roguish ladies took occasion privately to pay their court to him, and he as often repelled them; till, at last, finding himself so pressed by their amorous attentions—"Fugite, partes adversæ!" cried he aloud: "avaunt, ladies! your desires are poison to my soul! Leave me to repose, ye unwelcome thoughts, for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is the sole queen of my heart!" He then threw himself on the floor, where he lay quite shattered by the violence of his exertions. Don Antonio ordered that the wearied knight should be taken up and carried to bed. Sancho was among the first to lend a helping hand; and as he raised him up, "What, in Heaven's name, sir," said he, "put you upon this business? Think you that all who are valiant must be caperers, or all knights-errant dancing-masters? If so, you are much mistaken, I can tell you. Body of me! some that I know would rather cut a giant's weasand than a caper. Had you been for the shoe-jig,\* I could have done your business for you, for I can frisk it away like any jer-falcon: but as for your fine dancing, I cannot work a stitch at it." The company were much diverted by Sancho's remarks, who now led his master to bed, where he left him well covered up, to sweat away the ill effects of his dancing.

The next day, Don Antonio determined to make experiment of the enchanted head: and for that purpose the knight and squire, the two mischievous ladies (who had been invited by Don Antonio's lady to sleep there that night), and two other friends, were conducted to the chamber in which the head was placed. After locking the door, Don Antonio proceeded to explain to them the properties of the miraculous bust, of which, he said, he should now for the first time, make trial, but laid them all under an injunction of secrecy. The artifice was known only to the two gentlemen, who, had they not been apprised of it, would have been no less astonished than the rest at so ingenious a contrivance. The first who approached the head was Don Antonio himself, who whispered in its ear, not so low but he was overheard by all, "Tell me," said he, "thou wondrous head, by the virtue inherent in thee, what are my present thoughts?" In a clear and distinct voice, without any perceptible motion of its lips, the head replied, "I have no knowledge of thoughts."

All were astonished to hear articulate sounds proceed from the head, being convinced that no human creature present had uttered them. "Then tell me," said Don Antonio, "how many persons are here assembled?" "Thou and thy wife, with two of thy friends, and two of hers; and also a famous knight, called Don Quixote de la Mancha, with his squire, Sancho Panza."

At these words, the hair on every head stood erect with amazement and fear.

\* "Zapatera:" when the dancers slap the sole of their shoe with the palm of their hand, in time and measure

"Miraculous head!" exclaimed Don Antonio (retiring a little from the bust), "I am now convinced he was no impostor from whose hands I received thee, O wise, oracular, and eloquent head! Let the experiment be now repeated by some other."

As women are commonly impatient and inquisitive, one of the two ladies next approached the oracle. "Tell me, head," said she, "what means shall I take to improve my beauty?" "Be modest," replied the head. "I have done," said the lady.

Her companion then went up and said, "I would be glad to know, wondrous head, whether I am beloved by my husband." "That thou mayst discover by his conduct towards thee," said the oracle. "That is true," said the married lady, "and the question was needless; for surely by a man's actions may be seen the true disposition of his mind."

One of the gentlemen now approached the bust, and said, "Who am I?" "Thou knowest," was the answer. "That is not an answer to my question—tell me, head, knowest thou who I am?" "Don Pedro Noriz," replied the head. "'Tis enough—amazing bust!" exclaimed the gentleman, "thou knowest everything."

The other gentleman then put his question. "Tell me, head, I beseech thee," said he, "what are the chief wishes of my son and heir?" "Thou hast already heard that I speak not of thoughts," answered the head, "yet be assured thy son wishes to see thee entombed." "Truly, I believe it," said the gentleman: "it is but too plain. I have done."

Then came the lady of Don Antonio, and said, "I know not what to ask thee, yet I would fain know if I shall enjoy my dear husband many years." Then listening, she heard these words: "Yes, surely, from temperance and a sound body thou mayst expect no less."

Now came the flower of chivalry: "Tell me, thou oracle of truth," said the knight, "was it a reality or only an illusion that I beheld in the cave of Montesinos? Will the penance imposed on my squire, Sancho Panza, ever be performed? Will Dulcinea ever be disenchanted?" "What thou sawest in the cave," replied the bust, "partakes both of truth and falsehood: Sancho's penance will be slow in performance: and in due time the disenchantment of Dulcinea will be accomplished." "I am satisfied," said Don Quixote; "when I shall see the lady of my soul released from her present thralldom, fortune will have nothing more to give me."

The last querist was Sancho. "Shall I," quoth he, "have another government? Shall I quit this hungry life of squireship? Shall I see again my wife and children?" "If thou returnest home," said the oracle, "there shalt thou be a governor, and see again thy wife and children; and shouldst thou quit service, thou wilt cease to be a squire." "Odds my life!" quoth Sancho Panza, "I could have told as much myself, and the prophet Perogrullo\* could have told me no more." "Beast!" quoth Don Quixote, "what answer wouldst thou have? Is it not enough that the answers given thee should correspond with the questions?" "Yes, truly, sir, quite enough; only I wish it had not been so sparing of its knowledge."

Thus ended the examination of the enchanted head, which left the whole company in amazement, excepting Don Antonio's two friends. Cid Hamet Benengeli, however, was determined to divulge the secret of this mysterious head, that the world might not ascribe its extraordinary properties to witchcraft or necromancy. He declares, therefore, that Don Antonio caused it to be made in imitation of one which he had seen at Madrid, intending it for his own

\* The Spanish saying, "The prophecies of Perogrullo" is of similar satirical meaning as the *Vérités de M. de la Palaisie*, of the French.

amusement, and to surprise the ignorant; and he thus describes the machine: The table, including its legs and four eagle-claws, was made of wood, and coloured in imitation of jasper. The head, being a resemblance of one of the Cæsars, and painted like bronze, was hollow, with an opening below corresponding with another in the middle of the table, which passed through the leg, and was continued, by means of a metal tube, through the floor of the chamber into another beneath, where a person stood ready to receive the questions, and return answers to the same: the voice ascending and descending as clear and articulate as through a speaking-trumpet; and, as no marks of the passage of communication were visible, it was impossible to detect the cheat. A shrewd, sensible youth, nephew to Don Antonio, was on this occasion the respondent, having been previously instructed by his uncle in what concerned the several persons with whom he was to communicate. The first question he readily answered, and to the rest he replied as his judgment directed.

Cid Hamet further observes that this oracular machine continued to afford amusement to its owner during eight days; when it got abroad that Don Antonio was in possession of an enchanted head that could speak and give answers to all questions; and, apprehensive that it might come to the ears of the watchful sentinels of our faith, he thought it prudent to acquaint the officers of the Inquisition with the particulars; upon which they commanded him to destroy the bust, in order to avert the rage of the ignorant populace, who might think the possession of it scandalous and profane. Nevertheless, in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho it remained still an enchanted head,\* and a true solver of questions; more, indeed, to the satisfaction of the knight than of his squire. The gentlemen of the city, out of complaisance to Don Antonio, and for the entertainment of Don Quixote—or, rather, for their own amusement—appointed a public running at the ring, which should take place in six days: but they were disappointed by an accident that will be hereafter told.

Don Quixote, being now desirous to view the city, thought he should be able to do it on foot with less molestation from the boys than if he rode; he therefore set out with Sancho, to perambulate the streets, attended by two servants assigned him by Don Antonio. Quixote saw, in large letters, written over a door, "Here books are printed;" at which he was much pleased, for, never having seen the operation of printing, he was curious to know how it was performed. He entered it, with his followers, and saw workmen drawing off the sheets in one place, correcting in another, composing in this, revising in that—in short, all that was to be seen in a great printing-house.

The knight inquired successively of several workmen what they were employed upon, and was gratified by their ready information. Making the same inquiry of one man, he answered, "I am composing for the press, sir, a work which that gentleman there"—pointing to a person of grave appearance—"has translated from the Italian into our Castilian." "What title does it bear?" said Don Quixote. "The book in Italian, sir," answered the author, "is called *Le Bagatelle*." "And what answers to *Bagatelle* in our language?" said Don Quixote. "*Le Bagatelle*," said the author, "signifies trifles; but though its title promises little, it contains much good and substantial matter." "I know a little," quoth Don Quixote, "of the Tuscan language, and pique myself upon my recitation of some of Ariosto's stanzas; but, good sir, tell me, I beseech

\* By the importance given to the Enchanted Head, it would seem that in the time of Cervantes it was a novelty in Spain, where the people, being accustomed to hear much of miracles wrought by the aid of good or bad agents, were likely to view it with extraordinary interest, and perhaps give full credit to its oracular powers; for which reason, no doubt, the grave historian Cid Hamet has here thought it necessary to set the world right, and show that it was all a trick, having really nothing in it either magical or supernatural.

you (and I ask not to ascertain your skill, but merely out of curiosity), have you ever, in the course of your studies, met with the word *pignata*?" "Yes, frequently," replied the author. "And how do you translate it into Castilian?" quoth Don Quixote. "How should I translate it," replied the author, "but by the word *olla*?"

"Body of me," said Don Quixote, "what a progress you have made, signor, in the Tuscan language! I would venture a good wager that where the Tuscan says *piace*, you say, in Castilian, *plaze*; and where he says *piu*, you say, *mas*; and *su*, you translate by the word *arriba*; and *giu* by *abajo*." "I do so, most certainly," quoth the author, "for such are the corresponding words." "And yet I dare say, sir," quoth Don Quixote, "that you are scarcely known in the world:—but it is the fate of all ingenious men. What abilities are lost, what genius obscured, and what talents despised! Nevertheless, I cannot but think that translation from one language into another, unless it be from the noblest of all languages, Greek and Latin, is like presenting the back of a piece of tapestry, where, though the figures are seen, they are obscured by innumerable knots and ends of thread; very different from the smooth and agreeable texture of the proper face of the work; and to translate easy languages of a similar construction requires no more talent than transcribing one paper from another. But I would not hence infer that translating is not a laudable exercise: for, a man may be worse and more unprofitably employed. Nor can my observation apply to the two celebrated translators, Doctor Christopher de Figueroa, in his *Pastor Fido*, and Don John de Xaurigui, in his *Aminta*; who, with singular felicity, have made it difficult to decide which is the translation and which is the original. But tell me, signor, is this book printed at your charge, or have you sold the copyright to some bookseller?"

"I print it, sir, on my own account," answered the author, "and expect a thousand ducats by this first impression of two thousand copies; at six reals each copy they will go off in a trice." "'Tis mighty well," quoth Don Quixote; "though I fear you know but little of the tricks of booksellers, and the juggling there is amongst them. Take my word for it, you will find a burden of two thousand volumes upon your back no trifling matter—especially if the book be deficient in sprightliness." "What, sir!" cried the author, "would you have me give my labour to a bookseller, who, if he paid me three maravedis for it, would think it abundant, and say I was favoured? No, sir, fame is not my object: of that I am already secure; profit is what I now seek, without which fame is nothing."

"Well, Heaven prosper you, sir!" said the knight, who, passing on, observed a man correcting a sheet of a book entitled, "The Light of the Soul." On seeing the title he said, "Books of this kind, numerous as they already are, ought still to be encouraged; for numerous are the benighted sinners that require to be enlightened." He went forward and saw another book under the corrector's hand, and, on inquiring the title, they told him it was the second part of the ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by such a one, of Tordesillas. "I know something of that book," quoth Don Quixote; "and, on my conscience, I thought it had been burnt long before now for its stupidity; but its Martinmas\* will come, as it does to every hog. Works of invention are only so far good as they come near to truth and probability: as general history is valuable in proportion as it is authentic."

So saying he went out of the printing-house, apparently in disgust. On the same day Don Antonio proposed to show him the galleys at that time lying in the road; which delighted Sancho, as the sight was new to him. Don Antonio

\* The feast of St. Martin was the time for killing hogs for bacon.

gave notice to the commodore of the four galleys of his intention to visit him that afternoon, with his guest, the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose name by this time was well known in the city : and what befel him there shall be told in the following chapter.

# CHAPTER LXIII.

*Of Sancho Panza's misfortune on board the galleys; and the extraordinary adventure of the beautiful Moor.*

DON QUIXOTE made profound reflections on the answers of the enchanted head, none giving him the slightest hint of any imposition practised upon him, and all centering in the promise on which he relied, of the disenchantment of Dulcinea ; and he exulted at the prospect of its speedy accomplishment. As for Sancho, though he abhorred being a governor, he still felt some desire to command again, and he obeyed :—such, unfortunately, is the effect of power once enjoyed, though it were only the shadow of it !

In the afternoon, Don Antonio Moreno and his two friends, with Don Quixote and Sancho, sallied forth, with an intention to go on board the galleys ; and the commodore, who was already apprised of their coming, no sooner perceived them approach the shore than he ordered all the galleys to strike their awnings, and the musicians to play : at the same time he sent out the pinnacle, spread with rich carpets and crimson velvet cushions, to convey them on board. The moment Don Quixote entered the boat, he was saluted by a discharge of artillery from the forecastle guns of the captain galley, which was repeated by the rest ; and as he ascended the side of the vessel, the crew gave him three cheers, agreeable to the custom of receiving persons of rank and distinction. When on deck, the commander, who was a nobleman of Valencia,\* gave him his hand, and embracing him, said, “ This day, sir knight, will I mark with white, as one of the most fortunate of my life, in having been introduced to Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, in whom is combined and centered all that is valuable in knight-errantry.”

Don Quixote replied to him in terms no less courteous ; exceedingly elated to find himself so honoured. The visitors were then conducted to the quarter-deck, which was richly adorned, and there seated themselves. Presently the signal was given for the rowers to strip, when instantly a vast range of naked bodies were exposed to view, that filled Sancho with terror ; and when, in a moment after, the whole deck was covered with its awning, he thought all the devils were let loose. But this prelude was sugar-cake and honey compared with what followed.

Sancho had seated himself on the right side of the deck, and close to the sternmost rower, who, being instructed what he was to do, seized upon the squire, and, lifting him up, tossed him to the next man, and he to a third, and so on, passing from bank to bank through the whole range of slaves, with such astonishing celerity that he lost his sight with the motion, and fancied that the devils themselves were carrying him away ; nor did he stop till he had made the circuit of the vessel and was again replaced on the quarter-deck, where they left the poor man, bruised, breathless, and in a cold sweat, scarcely knowing what had befallen him.

\* Don Pedro Coloma, Count d'Elda, commanded the squadron of Barcelona, in 1014, when the Moors were expelled from Spain

Don Quixote, who beheld Sancho's flight without wings, asked the general if that was a ceremony commonly practised upon persons first coming aboard the galleys: for if so, added he, he must claim an exemption, having no inclination to perform the like exercise; then, rising up, and grasping his sword, he vowed to God that if any one presumed to lay hold of him to toss him in that manner, he would hew their souls out.

At that instant they struck the awning, and, with a great noise, lowered the main-yard from the top of the mast to the bottom. Sancho thought the sky was falling off its hinges and tumbling upon his head; and stooping down, he clapped it in terror between his legs. Nor was Don Quixote without alarm, as plainly appeared by his countenance and manner. With the same swiftness and noise, the yard was again hoisted, and during all these operations not a word was heard. The boatswain now made the signal for weighing anchor, and, at the same time, with his whip, he laid about him on the shoulders of the slaves, while the vessel gradually moved from the shore. Sancho seeing so many red feet (for such the oars appeared to him) in motion all at once, said to himself, "Ay, these indeed are real enchantments! and not the things we have seen before!—I wonder what these unhappy wretches have done to be flogged at this rate. And how does that whistling fellow dare to whip so many? Surely, this must be purgatory at least."

Don Quixote seeing with what attention Sancho observed all that passed, "Ah, friend Sancho," said he, "if thou wouldst now but strip to the waist, and place thyself among these gentlemen, how easily and expeditiously mightest thou put an end to the enchantment of Dulcinea! For, having so many companions in pain, thou wouldst feel but little of thine own; besides, the sage Merlin would perhaps reckon every lash of theirs, coming from so good a hand, for ten of those which, sooner or later, thou must give thyself."

The commander would have asked what lashes he spoke of, and what he meant by the disenchantment of Dulcinea, but was prevented by information that a signal was perceived on the fort of Montjuich, of a vessel with oars being in sight to the westward. On hearing this, he leaped upon the middle gangway and cheered the rowers, saying, "Pull away, my lads, let her not escape us; she must be some Moorish thief!" The other galley now coming up to the commodore for orders, two were commanded to push out to sea immediately, while he attacked them on the land side, and thus they would be more certain of their prey. The crews of the different galleys plied their oars with such diligence that they seemed to fly. A vessel was soon descried about two miles off, which they judged to be one of fourteen or fifteen banks of oars; but on discovering the galleys in chase, she immediately made off, in the hope of escaping by her swiftness. Unfortunately, however, for her, the captain galley was a remarkably fast sailer, and gained upon her so quickly that the corsairs seeing they could not escape a superior force, dropped their oars, in order to yield themselves prisoners, and not exasperate the commander of the galley by their obstinacy. But fortune ordained otherwise, for, just as the captain galley had nearly closed with her, and she was summoned to surrender, two drunken Turks, who with twelve others were on board, discharged their muskets, with which they killed two of our soldiers upon the prow; whereupon the commander swore he would not leave a man of them alive; and, coming up with all fury to board her, she slipped away under the oars of the galley. The galley ran ahead some distance: in the mean time the corsairs, as their case was desperate, endeavoured to make off: but their presumption only aggravated their misfortune: for the captain-galley presently overtook them again, when, clapping her oars on the vessel, she was instantly taken possession of, without more bloodshed.

By this time the two other galleys had come up, and all four returned, with



the captured vessel, to their former station near the shore, where a multitude of people had assembled to see what had been taken. On coming to anchor, the commander sent the pinnace on shore for the viceroy, whom he saw waiting to be conveyed on board, and at the same time ordered the main-yard to be lowered, intending, without delay, to hang the master of the vessel and the rest of the Turks he had taken in her, about six-and-thirty in number, all stout fellows, and most of them musketeers. The commander inquired which was their master, when one of the captives (who was afterwards discovered to be a Spanish renegado), answering him in Castilian, "That young man, sir, is our captain," said he, pointing to a youth of singular grace and beauty, seemingly under twenty years of age. "Tell me, ill-advised dog," said the commodore, "what moved you to kill my soldiers, when you saw it was impossible to escape? Is this the respect due to captain-galleys? Know you not that temerity is not valour, and that doubtful hopes should make men bold, but not rash?"

The youth would have replied, but the commodore left him to receive the viceroy, who was at that moment entering the galley, with a numerous train of servants and others. "You have had a fine chase, commodore," said the viceroy. "So fine," answered the other, "that the sport is not yet over, as your excellency shall see." "How so?" replied the viceroy. "Because," replied the commodore, "these dogs, against all law and reason, and the custom of war, having killed two of my best soldiers, I have sworn to hang every man I took prisoner, especially that beardless rogue there, master of the brigantine;" pointing to one who had his hands tied, and a rope about his neck, standing in expectation of immediate death.

The viceroy was much struck with his youth, his handsome person, and resigned behaviour, and felt a great desire to save him. "Tell me, corsair," said he, "what art thou? a Turk, Moor, or renegado?" "I am neither Turk, Moor, nor renegado," replied the youth, in the Castilian tongue. "What, then, art thou?" demanded the viceroy. "A Christian woman, sir," answered the youth. "A woman and a Christian, in this garb, and in such a post!" said the viceroy: "this is indeed more wonderful than credible."

"Gentlemen," said the youth, "allow me to tell you the brief story of my life: it will not long delay your revenge." The request was urged so piteously, that it was impossible to deny it, and the commodore told him to proceed, but not to expect pardon for his offence. The youth then spoke as follows:—

"I am of that unhappy nation whose miseries are fresh in your memories. My parents being of Moorish race, I was hurried into Barbary by the current of their misfortunes, but more especially by the obstinacy of two of my uncles, with whom I in vain pleaded that I was a Christian. True as my declaration was, it had no influence either on them or the officers charged with our expulsion, who believed it to be only a pretext for remaining in the country where I was born. My father, a prudent man, was a true Christian, and my mother also, from whom, with a mother's early nourishment, I imbibed the Catholic faith.

"I was virtuously reared and educated, and neither in language nor behaviour gave indication of my Moorish descent. With these endowments, as I grew up what little beauty I have began to appear, and, in spite of my reserve and seclusion, I was seen by a youth called Don Gaspar Gregorio, eldest son of a gentleman whose estate was close to the town in which we lived. How we met, and conversed together, how he was distracted for me, and how I was little less so for him, would be tedious to relate, especially at a time when I am under apprehensions that the cruel cord which threatens me may cut short my narrative. I will therefore only say that Don Gregorio resolved to bear me company in our banishment; and accordingly he joined the Moorish exiles, whose lan-

guage he understood, and getting acquainted with my two uncles, who had the charge of me, we all went together to Barbary, and took up our residence at Algiers, or, I should rather say, purgatory itself. My father, on the first notice of our banishment, had prudently retired to a place of refuge in some other Christian country, leaving much valuable property in pearls and jewels secreted in a certain place, which he discovered to me alone, with strict orders not to touch it until his return.

"On arriving at Algiers, the king, understanding that I was beautiful and rich—a report which afterwards turned to my advantage—sent for me, and asked me many questions concerning my country and the wealth I had brought with me. I told him where we had resided, and also what money and jewels had been left concealed, and said that if I might be permitted to return, the treasures could be easily brought away. This I told him in the hope that his avarice would protect me from his violence.

"While the king was making these inquiries, information was brought to him that a youth of extraordinary beauty had accompanied me from Spain. I knew that they could mean no other than Don Gaspar Gregorio, for he indeed is most beautiful, and I was alarmed to think of the danger to which he was exposed among barbarians, where, as I was told, a handsome youth is more valued than the most beautiful woman. The king ordered him to be brought into his presence, asking me, at the same time, if what had been said of him was true. Inspired, as I believe, by some good angel, I told him that the person they so commended was not a young man, but one of my own sex, and begged his permission to have her dressed in her proper attire, whereby her full beauty would be seen, and she would be spared the confusion of appearing before his majesty in that unbecoming habit. He consented, and said that the next day he would speak with me about my returning to Spain for the treasure which had been left behind. I then repaired to Don Gaspar, and having informed him of his danger, dressed him like a Moorish lady, and the same day introduced him as a female to the king. His majesty was struck with admiration, and determined to reserve the supposed lady as a present to the Grand Signor; and in the mean time, to avoid the temptation of so great a beauty among his own women, he gave him in charge to a Moorish lady of distinction, to whose house he was immediately conveyed.

"The grief which this separation caused—for I will not deny that I love him—can only be imagined by those who have felt the pangs of parting love. By the king's order, I presently embarked in this vessel, accompanied by the two Turks—the same that killed your soldiers; and this man also, who spoke to you first, and whom, though a renegado, I know to be a Christian in his heart, and more inclined to stay in Spain than return to Barbary. The rest are Moors and Turks employed as rowers; their orders were to set me and the renegado on shore, in the habits of Christians, on the nearest coast of Spain; but these insolent Turks, regardless of their duty, must needs cruise along the coast, in the hope of taking some prize before they had landed us: fearing, if we had been first set on shore, we might be induced to give information that such a vessel was at sea, and thereby expose her to be taken. Last night we made this shore, not suspecting that any galleys were so near us; but, being discovered, we are now in your hands. Don Gregorio remains among the Moors as a woman, and in danger of his life; and here am I, with my hands bound, expecting, or rather fearing, to lose that life which, indeed, is now scarcely worth preserving. This, sir, is my lamentable story: equally true and wretched. All I entreat of you is to let me die like a Christian, since, as I have told you, I have no share in the guilt of my nation."

Here she ceased, and the tears that filled her lovely eyes drew many from those

of her auditors. The viceroy himself was much affected, being a humane and compassionate man, and he went up to her to untie the cord with which her beautiful hands were fastened.

While the Christian Moor was relating her story, an old pilgrim, who came a-board the galley with the viceroy's attendants, fixed his eyes on her, and scarcely had she finished when, rushing towards her, he cried, "O, Anna Felix! my dear, unfortunate daughter! I am thy father Ricote, and was returning to seek thee, being unable to live without thee, who art my very soul."

At these words Sancho raised his head, which he had hitherto held down, ruminating on what he had lately suffered, and, staring at the pilgrim, recognised the same Ricote whom he had met with upon the day he had quitted his government; he was also satisfied that the damsel was indeed his daughter, who, now being unbound, was embracing her father, mingling her tears with his. "This, gentlemen," said he, "is my daughter, happy in her name alone; Anna Felix she is called, with the surname of Ricote, as famous for her own beauty as for her father's riches. I left my native country to seek in foreign kingdoms a safe retreat; and having found one in Germany, I returned in this pilgrim's habit to seek my daughter, and take away the property I had left. My daughter was gone, but the treasure I have in my possession; and now, by a strange turn of fortune, I have found her, who is my greatest treasure. If our innocence and our united tears, through the uprightness of your justice, can open the gates of mercy, let it be extended to us, who never in thought offended you, nor in anywise conspired with those of our nation who have been justly banished."

Sancho now putting in his word, said, "I know Ricote well, and answer for the truth of what he says of Anna Felix being his daughter; but as for the story of going and coming, and of his good or bad intentions, I meddle not with them."

An incident so remarkable could not fail to make a strong impression upon all who were present; so that the commodore, sharing in the common feeling, said to the fair captive: "My oath, madam, is washed away with your tears; live, fair Anna Felix, all the years Heaven has allotted you, and let punishment fall on the slaves who alone are guilty." Upon which he gave orders that the two Turks who had killed his soldiers should be hanged at the yard-arm. But the viceroy earnestly pleaded for their pardon, as the crime they had committed was rather the effect of frenzy than design; and the commander, whose rage had now subsided, yielded, not unwillingly, to his request.

They now consulted on the means of Don Gregorio's deliverance. Ricote offered jewels, then in his possession, to the amount of more than two thousand ducats, towards effecting it; but the expedient most approved was the proposal of the renegado, who offered to return to Algiers in a small bark of six banks, manned with Christians, for he knew when and where he might land, and was, moreover, acquainted with the house in which Don Gregorio was kept. Some doubts were expressed whether the Christian sailors could be safely trusted with the renegado; but they were removed by the confidence in him expressed by Anna Felix, and the promise of her father to ransom them in case they should be taken.

The viceroy then returned on shore, charging Don Antonio Moreno with the care of Ricote and his daughter; desiring him at the same time to command anything that, in his own house, might conduce to their entertainment; such was the kindness and good-will inspired by beauty and misfortune.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

*Treating of the adventure which gave Don Quixote more vexation than any which had hitherto befallen him.*

It is related in this history that the wife of Don Antonio Moreno, received Anna Felix with extreme pleasure, and was equally delighted with her beauty and good sense : for the young lady excelled in both ; and from all parts of the city people came in crowds to see her, as if they had been brought together by the sound of bell. Don Quixote took occasion to inform Don Antonio that he could by no means approve of the expedient they had adopted for the redemption of Don Gregorio, as being more dangerous than promising : a much surer way, he added, would be to land him, with his horse and arms, in Barbary, and they would see that he would fetch the young gentleman off, in spite of the whole Moorish race—as Don Gayferos had done by his spouse Melisendra.

“Remember, sir,” quoth Sancho, “that when Signor Don Gayferos rescued his wife, and carried her into France, it was all done on dry land ; but here, if we chance to rescue Don Gregorio, our road lies directly over the sea.” “For all things except death there is a remedy,” replied Don Quixote : “let a vessel be ready on shore to receive us, and the whole world shall not prevent our embarkation.” “O master of mine, you are a rare contriver,” said Sancho, “but saying is one thing, and doing is another ; for my part, I stick to the renegado, who seems an honest, good sort of man.” “If the renegado should fail,” said Don Antonio, “it will then be time for us to accept the offer of the great Don Quixote.” Two days after that, the renegado sailed in a small bark of twelve oars, with a crew of stout and resolute fellows, and in two days after that, the galleys departed for the Levant, the viceroy having promised the commodore an account of the fortunes of Don Gregorio and Anna Felix.

One morning, Don Quixote having sallied forth to take the air on the strand, armed at all points—his favourite costume, for arms, he said, were his ornament, and fighting his recreation—he observed a knight advancing towards him, armed also like himself, and bearing a shield, on which was portrayed a resplendent moon : and when near enough to be heard, in an elevated voice he addressed himself to Don Quixote, saying : “Illustrious knight, and never-enough-renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the knight of the White Moon, of whose incredible achievements, peradventure, you have heard. I come to engage in combat with you, and to try the strength of your arm, in order to make you confess that my mistress, whoever she may be, is beyond comparison more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso :—a truth, which if you fairly confess, you will spare your own life, and me the trouble of taking it. The terms of the combat I require are, that if the victory be mine, you relinquish arms and the search of adventures for the space of one year, and that, returning forthwith to your own dwelling, you there live during that period in a state of profound quiet, which will tend both to your temporal and spiritual welfare ; but if, on the contrary, my head shall lie at your mercy, then shall the spoils of my horse and arms be yours, and the fame of my exploits transferred to you. Consider which is best for you, and determine quickly, for this very day must decide our fate.”

Don Quixote was no less surprised at the arrogance of the knight of the White Moon than the reason he gave for challenging him ; and, with much gravity and composure, he answered, “Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have not as yet reached my ears, I dare swear you have never

seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, if so, I am confident you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, since the sight of her must have convinced you that there never was, nor ever can be, beauty comparable to hers; and, therefore, without giving you the lie, I only affirm that you are mistaken, and accept your challenge; and that too upon the spot, even now, this very day, as you desire. Of your conditions, I accept all but the transfer of your exploits, which being unknown to me, I shall remain contented with my own, such as they are. Choose then your ground, and expect to meet me; and he whom Heaven favours may St. Peter bless!"

In the mean time, the viceroy, who had been informed of the appearance of the stranger knight, and that he was holding parley with Don Quixote, hastened to the scene of action, accompanied by Don Antonio and several others: not doubting but that it was some new device of theirs to amuse themselves with the knight. He arrived just as Don Quixote had wheeled Rozinante about to take the necessary ground for his career, and perceiving that they were ready for the onset, he went up and inquired the cause of so sudden an encounter. The knight of the White Moon told him it was a question of pre-eminence in beauty, and then briefly repeated what he had said to Don Quixote, mentioning the conditions of the combat. The viceroy, in a whisper to Don Antonio, asked him if he knew the stranger knight, and whether it was some jest upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio assured him, in reply, that he neither knew who he was, nor whether this challenge was in jest or earnest. Puzzled with this answer, the viceroy was in doubt whether or not he should interpose, and prevent the encounter; but being assured it could only be some pleasantry, he withdrew, saying, "Valorous knights, if there be no choice between confession and death; if Signor Don Quixote persists in denying, and you, Sir Knight of the White Moon, in affirming, to it, gentlemen, in Heaven's name!"

The knights made their acknowledgments to the viceroy for his gracious permission; and now Don Quixote, recommending himself to Heaven, and (as usual on such occasions) to his lady Dulcinea, retired again to take a larger compass, seeing his adversary do the like; and without sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument, to give signal for the onset, they both turned their horses about at the same instant; but he of the White Moon being mounted on the fleetest steed, met Don Quixote before he had run half his career, and then, without touching him with his lance, which he seemed purposely to raise, he encountered him with such impetuosity that both horse and rider came to the ground; he then sprang upon him, and, clapping his lance to his vizor, he said, "Knight, you are vanquished and a dead man, if you confess not, according to the conditions of our challenge."

Don Quixote, bruised and stunned, without lifting up his vizor, and as if speaking from a tomb, said in a feeble and low voice, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate knight on earth, nor is it just that my weakness should discredit this truth; knight, push on your lance, and take away my life, since you have despoiled me of my honour."

"Not so, by my life!" quoth he of the White Moon: "long may the beauty and fame of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso flourish! All I demand of the great Don Quixote is, that he submit to one year's domestic repose and respite from the exercise of arms."

The viceroy, Don Antonio, with many others, were witnesses to all that passed, and now heard Don Quixote promise that, since he required nothing of him to the prejudice of his lady Dulcinea, he should fulfil the terms of their engagement with the punctuality of a true knight.

This declaration being made, he of the White Moon turned about his horse,

and bowing to the viceroy, at a half-gallop entered the city, whither the viceroy ordered Don Antonio to follow him, and by all means to learn who he was. They now raised Don Quixote from the ground, and, uncovering his face, found him pale, and bedewed with cold sweat, and Rozinante in such a plight that he was unable to stir.

Sancho, quite sorrowful and cast down, knew not what to do or say; sometimes he fancied he was dreaming; at others, that the whole was an affair of witchcraft and enchantment. He saw his master discomfited, and bound, by his oath, to lay aside arms for a whole year! His glory, therefore, he thought was for ever extinguished, and his hopes of greatness scattered, like smoke, to the wind. Indeed he was afraid that both horse and rider were crippled, and hoped that it would prove no worse.

Finally, the vanquished knight was conveyed to the city in a chair, which had been ordered by the viceroy, who returned thither himself, impatient for some information concerning the knight who had left Don Quixote in such evil plight.

## CHAPTER LXV.

*In which an account is given who the Knight of the White Moon was; and of the deliverance of Don Gregorio; with other events.*

DON ANTONIO MORENO rode into the city after the knight of the White Moon, who was also pursued to his inn by a swarm of boys; and he had no sooner entered the chamber where his squire waited to disarm him, than he was greeted by the inquisitive Don Antonio. Conjecturing the object of his visit, he said, "I doubt not, signor, but that your design is to learn who I am; and as there is no cause for concealment, while my servant is unarming me, I will inform you without reserve. My name, signor, is the bachelor Sampson Corrasco, and I am of the same town with Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and folly have excited the pity of all who knew him. I have felt, for my own part, particularly concerned, and, believing his recovery to depend upon his remaining quietly at home, my projects have been solely directed to that end. About three months ago I sallied forth on the highway like a knight-errant, styling myself Knight of the Mirrors, intending to fight and conquer my friend, without doing him harm, and making his submission to my will the condition of our combat. Never doubting of success, I expected to send him home for twelve months, and hoped that, during that time, he might be restored to his senses. But fortune ordained it otherwise, for he was the victor; he tumbled me from my horse, and thereby defeated my design. He pursued his journey, and I returned home vanquished, abashed, and hurt by my fall. However, I did not relinquish my project, as you have seen this day; and, as he is so exact and punctual in observing the laws of knight-errantry, he will doubtless observe my injunctions. And now, sir, I have only to beg that you will not discover me to Don Quixote, that my good intentions may take effect, and his understanding be restored to him, which, when freed from the follies of chivalry, is excellent."

"O, sir!" exclaimed Don Antonio, "what have you to answer for in robbing the world of so diverting a madman? Is it not plain, sir, that no benefit to be derived from his recovery can be set against the pleasure which his extravagances afford? But I fancy, sir, his case is beyond the reach of your art; and, Heaven forgive me! I cannot forbear wishing you may fail in your endea-

vours: for by his cure we should lose not only the pleasantries of the knight, but those of his squire, which are enough to transform Melancholy herself into mirth. Nevertheless, I will be silent, and wait in the full expectation that Signor Carrasco will lose his labour." "Yet, all things considered," said the bachelor, "the business is in a promising way—I have no doubt of success."

Don Antonio then politely took his leave; and that same day the bachelor, after having his armour tied upon the back of a mule, mounted his charger, and quitted the city, directing his course homewards, where he arrived without meeting with any adventure on the road worthy of a place in this faithful history. Don Antonio reported his conversation with the bachelor Carrasco to the viceroy, who regretted that such conditions should have been imposed upon Don Quixote, as they might put an end to that diversion which he had so liberally supplied to all who were acquainted with his whimsical turn of mind.

During six days Don Quixote kept his bed, melancholy, thoughtful, and out of humour, still dwelling upon his unfortunate overthrow. Sancho strove hard to comfort him: "Cheer up, my dear master," said he, "pluck up a good heart, sir, and be thankful you have come off without a broken rib. Remember, sir, 'they that give must take;' and 'every hook has not its flitch.' Come, come, sir—a fig for the doctor! you have no need of him. Let us pack up, and be jogging homeward, and leave this rambling up and down to seek adventures the Lord knows where—odds bodikins! after all, I am the greatest loser, though mayhap your worship suffers the most; for though, after a taste of governing, I now loathe it, I have never lost my longing for an earldom or countship, which I may whistle for if your worship refuses to be a king, by giving up knight-errantry." "Peace, friend Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and remember that my retirement is not to exceed a year, and then I will resume my honourable profession, and shall not want a kingdom for myself, nor an earldom for thee." "Heaven grant it, and sin be deaf!" quoth Sancho; "for I have always been told that good expectation is better than bad possession."

Here their conversation was interrupted by Don Antonio, who entered the chamber with signs of great joy. "Reward me, Signor Don Quixote," said he, "for my good news—Don Gregorio and the renegado are safe in the harbour—in the harbour, said I?—by this time they are at the viceroy's palace, and will be here presently." Don Quixote seemed to revive by this intelligence. "Truly," said he, "I am almost sorry at what you tell me, for, had it happened otherwise, I should have gone over to Barbary, where, by the force of my arm, I should have given liberty not only to Don Gregorio, but to all the Christian captives in that land of slavery. But what do I say? wretch that I am! Am I not vanquished? Am I not overthrown? Am I not forbidden to unsheathe my sword for twelve whole months? Why, then, do I promise and vaunt? A distaff better becomes my hand than a sword!"

"No more, sir," quoth Sancho: "let the hen live, though she have the pip; to-day for you, and to-morrow for me; and, as for these matters of encounters and bangs, never trouble your head about them; he that falls to-day may rise to-morrow; unless he chooses to lie in bed and groan, instead of getting into heart and spirits, ready for fresh encounters. Rise, dear sir, and welcome Don Gregorio; for, by the bustle in the house, I reckon he is come."

And this was the fact. Don Gregorio, after giving the viceroy an account of the expedition, impatient to see his Anna Felix, hastened with his deliverer, the renegado, to Don Antonio's house. The female dress, in which he had escaped, he had exchanged for that of a captive who had come off with them; yet even in that disguise his handsome exterior commanded respect and admiration. He was young, too, for he seemed to be not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him—the

father with tears, and the daughter with modest joy. The young couple did not embrace; for true and ardent love shrinks from public freedom of behaviour. Their beauty was universally admired, and, though they spoke not to each other, their eyes modestly revealed their joyful and pure emotions. The renegado gave a short account of his voyage, and the means he had employed to accomplish the purpose of the expedition; and Don Gregorio told the story of his difficulties and embarrassments, during his confinement, with good sense and discretion above his years. Ricote fully satisfied the boatmen, as well as the renegado, who was forthwith restored to the bosom of the church, and from a rotten member became, through penance and true repentance, clean and sound.

A few days after, the viceroy and Don Antonio consulted together how permission might be obtained for Anna Felix and her father to reside in Spain; being convinced there was nothing improper in such an indulgence to so Christian a daughter and so well-disposed a father. Don Antonio offered to negotiate the affair himself at court, having occasion to go thither upon other business; and intimated that much might be done there by favour or gold. "No," said Ricote, who was present; "there is nothing to be expected from such means; neither prayers, promises, nor gold, avail with the great Bernardino de Velasco, count of Salazar, who was charged by the king with our expulsion; and, though disposed to temper justice with mercy, yet, seeing the whole body of our nation corrupt, instead of emollients he has applied caustics as the only remedy; thus, by his prudence, sagacity, and vigilance, as well as by his threats, he has successfully accomplished the great work, in spite of the numerous artifices of our people to evade his commands, or elude his Argus eyes, which are ever on the watch lest any noxious roots should still lurk in the soil, to shoot up again, and poison the wholesome vegetation of the country: a heroic determination of the great Philip III., and only to be equalled by his wisdom in placing the mighty task in such hands."

"Nevertheless," said Don Antonio, "when I arrive at court, I will make every exertion possible, and leave the rest to Providence. Don Gregorio shall go with me, to console his parents for the affliction they must have suffered in his absence; Anna Felix shall stay at my house with my wife, or in a monastery; and I know my lord the viceroy will be pleased to entertain honest Ricote until the success of my negotiation be seen." The viceroy consented to all that was proposed; but Don Gregorio, on being informed of what had passed, expressed great unwillingness to leave his fair mistress. At length, however, considering that he might return to her after he had seen his parents, he acquiesced: so Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote in the mansion of the viceroy.

The time fixed for Don Antonio's departure now arrived, and many sighs, tears, and other expressions of passionate sorrow, attended the separation of the lovers. Ricote offered Don Gregorio a thousand crowns, but he declined them, and accepted only the loan of five from Don Antonio. Two days afterwards, Don Quixote, who had hitherto been unable to travel, on account of his bruises, set forward on his journey home, Sancho trudging after him on foot—because Dapple was now employed in bearing his master's armour.



## CHAPTER LXVI.

*Treating of matters which he who reads will see, and he who listens to them, when read, will hear.*

As Don Quixote was leaving the city of Barcelona, he cast his eyes to the spot whereon he had been defeated; and pausing, he cried:—"There stood Troy! There my evil destiny, not cowardice, despoiled me of my glory; there I experienced the fickleness of fortune: there the lustre of my exploits was obscured; and, lastly, there fell my happiness, never more to rise!" Upon which Sancho said to him, "Great hearts, dear sir, should be patient under misfortunes, as well as joyful when all goes well; and in that I judge by myself; for when I was made a governor, I was blithe and merry, and now that I am a poor squire on foot, I am not sad. I have heard say, that she they call Fortune is a drunken freakish dame, and withal so blind that she does not see what she is about; neither whom she raises, nor whom she pulls down."

"Thou art much of a philosopher, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and hast spoken very judiciously. Where thou hast learned it, I know not; but one thing I must tell thee, which is, that there is no such thing in the world as fortune, nor do the events which fall out, whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but by the particular appointment of Heaven; and hence comes the saying that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine; but, not acting with all the prudence necessary, my presumption has undone me. I ought to have recollected that the feeble Rozinante was not a match for the powerful steed of the knight of the White Moon. However, I ventured; I did my best: I was overthrown: and, though I lost my glory, I still retain my integrity, and therefore shall not fail in my promise. When I was a knight, daring and valiant, my arms gave credit to my exploits; and, now that I am only a dismounted squire, my word at least shall be respected. March on, then, friend Sancho, and let us pass at home the year of our noviciate; by which retreat we shall acquire fresh vigour to return to the never-by-me-to-be-forgotten exercise of arms."

"Sir," replied Sancho, as he trotted by his side, "this way of marching is not so pleasant that I must needs be in such haste; let us hang this armour upon some tree, like the thieves we see there dangling, and when I am mounted again upon Dapple, with my feet from the ground, we will travel at any pace your worship pleases; but to think that I can foot it all the way at this rate is to expect what cannot be." "I approve thy advice, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "my armour shall be suspended as a trophy; and beneath or round it, we will carve on the tree that which was written on the trophy of Orlando's arms:—

"Let none presume these arms to move  
Who Roldan's fury dare not prove."

"That is just as I would have it," quoth Sancho; "and, were it not for the want of Rozinante on the road, it would not be amiss to leave him dangling too." "Now I think of it," said Don Quixote, "neither him nor the armour will I suffer to be hanged, that it may not be said, 'For good service, had recompense.'" "Faith, that is well too," said Sancho, "for 'tis a saying among the wise, that the faults of the ass should not be laid on the pack-saddle; and, since your worship is alone to blame in this business, punish yourself, and let not your rage fall upon the poor armour, battered and bruised in your ser-

vices; nor upon your meek and gentle beast that carries you, nor yet upon my tender feet; making them suffer more than feet can bear."

In such like discourse they passed all that day, and even four more, without meeting anything to impede their journey: but on the fifth, it being a holiday, as they entered a village, they observed a great number of people regaling themselves at the door of an inn. When Don Quixote and Sancho drew near to them, a peasant said aloud to the rest, "One of these two gentlemen who are coming this way, and who know not the parties, shall decide our wager." "That I will do with all my heart," answered Don Quixote, "and most impartially, when I am made acquainted with it." "Why the business, good sir, is this," quoth the peasant; "an inhabitant of our village, who is so corpulent that he weighs eleven arrobas, has challenged a neighbour, who weighs not above five, to run with him a hundred yards, upon condition of carrying equal weight. Now, he that gave the challenge, being asked how the weight should be made equal, says that the other, who weighs but five arrobas, should carry a weight of six more, and then both lean and fat will be equal." "Not so," quoth Sancho, before Don Quixote could return an answer; "and it is my business, who was so lately a governor and judge, as all the world knows, to set this matter right, and give my opinion in all disputes." "In Heaven's name, do so," said Don Quixote; "for I am unfit to throw crumbs to a cat, my brain is so troubled and out of order."

With this license, Sancho addressed the country-fellows who crowded about him: "Brothers," said he, "I must tell you the fat man is wrong: there is no manner of reason in what he asks; for, if the custom is fair for him that is challenged to choose his weapons, it must be unjust for the other to make him take such as will be sure to hinder him from gaining the victory; and therefore my sentence is that the fat man, who gave the challenge, should cut, pare, slice, and shave away the flesh from such parts of his body as can best spare it, and when he has brought it down to the weight of five arrobas, then will he be a fair match for the other, and they may race it upon even terms." "I vow," quoth one of the peasants, "this gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given sentence like a canon; but I warrant the fat fellow loves his flesh too well to part with a sliver of it, much less with the weight of six arrobas." "Then the best way," quoth another of the countrymen, "will be not to run at all; for then neither lean will break his back with the weight, nor fat lose flesh; but let us spend half the wager in wine, and take these gentlemen to share it with us in the tavern that has the best; so 'Give me the cloak when it rains.'" "I return you thanks, gentlemen, for your kind proposal," answered Don Quixote, "but I cannot accept it; for melancholy thoughts, and disastrous events, oblige me to travel in haste, and to appear thus uncivil."

Whereupon, clapping spurs to Rozinante, he departed, leaving them in surprise both at the strangeness of his figure, and the acuteness of him whom they took to be his servant. "If the man be so wise," said one of them, "Heaven bless us! what must his master be! If they go to study at Salamanca, my life for it, they will become judges at a court in a trice. Nothing more easy—it wants only hard study, good luck, and favour, and, when a man least thinks of it, he finds himself with a white rod in his hand, or a mitre on his head."

That night the master and man took up their lodging in the middle of a field, under the spangled roof of heaven; and the next day, while pursuing their journey, they saw a man coming towards them on foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin, or half-pike, in his hand—the proper equipment of a foot-post; who, when he had got near them, quickened his pace, and, running up to Don Quixote, embraced his right thigh—for he could reach no higher,—and,

testifying great joy, he said, "Oh! Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha! how rejoiced will my lord duke be when he hears that your worship is returning to his castle, where he still remains with my lady duchess!"

"I know you not, friend," answered Don Quixote; "nor can I conceive who you are unless you tell me." "Signor Don Quixote," answered the courier, "I am Tosilos, the duke's lacquey; the same who would not fight with your worship about Donna Rodriguez' daughter." "Heaven defend me!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "are you he whom the enchanters, my enemies, transformed into the lacquey, to defraud me of the glory of that combat?" "Softly, good sir," replied the messenger; "there was neither enchantment nor change in the case. Tosilos, the lacquey, I entered the lists, and the same I came out. I refused fighting, because I had a mind to marry the girl; but it turned out quite otherwise; for your worship had no sooner left the castle than, instead of a wife, I got a sound banging, by my lord duke's order, for not doing as he would have had me in that affair; and the end of it all is, that the girl is turned nun, and Donna Rodriguez packed off to Castile; and I am now going to Barcelona with a packet of letters from my lord to the viceroy; and if your worship will please to take a little of the dear creature, I have here a calabash full at your service, with a slice of good cheese that will awaken thirst, if it be sleeping." "I take you at your word," quoth Sancho; "and, without more ado, let us be at it, good Tosilos, in spite of all the enchanters in the Indies."

"In truth, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou art a very glutton, and, moreover, the greatest simpleton on earth, to doubt that this courier is enchanted, and a counterfeit Tosilos. But, if thou art bent upon it, stay, in Heaven's name, and eat thy fill, while I go on slowly, and wait thy coming." The lacquey laughed, unsheathed his calabash, and unwalleted his cheese; and taking out a little loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the grass, and in peace and good-fellowship quickly despatched the contents, and got to the bottom of the provision-bag, with so good an appetite that they licked the very packet of letters because it smelt of cheese.

While they were thus employed, "Hang me, friend Sancho," said Tosilos, "if I know what to make of that master of yours—he must needs be a madman." "Need!" quoth Sancho; "faith, he has no need! for, if madness pass current, he has plenty to pay every man his own. That I can see full well, and full often I tell him of it; but what boots it!—especially now that it is all over with him; for he has been worsted by the knight of the White Moon."

Tosilos begged him to relate what had happened to him; but Sancho excused himself, saying it would be unmannerly to keep his master waiting; but that, another time, if they should meet again, he would tell him the whole affair. He then rose up, shook the crumbs from his beard and apparel, and took leave of Tosilos; then driving Dapple before him, he set off to overtake his master, whom he found waiting for him under the shade of a tree.

## CHAPTER LXVII.

*Of the resolution which Don Quixote took to turn shepherd, and lead a pastoral life, till the promised term should be expired; with other incidents truly diverting and good.*

IF the mind of Don Quixote had been afflicted and disturbed before his defeat, how greatly were his sufferings increased after that misfortune! While waiting for Sancho, as before mentioned, a thousand thoughts rushed into his head, buzzing about like flies in a honey-pot; some dwelling on the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and others on the life he should lead during his forced retirement. On Sancho's coming up, and commending Tosilos as the civillest lacquey in the world, "Is it possible, Sancho," said he, "that thou shouldst still persist in his being really a lacquey? It seems to have quite escaped thy memory that thou hast seen Dulcinea transformed into a country wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco:—all the work of enchanters who persecute me; but, tell me, didst thou inquire of that man touching the fate of Altisidora? Doth she still bewail my absence; or hath she already consigned to oblivion the amorous thoughts that tormented her whilst I was present?"

"Troth, sir," quoth Sancho, "I was too well employed to think of such fooleries. Body of me! is your worship now in a condition to be inquiring after other folks' thoughts—especially on love matters?" "Observe, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "there is a great deal of difference between love and gratitude. It is very possible for a gentleman not to be in love; but, strictly speaking, it is impossible he should be ungrateful. Altisidora, to all appearance, loved me; she gave me three nightcaps, as thou knowest: she also wept at my departure; she cursed me, vilified me, and, in spite of shame, complained publicly of me: certain proofs that she adored me; for, in such maledictions the anger of lovers usually vents itself. I had neither hopes to give her, nor treasures to offer her; for mine are all engaged to Dulcinea; and the treasures of knights-errant, like those of fairies, are delusory, not real, and, therefore, to retain her in remembrance is all I can do for her, without prejudice to the fidelity I owe to the mistress of my soul, who every moment suffers under thy cruelty in neglecting to discipline that flesh of thine—would to Heaven the wolves had it! since thou wouldst rather keep it for the worms, than apply it to the relief of that poor lady."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "to deal plainly with you, I cannot see what the lashing of my body has to do with disenchanting the enchanted; it is just as if you should say, 'When your head aches, anoint your knee-pans;' at least, I dare be sworn that, of all the histories your worship has ever read of knight-errantry, none ever told you of anybody being unbewitched by flogging. However, be that as it will, when the humour takes me, and time fits, I'll set about it, and lay it on to some tune." "Heaven grant," said Don Quixote, "and give thee grace to understand how much it is thy duty to relieve my lady, who is also thine, since thou belongest to me."

Thus conversing, they travelled on till they arrived at the very spot where they had been trampled upon by the bulls. Don Quixote recollecting it, "There, Sancho," said he, "is the meadow where we met the gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds who proposed to revive, in this place, another pastoral Arcadia. The project was equally new and ingenious, and if thou thinkest well of it, Sancho, we will follow their example, and turn shepherds: at least for the term of my retirement. I will buy sheep, and whatever is

necessary for a pastoral life; and I, assuming the name of the shepherd Quixotiz, and thou that of the shepherd Panzino, we will range the woods, the hills, and the valleys, singing here and sighing there; drinking from the clear springs, or limpid brooks, or the mighty rivers; while the oaks, with liberal hand, shall give us their sweetest fruit—the hollow cork-trees, lodging—willows, their shade, and the roses, their delightful perfume. The spacious meads shall be our carpets of a thousand colours; and, ever breathing the clear, pure air, the moon and stars shall be our tapers of the night, and light our evening walk; and thus while singing will be our pleasure and complaining our delight, the god of song will provide harmonious verse, and love an ever-failing theme—so shall our fame be eternal as our song!”

“Fore gad!” quoth Sancho, “that kind of life squares and corners with me exactly; and I warrant if once the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, catch a glimpse of it, they will follow us, and turn shepherds too: and Heaven grant that the priest have not an inclination to make one in the fold—he is so gay and merrily inclined.” “Thou sayest well,” quoth Don Quixote: “and if the bachelor Sampson Carrasco will make one amongst us, as I doubt not he will, he may call himself the shepherd Sampsonino, or Carrascon. Master Nicholas the barber may be called Niculoso, as old Boscan called himself Nomoroso. As for the curate, I know not what name to bestow upon him, unless it can be one derived from his profession, calling him the shepherd Curiambro. As to the shepherdesses, who are to be the objects of our love, we may pick and choose their names as we do pears; and, since that of my lady accords alike with a shepherdess and a princess, I need not be at the pains of selecting one to suit her better. Thou, Sancho, mayest give to thine whatever name pleaseth thee best.” “I do not intend,” answered Sancho, “to give mine any other name than Teresona; which will fit her fat sides well, and is so near her own, too, that, when I come to put it in my verses, everybody will know her to be my own wife, and commend me for not coveting other men’s goods, and seeking for better bread than wheaten. As for the priest, he must be content without a mistress, for good example’s sake; and, if the bachelor Sampson wants one, his soul is his own.”

“Heaven defend me!” quoth Don Quixote, what a life shall we lead, friend Sancho! what a melody we shall have of bagpipes and rebecks, and pipes of Zamora! And, if to all this we add the albogues, our pastoral band will be nearly complete.” “Albogues!” quoth Sancho, “what may that be? I never heard of such a thing.” “Albogues,” answered Don Quixote, “are concave plates of brass, like candlesticks, which, being struck against each other, produce a sound, not very agreeable, it is true, yet not offensive, and it accords well enough with the rusticity of the pipe and tabor. Albogues, Sancho, is a Moorish word, as are all those which in Spanish begin with *al*: as Almoaza, Almorzar, Alhombra, Alguacil, Aluzema, Almacen, Alcancia, with some others; our language has only three Moorish words ending in *i*, which are Borzegui, Zaquizami, and Maravedi; Alheli and Afaqui, both by their beginning and ending are known to be Arabic. This I just observe by the way, as the mention of Albogues brought it to my mind. One circumstance will contribute much to make us perfect in our new profession, which is my being, as thou well knowest, somewhat of a poet, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco an excellent one. Of the priest, I will say nothing; yet will I venture a wager that he too has the points of a poet; and Master Nicholas the barber, also, I make no doubt: for most or all of that faculty are players on the guitar, and song-makers. I will complain of absence; thou shalt extol thyself for constancy; the shepherd Carrascon shall complain of disdain; and the priest Curiambro may say or sing whatever he pleaseth: and so we shall go on to our hearts’ content.”

"Alas! sir," quoth Sancho, "I am so unlucky that I shall never see those blessed days! O what neat wooden spoons shall I make when I am a shepherd! What curds and cream! what garlands! what pretty nick-nacks! An old dog I am at these trinkums, which though they may not set me up for one of the seven wise men, will get me the name of a clever fellow. My daughter Sanchina shall bring our dinner to us in the field—but hold there: she's a slightly wench, and shepherds are sometimes roguishly given; and I would not have my girl go out for wool and come back shorn. Your love-doings and wanton tricks are as common in the open fields as in crowded cities; in the shepherd's cot as in the palaces of lords and princes. Take away the opportunity, and you take away the sin; what the eye views not, the heart rues not; a leap from behind a bush may do more than the prayer of a good man."

"Enough, Sancho, no more proverbs," quoth Don Quixote, "for any one of those thou hast cited would have been sufficient to express thy meaning. I have often advised thee not to be so prodigal of these sentences, and to keep a strict hand over them; but it is preaching in the desert; 'the more my mother whips me, the more I rend and tear.'"

"Faith and troth, sir," cried Sancho, "is not that the pot calling the kettle smut? You chide me for speaking proverbs, and you string them yourself by scores."

"Observe, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "this important difference between thy proverbs and mine: when I make use of them they fit like a ring to the finger; whereas by thee they are dragged in by head and shoulders. I have already told thee, if I mistake not, that proverbs are short maxims of human wisdom, the result of experience and observation, and are the gifts of ancient sages: yet the proverb which is not aptly applied, instead of being wisdom is stark nonsense. But enough of this at present; as night approaches, let us retire a little way out of the high-road to pass the night, and God knows what to-morrow may bring us."

They accordingly retired, and made a late and scanty supper, much against Sancho's inclination, for it brought the hardships of knight-errantry fresh upon his thoughts, and he grieved to think how seldom he encountered the plenty that reigned in the house of Don Diego de Miranda, at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and at Don Antonio Moreno's; but again reflecting that it could not be always day, nor always night, he betook himself to sleep, leaving his master thoughtful and awake.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

### *Of the bristly adventure which befel Don Quixote.*

THE night was rather dark, for though the moon was in the heavens, it was not visible: Madam Diana is wont sometimes to take a trip to the antipodes, and leave the mountains and valleys in the dark.

Don Quixote followed nature, and being satisfied with his first sleep, did not solicit more. As for Sancho, he never wanted a second, for the first lasted him from night to morning: indicating a sound body and mind free from care; but his master, being unable to sleep himself, awakened him, saying, "I am amazed, Sancho, at the torpor of thy soul; it seems as if thou wert made of marble or brass, insensible of emotion or sentiment! I wake whilst thou sleepest, I mourn whilst thou art singing, I faint with long fasting, whilst thou canst hardly move or breathe from pure gluttony! It is the part of a good servant to share his master's pains, and, were it but for decency, to be touched

with what affects him. Behold the serenity of the night and the solitude of the place, inviting us to intermingle some watching with our sleep; get up, good Sancho, I conjure thee, and retire a short distance from hence, and with a willing heart and grateful courage, inflict on thyself three or four hundred lashes, upon the score of Dulcinea's disenchantment; and this I ask as a favour. I will not come to wrestling with thee again, for I know thou hast a heavy hand; and that being done, we will pass the remainder of the night in singing—I of absence, thou of constancy; commencing from this moment the pastoral occupation which we are henceforth to follow."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "I am neither monk nor friar, to start up in the middle of the night and discipline myself at that rate; neither do I think it would be an easy matter to be under the rod one moment, and the next to begin singing. Talk not of whipping, I beseech you, sir, and let me sleep, or you will make me swear never to touch a hair of my coat, much less of my flesh." "O thou soul of flint!" cried Don Quixote; "O remorseless squire! O bread ill-bestowed! A poor requital for favours already conferred and those intended! Through me thou hast been a governor; through me art thou in a fair way to have the title of an earl, or some other equally honourable, and which will be delayed no longer than this year of obscurity; for *Post tenebras spero lucem*."

"I know not what that means," replied Sancho; "I only know that while I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, nor trouble nor glory. Blessings light on him who first invented sleep!—it covers a man all over, body and mind, like a cloak: and it is meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, heat to the cold, and cold to the hot: it is the coin that can purchase all things: the balance that makes the shepherd equal with the king, the fool with the wise man. It has only one fault as I have heard say, which is, that it looks like death: for between the sleeper and the corpse there is but little to choose."

"I never heard thee talk so eloquently, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "which proves to me the truth of that proverb thou often hast cited: 'Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed.'" "Odds my life, sir!" replied Sancho, "it is not I alone that am a stringer of proverbs—they come pouring from your worship's mouth faster than from mine. Your worship's, I own, may be more pat than mine, which tumble out at random: yet no matter—they are all proverbs."

Thus were they engaged, when they heard a strange, dull kind of noise, with harsh sounds, issuing from every part of the valley. Don Quixote started up, and laid his hand to his sword; and Sancho squatted down under Dapple, and fortified himself with the bundle of armour on one side of him, and the ass's pannel on the other, trembling no less with fear than Don Quixote with surprise. Every moment the noise increased as the cause of it approached, to the great terror of one at least—for the courage of the other is too well known to be suspected. Now the cause of this fearful din was this:—some hog-dealers, eager to reach the market, happened at that early hour to be driving above six hundred of these creatures along the road to a fair, where they were to be sold; which filthy herd, with their grunting and squeaking, made such a horrible noise that both the knight and squire were stunned and confounded, and utterly at a loss how to account for it.

The wide-spreading host of grunters came crowding on, and without showing the smallest degree of respect for the lofty character of Don Quixote or of Sancho his squire, threw down both master and man, demolishing Sancho's entrenchment, and laying even Rozinante in the dust! On they went, and bore all before them, overthrowing pack-saddle, armour, knight, squire, horse, and all; treading and trampling over everything without remorse. Sancho with

some difficulty recovered his legs, and desired his master to lend him his sword, that he might slay half-a-dozen at least of those unmannerly swine—for he had now discovered what they were; but Don Quixote admonished him not to hurt them. “Heaven,” said he, “has inflicted this disgrace upon my guilty head: it is no more than a just punishment that dogs should devour, hornets sting, and hogs trample on a vanquished knight-errant.”

“And Heaven, I suppose,” quoth Sancho, “has sent fleas to sting and bite, and hunger to famish us poor squires, for keeping such knights company. If we squires were the sons of the knights we serve, or their kinsmen, it would be no wonder that we should share in their punishments, even to the third and fourth generation: but what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well, let us to our litter again, and try to sleep out the little that is left of the night, and God will send daylight, and mayhap better luck.” “Sleep thou, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “who wert born to sleep, whilst I, who was born to watch, allow my thoughts, till daybreak, to range, and give a tuneful vent to my sorrow in a little madrigal which I have just composed.” “Methinks,” quoth Sancho, “that a man cannot be suffering much when he can turn his brain to verse-making. However, madrigal it as much as your worship pleases, and I will sleep as much as I can.” Then measuring off what ground he wanted, he rolled himself up and fell into a sound sleep: neither debts, bails, nor troubles of any kind, disturbed him. Don Quixote, leaning against a beech or cork tree (for Cid Hamet Benengeli does not specify the tree), to the music of his own sighs sung as follows:—

O, love, when, sick of heartfelt grief,  
I sigh, and drag thy cruel chain,  
To death I fly, the sure relief  
Of those who groan in ling’ring pain

But, coming to the fatal gates,  
The port in this my sea of woe,  
The joy I feel new life creates,  
And bids my spirits brisker flow.

Thus dying every hour I live,  
And living I resign my breath:  
Strange power of love, that thus can give  
A dying life and living death!

The many sighs and tears that accompanied this tuneful lamentation proved how deeply the knight was affected by his late disaster and the absence of his lady. Daylight now appeared, and the sun darting his beams full on Sancho’s face, at last awoke him; whereupon rubbing his eyes, yawning, and stretching his limbs, he perceived the swinish havoc made in his cupboard, and heartily wished the drove at the devil, and even went further than that in his wishes.

The knight and squire now started again, and journeyed on through the whole of that day, when towards evening they saw about half a score of men on horse-back, and four or five on foot, making directly towards them. Don Quixote was much agitated by the sight of these men, and Sancho trembled with fear: for they were armed with lances and shields, and other warlike implements. “Ah, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “had I my hands at liberty, I would make no more of that hostile squadron than if it were composed of gingerbread. However, matters may not turn out so bad as they promise.” The horsemen soon came up, and instantly surrounded the knight and the squire, and in a threatening manner presented the points of their lances at their prisoners. One of those on foot putting his finger to his lips, as if commanding Don Quixote to



he mute, seized on Rozinante's bridle, and drew him out of the road; while the others, in like manner, took possession of Dapple and his rider, and the whole then moved on in silence. Don Quixote several times would have inquired whither they meant to take him, but scarcely had he moved his lips to speak, when they were ready to close them with the points of their spears. And so it was with Sancho: no sooner did he show an inclination to speak than one of those on foot pricked him with a goad, driving Dapple in the same manner, as if he also wished to speak.

Night advancing they quickened their pace, and the fear of the prisoners likewise increased; especially when they heard the fellows ever and anon say to them, "On, on, ye Troglodytes! Peace, ye barbarian slaves! Pay, ye Anthropophagi! Complain not, ye Scythians! Open not your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemuses—ye butcherly lions!" With these and other such names they tormented the ears of the unhappy master and man. Sancho went along muttering to himself—What! call us ortolans! barbers! slaves! Andrew popinjays! and Polly famouses!—I don't like the sound of such names—a bad wind this to winnow our corn; mischief has been lowering upon us of late, and now it falls thick, like kicks to a cur. It looks ill, God send it may not end worse!" Don Quixote proceeded onwards, quite confounded at the reproachful names that were given to him, and he could only conclude that no good was to be expected, and much harm to be feared. In this perplexing situation, about an hour after nightfall, they arrived at a castle, which Don Quixote presently recollected to be that belonging to the duke, where he had lately been. "Heaven defend me!" said he, as soon as he knew the place, "what can this mean? In this house all is courtesy and kindness!—but, to the vanquished, good is converted into bad, bad into worse." On entering the principal court, they saw it decorated and set out in a manner that added still more to their fears, as well as their astonishment, as will be seen in the following chapter.

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## CHAPTER LXIX.

*Of the newest and strangest adventure of all that befel Don Quixote in the whole course of this great history.*

No sooner had the horsemen alighted than, assisted by those on foot, they seized Don Quixote and Sancho in their arms, and placed them in the midst of the court; where a hundred torches, and above five hundred other lights, dispersed in the galleries around, set the whole in a blaze; insomuch that, in spite of the darkness of the night, it appeared like day. In the middle of the court was erected a tomb, six feet from the ground, and over it was spread a large canopy of black velvet; round which, upon its steps, were burning above a hundred wax tapers in silver candlesticks. On the tomb was visible the corpse of a damsel, so beautiful as to make death itself appear lovely. Her head was laid upon a cushion of gold brocade, crowned with a garland of fragrant flowers, and in her hands, which were laid crosswise upon her breast, was placed a green branch of victorious palm. On one side of the court was erected a theatre, where two personages were seated, whose crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands denoted them to be kings, either real or feigned. On the side of the theatre, which was ascended by steps, were two other seats, upon which Don Quixote and Sancho were placed. This was performed in profound silence, and by signs they were both given to understand they were to hold

their peace : though the caution was needless, for astonishment had tied up their tongues.

Two great persons now ascended the theatre with a numerous retinue, and seated themselves in two chairs of state, close to those who seemed to be monarchs. These Don Quixote immediately knew to be the duke and duchess who had so nobly entertained him. Everything he saw filled him with wonder, and nothing more than his discovery that the corpse lying extended on the tomb was that of the fair *Altisidora* ! When the duke and duchess had taken their places, Don Quixote and Sancho rose up, and made them a profound reverence, which their highnesses returned by a slight inclination of the head. Immediately after, an officer crossed the area, and, going up to Sancho, threw over him a robe of black buckram, painted over with flames, and, taking off his cap, he put on his head a pasteboard mitre, three feet high, like those used by the penitents of the Inquisition ; bidding him, in a whisper, not to open his lips, otherwise he would be either gagged or slain. Sancho viewed himself from top to toe, and saw his body covered with flames : but, finding they did not burn him, he cared not two straws. He took off his mitre, and saw it painted all over with devils : but he replaced it again on his head, saying within himself, "All is well enough yet; these flames do not burn, nor do these imps fly away with me." Don Quixote also surveyed him, and in spite of his perturbation he could not forbear smiling at his strange appearance.

And now, in the midst of that profound silence (for not a breath was heard), a soft and pleasing sound of flutes stole upon the ear, seeming to proceed from the tomb. Then, on a sudden, near the couch of the dead body, appeared a beautiful youth, in a Roman habit, who, in a sweet and clear voice, to the sound of the harp, which he touched himself, sang the two following stanzas :—

Till Heav'n in pity to the weeping world,  
Shall give *Altisidora* back to day,  
By Quixote's scorn to realms of Pluto hurl'd,  
Her every charm to cruel death a prey;  
While matrons throw their gorgeous robes away  
To mourn a nymph by cold disdain betray'd;  
To the complaining lyre's enchanting lay  
I'll sing the praises of this hapless maid,  
In sweeter notes than *Thracian Orpheus* ever play'd.

Nor shall my numbers with my life expire,  
Or this world's light confine the boundless song.  
To thee, bright maid, in death I'll touch the lyre,  
And to my soul the theme shall still belong.  
When, freed from clay, the flitting ghosts among,  
My spirit glides the Stygian shores around,  
Though the cold hand of death has seal'd my tongue,  
Thy praise the infernal caverns shall rebound,  
And *Lethe's* sluggish waves move slower to the sound.

"Enough," said one of the kings, "enough, divine musician ! it were an endless task to describe the graces of the peerless *Altisidora*—dead, as the ignorant world believes, but still living in the breath of fame, and through the penance which *Sancho Panza*, here present, must undergo, in order to restore her to light: and therefore, O *Rhadamanthus* ! who, with me, judgest in the dark caverns of *Pluto*, since thou knowest all that destiny has decreed touching the restoration of this damsel, speak—declare it immediately ; nor delay the promised felicity of her return to the world."

Scarcely had Minos ceased, when Rhadamanthus, starting up, cried, "Ho, there! ye ministers and officers of the household, high and low, great and small! Proceed ye, one after another, and mark me Sancho's face with four-and-twenty twitches, and let his arms and sides have twelve, and thrust therein six times the pin's sharp point: for on the due performance of this ceremony depends the restoration of that lifeless corse."

Sancho, hearing this, could hold out no longer. "I vow to Heaven," cried he, "I will sooner turn Turk than let my flesh be so handled! Body of me! how is the mauling of my visage to give life to the dead? 'The old woman has had a taste, and now her mouth waters.' Dulcinea is enchanted, and to unbewitch her I must be whipped! and now here Altisidora dies of some disease that God has sent her, and, to bring her to life again, my flesh must be tweaked and pinched, and corking-pins thrust into my body! No, put these tricks upon a brother-in-law: I am an old dog, and am not to be coaxed with a crust."

"Relent!" said Rhadamanthus, in a loud voice, "relent, tiger, or thou diest! Submit, proud Nimrod! suffer, and be silent, monster! Impossibilities are not required of thee; then talk not of difficulties. Twitched thou shalt be; pricked thou shalt feel thyself, and pinched even to groaning. Ho, there! officers do your duty—or, on the word of an honest man, thy destiny shall be fulfilled!"

Immediately six duennas were seen advancing in procession along the court, four of them with spectacles, and all of them with their right hands raised, and four fingers' breadth of their wrist bared, to make their hands seem the longer, according to the fashion. No sooner had Sancho got a glimpse of his executioners than, bellowing aloud, he cried, "Do with me whatever you please: pour over me a sackful of mad cats to bite and claw me, as my master was served in this castle; pierce and drill me through with sharp daggers; tear off my flesh with red-hot pincers, and I will bear it all with patience to oblige your worships: but the devil may fly away with me at once before a duenna shall put a finger upon my flesh!"

Don Quixote could no longer keep silence. "Have patience, my son," said he; "yield to the command of these noble persons, and give thanks to Heaven for having imparted to thy body a virtue so wonderful that, by a little torture, thou shouldst be able to break the spells of enchanters, and restore the dead to life."

By this time Sancho was surrounded by the duennas, and, being softened and persuaded by his master's entreaties, he fixed himself firmly in his chair, and held out his face and beard to the executioners. The first gave him a dexterous twitch, and then made him a low curtsy. "Spare me your complaisance, good madam, and give less of your slabber-sauce; for, Heaven take me! your fingers stink of vinegar." In short, all the duennas successively performed their office, and after them divers other persons repeated the same ceremony of tweaking and pinching, to all of which he submitted: but when they came to pierce his flesh with pins, he could contain himself no longer, and starting up in a fury, he caught hold of a lighted torch and began to lay about him with such agility that all his tormenters were put to flight. "Away!" he cried; "scamper, yeimps of the devil! do you take me to be made of brass, and suppose I cannot feel your cursed torments?"

At this moment Altisidora (who must have been tired with lying so long upon her back), turned herself on one side; upon which the whole assembly cried out with one voice, "She lives! she lives! Altisidora lives!" Rhadamanthus then told Sancho to calm his rage, for the work was accomplished. The moment Don Quixote perceived Altisidora move, he went to Sancho, and,

kneeling before him, said, "Now is the time, dear son of my bowels, rather than my squire, to inflict on thyself some of those lashes for which thou art pledged in order to effect the disenchantment of Dulcinea; this, I say, is the time, now that thy virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy to operate the good expected from thee." "Why, this," replied Sancho, "is tangle upon tangle, and not honey upon fritters! A good jest, indeed, that pinches and prickings must be followed by lashes! Do, sir, take at once a great stone and tie it about my neck, and tumble me into a well; better kill me outright than break my back with other men's burthens. Look ye, if you meddle any more with me, as I have a living soul, all shall out!"

Altisidora had now raised herself, and sat upright on her tomb, whereupon the music immediately struck up, and the court resounded with the cries of "Live, live, Altisidora! Altisidora, live!" The duke and duchess arose, and with Minos, Rhadamanthus, Don Quixote, and Sancho, went to receive the restored damsel, and assist her to descend from the tomb. Apparently near fainting, she bowed to the duke and duchess and the two kings; then casting a side-glance at Don Quixote, she said, "Heaven forgive thee, unrelenting knight! by whose cruelty I have been imprisoned in the other world above a thousand years, as it seems to me, and where I must have for ever remained had it not been for thee, O Sancho! Thanks, thou kindest and best of squires, for the life I now enjoy! and, in recompense for thy goodness, six of my smocks are at thy service, to be made into as many shirts for thyself; and, if they are not all whole, at least they are all clean." Sancho, with his mitre in his hand, and his knee on the ground, kissed her hand. The duke ordered him to be disrobed and his own garments returned to him; but Sancho begged his grace to allow him to keep the frock and the mitre, that he might carry them to his own village, in token and memory of this unheard-of adventure. Whereupon the duchess assured him of her regard, and promised him that the frock and the mitre should certainly be his. The court was now cleared by the duke's command; all the company retired, and Don Quixote and Sancho were conducted to the apartments which they had before occupied.

## CHAPTER LXX.

*Which treats of matters indispensable to the perspicuity of this history.*

SANCHO slept that night on a truckle-bed, in the same chamber with Don Quixote—an honour he would gladly have avoided; well knowing that he should be disturbed by his master's ill-timed questions, which he was then in no mood to answer. Still smarting from the penance he had undergone, he was sullen and silent, and at that time would rather have lain in a hovel alone than in that rich apartment, so accompanied. His fears were well founded, for no sooner was his master in bed than he opened upon the squire. "What thinkest thou, Sancho," said he, "of this night's adventure? Great and terrible are the effects of love rejected, as thine own eyes can testify, which beheld Altisidora dead, not by sword or dagger, or other mortal weapon; no, nor poisonous draught, but simply my disregard of her passion!"

"She might have died how and when she pleased," answered Sancho, "so that she had left me alone, for I neither loved nor slighted her. In truth, I cannot see what the recovery of Altisidora, a damsel more light-headed than discreet, should have to do with the tweaking and pinching of Sancho Panza's flesh! Now, indeed, I plainly see that there are enchanters and enchantments

in the world, from which good Lord deliver me ! since I know not how to deliver myself. But all I wish for now is that your worship would let me sleep, and not talk to me, unless you would have me jump out of the window." "Sleep, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote : "if the prickings and pinchings thou hast endured will give thee leave." "No smart, sir," replied Sancho, "is equal to the disgrace of being fingered by duennas—confound them ! But I would fain sleep it off, if your worship would let me ; for sleep is the best cure for waking troubles." "Then do so," quoth Don Quixote, "and Heaven be with thee !"

Both master and man were soon asleep, and Cid Hamet, the author of this grand history, took the opportunity to inform the world what had moved the duke and duchess to think of contriving the solemn farce which had just been enacted. Accordingly he says that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, not forgetting his overthrow when Knight of the Mirrors, by which all his designs had been baffled, was inclined to try his hand again, in the hope of better fortune ; and gaining intelligence of Don Quixote's route, from the page who was charged with the letter and presents to Teresa Panza, he procured a better steed and fresh armour, with a shield displaying a White Moon. Then placing his arms upon a mule, which was led by a peasant (not choosing to trust his former squire, lest he should be discovered by Sancho Panza), he set off, and arrived at the duke's castle, where he was informed by his grace of the knight's departure, the road he had taken, and his intention to be present at the tournaments of Saragossa. He related to him also the jests which had been put upon him, with the project for disenchanting Dulcinea, at the expense of Sancho's posteriors. The bachelor was also told of the imposition which Sancho practised upon his master, in making him believe that the lady Dulcinea was transformed into a country wench ; and also that the duchess afterwards made Sancho believe his own lie. The bachelor was much diverted at what he heard, and wondered afresh at the extraordinary madness of the knight, and the shrewdness and simplicity of his squire. The duke requested him, whether he was victorious or not, to call at the castle on his return, to acquaint him with the event. This the bachelor promised ; and, departing, he proceeded straight to Saragossa, where not finding the knight, he continued the pursuit, and at length overtook him ; the result of which meeting has been already told.

On the bachelor's return, he stopped at the castle, agreeably to his promise, and informed the duke of what had passed, and also that Don Quixote, intending honourably to fulfil the conditions of the combat, was now actually on his return home, where he was bound to remain twelve months, in which time he hoped the poor gentleman would recover his senses ; declaring, moreover, that nothing but the concern he felt on seeing the distracted state of so excellent an understanding could have induced him to make the attempt. He then took leave of the duke, expecting to be shortly followed by the vanquished knight.

The duke, who was never tired with the humours of Don Quixote and his squire, had been tempted to amuse himself in the manner which has been described ; and to make sure of meeting them on their return, he despatched servants on horseback, in different directions, with orders to convey them, whether willing or not, to the castle ; and the party whose chance it was to fall in with them, having given the duke timely notice of their success before they appeared, everything was prepared so as to give the best effect possible to the fiction. And here Cid Hamet observes that, in his opinion, the deceivers and the deceived, in these jests, were all mad alike, and that even the duke and duchess themselves were within two fingers' breadth of appearing so, for taking such pains to make sport with these two wandering lunatics ; one of whom was then happily sleeping at full swing, and the other, as usual, indulging his waking

fancies: in which state they were found when day first peeped into their chamber, giving Don Quixote an inclination to rise; for whether vanquished or victorious, he took no pleasure in the bed of sloth.

About this time Altisidora—so lately, in Don Quixote's opinion, risen from the dead—entered his chamber; her head still crowned with the funereal garland, her hair dishevelled, clad in a robe of white taffeta, flowered with gold, and, supporting herself by a staff of polished ebony, she stood before him. The knight was so amazed and confounded at this unexpected sight that he was struck dumb; but, being determined to show her no courtesy, he covered himself well over with the sheets. Altisidora then sat down in a chair at his bedside, and, heaving a profound sigh, in a soft and feeble voice she said: "When women of virtue, and of a superior order, in contempt of all the rules of honour and virgin decency, can allow their tongues openly to declare the secret wishes of their heart, they must indeed be reduced to great extremities. I, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, am one of those unhappy persons, distressed, vanquished, and enamoured, but withal, patient, long-suffering, and modest, to such a degree, that my heart burst in silence, and silently I quitted this life. It is now two days since, O flinty knight, harder than marble to my complaints! that the sense of your unfeeling cruelty brought death upon me, or something so like it that all who saw me concluded my soul was fled to another world; and had not love, in pity, placed my recovery in the sufferings of this good squire, there it must for ever have remained!"

"Truly," quoth Sancho; "if love had given that business to my Dapple, I should have taken it as kindly. But pray tell me, Signora,—so may Heaven provide you with a more tender-hearted lover than my master,—what saw you in the other world? What did you find in purgatory—for whoever dies in despair must needs go thither, whether they like it or not." "To tell you the truth," quoth Altisidora, "I did not quite die, and therefore I did not go so far; for, had I once set foot therein, nothing could have got me out again, however much I might have wished it. The fact is, I got to the gate, where I observed about a dozen devils playing at tennis, in their waistcoats and drawers, their shirt-collars ornamented with Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same, with four inches of their wrists bare, to make their hands seem the larger, in which they held rackets of fire; and what still more surprised me was, that instead of the common balls they made use of books, that seemed to be stuffed with wind and wool—a marvellous thing, you will allow; but what added to my wonder was to see, that instead of the winners rejoicing, and the losers complaining, as it is usual with gamesters, they all grumbled alike, cursing and hating one another with all their hearts!"

"There is nothing strange in that," quoth Sancho; "for devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be contented." "That is true," quoth Altisidora; "but there is another thing I wonder at—I mean I wondered at it then—which was, that a single toss seemed always to demolish the ball; so that not being able to use it a second time, the volumes were whipped up in an astonishing manner. To one in particular that I noticed, which was spick and span new, and neatly bound, they gave such a smart stroke that out flew the contents, in leaves fairly printed, which were scattered about in all directions. 'Look,' said one devil to the other, 'how it flies! see what book it is.' 'Tis the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha,' cried the other: 'not that by Cid Hamet, its first author, but by an Arragonese, who calls himself a native of Tordesillas.' 'Away with it,' quoth the other devil, 'and down with it to the bottomless pit, that it may never be seen more.' 'Is it so bad then?' said the other. 'So bad,' replied the first, 'that had I endeavoured to make it worse I should have found it beyond my skill.' So they went on tossing about

their books ; but having heard the name of Don Quixote, whom I love and adore, I retained this vision in my memory."

"A vision, doubtless, it must have been," quoth Don Quixote, "for I am the only person of that name existing, either dead or alive, and just so the book you speak of is here tossed about from hand to hand, remaining in none :—every one has a kick at it. Nor am I concerned to hear that any phantom, assuming my name, should be wandering in darkness or in light, since I am not the person mentioned in the book you saw shattered to pieces. The history that is good, faithful, and true, will survive for ages ; but should it have none of these qualities, its passage will be short between the cradle and the grave."

Altisidora was then about to renew her complaint against the obdurate knight, when he interrupted her : "Madam," said he, "I have often cautioned you against fixing your affections on a man who is utterly incapable of making you a suitable return. I was born for Dulcinea del Toboso : to her the fates, if any there be, have devoted me : and, being the sole mistress and tenant of my soul, it is impossible for any other beauty to dispossess her. This, I hope, may suffice to show the fallacy of your hopes, and recall you to virtue and maidenly decorum ; for it is wild to expect from man what is impossible." "God's my life !" exclaimed Altisidora, in a furious tone, "thou stock-fish ! soul of marble ! stone of date ! more stubborn and insensible than a courted clown ! Monster ! I'd tear your eyes out if I could come at you ! Have you the impudence, Don Cudgelled, Don Beaten-and-battered, to suppose that I died for love of your lantern jaws ? No, no such matter, believe me ; all that you have seen to-night has been sheer counterfeit : I am not the woman to let the black of my nail ache, much less to die, for such a dromedary as thou art !" "By my faith, I believe thee," quoth Sancho ; "for as to dying for love, it is all a jest : folks may talk of it, but as for doing it,—believe it, Judas."

At this time the musical poet joined them, who had sung the stanzas composed for the solemnities of the night ; and, approaching Don Quixote, with a profound reverence, he said : "I come, sir knight, to request you will vouchsafe to number me among your most humble servants : an honour which I have been long ambitious to receive, both on account of your fame and your wonderful achievements." "Pray, sir," replied Don Quixote, "inform me who you are, that I may duly acknowledge your merits." The young man said that he was the musician and panegyrist of the preceding night. "Truly, sir," quoth Don Quixote, "your voice is excellent ; but what you sang did not seem to me applicable to the occasion : for what have the stanzas of Garcilasso to do with the death of this lady ?" "Wonder not at that, sir," answered the musician ; "for, among the green poets of our times, it is common to write as the whim guides, whether to the purpose or not : picking and stealing wherever it suits ; and every senseless thing sung or said is sure to find its apology in poetical license."

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the entrance of the duke and duchess, who had come to visit him. Much relishing conversation then passed between them, in the course of which Sancho extorted fresh admiration from their graces, by his wonted shrewdness and pleasantry. In conclusion, Don Quixote besought them to grant him leave to depart that same day ; for a vanquished knight like himself should rather dwell in a sty with hogs than in a royal palace. His request was granted, and the duchess desired to know whether Altisidora had attained any share in his favour. "Madam," said he, "your ladyship should know that the chief cause of this good damsel's suffering is idleness, the remedy whereof is honest and constant employment. Lace, she tells me is much worn in purgatory ; and since she cannot but know

how to make it, let her stick to that; for while her fingers are assiduously employed with her bobbins, the images that now haunt her imagination will keep aloof, and leave her mind tranquil and happy. This, madam, is my opinion and advice." "And mine, too," added Sancho, "for I never in my life heard of a lacemaker that died for love; for your damsels that bestir themselves at some honest labour, think more of their work than of their sweet-hearts. I know it by myself; when I am digging, I never think of my Teresa, though, God bless her! I love her more than my very eyelids."

"You say right, Sancho," quoth the duchess, "and it shall henceforth be my care to see that Altisidora is well employed; she knows how to make use of her needle, and it shall not lie idle." "There is no need, madam," answered Altisidora, "of any such remedy; the cruel treatment I have received from that monster is quite sufficient to blot him out of my memory, without any other help; and, with your grace's leave, I will withdraw, that I may no longer have before my eyes, I will not say that rueful, but that abominable, hideous, and horrible figure." "I wish," quoth the duke, "this may not confirm the saying, 'A lover railing is not far from forgiving.'"

Altisidora, then, pretending to wipe the tears from her eyes, and making a low curtsy to her lord and lady, went out of the room. "Poor damsel!" quoth Sancho, "I forbode thee ill-luck, since thou hast to do with a soul of rushes, and a heart as tough as oak,—i' faith, had it been me thou hadst looked on with kindness, thy pigs would have been brought to a better market." Here the conversation ceased: Don Quixote arose and dressed himself, dined with the duke and duchess, and departed the same afternoon.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

*Of what befel Don Quixote and his squire Sancho on the way to their village.*

THE vanquished knight pursued his journey homeward, sometimes overcome with grief, and sometimes joyful: for if his spirits were depressed by the recollection of his overthrow, they were again raised by the singular virtue that seemed to be lodged in the body of his squire, still giving him fresh hopes of his lady's restoration; at the same time, he was not without some qualms respecting Altisidora's resurrection. Even Sancho's thoughts were unpleasant and gloomy, for he was not at all pleased that Altisidora should have paid no regard to her solemn promise concerning the smocks. Full of his disappointment, he said to his master, "Faith and troth, sir, there never was a more unlucky physician than I am. Other doctors kill their patients and are well paid for it, though their trouble be nothing but scrawling a piece of paper, with directions to the apothecary, who does all the work: whilst I give life to the dead at the expense of my blood, and the scarification of my flesh to boot: yet the devil a fee do I touch. But I vow to Heaven, the next time they catch me curing people in this way, it shall not be for nothing. 'The abbot must eat that sings for his meat;' besides, Heaven, I am sure, never gave this wonderful trick of curing, without meaning that I should get something by it."

"Thou art in the right, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and Altisidora behaved very ill in not giving thee the smocks which she promised, although the faculty whereby thou performest these miracles was given thee



*gratis*, and costs thee nothing in the practice but a little bodily pain. For myself, I can say, if thou wouldst be paid for disenchanting Dulcinea, I should readily satisfy thee. Yet I know not whether payment be allowed in the conditions of the cure, and I should be grieved to cause any obstruction to the effects of the medicine. However, I think there can be no risk in making a trial; therefore, Sancho, consider of it, and fix thy demand, so that no time may be lost. Set about the work immediately, and pay thyself in ready money, since thou hast cash of mine in thy hands."

At these offers Sancho opened his eyes and ears a span wider, resolving to strike the bargain without delay. "Sir," said he, "I am ready and willing to give you satisfaction, since your worship speaks so much to the purpose. You know, sir, I have a wife and children to maintain, and the love I bear them makes me look to the main chance: how much, then, will your worship pay for each lash?" "Were I to pay thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "in proportion to the magnitude of the service, the treasure of Venice, and the mines of Potosi would be too small a recompense: but examine and feel the strength of my purse, and then set thine own price upon each lash." "The lashes to be given," quoth Sancho, "are three thousand three hundred and odd; five of that number I have already given myself—the rest remains. Setting the five against the odd ones, let us take the three thousand three hundred, and reckon them at a quartil \* each—and, for the world, I would not take less—the whole amount would be three thousand three hundred quartils. Now the three thousand quartils make one thousand five hundred half-reals, which comes to seven hundred and fifty reals, and the three hundred quartils make a hundred and fifty half-reals, or seventy-five reals; which, added to the seven hundred and fifty, make, in all, eight hundred and twenty-five reals. That sum, then, I will take from your worship's money in my hands, and with it I shall return home rich and contented, though soundly whipped: but trouts are not to be caught † with dry breeches." "O blessed Sancho! O amiable Sancho!" replied Don Quixote, "how much shall Dulcinea and I be bound to serve thee as long as Heaven shall be pleased to give us life! Should she be restored to her former state, as she certainly will, her misfortune will prove a blessing—my defeat a most happy triumph! and when, good Sancho, dost thou propose to begin the discipline? I will add another hundred reals for greater despatch." "When?" replied Sancho; "even this very night, without fail: do you take care to give me room enough, and open field, and I will take care to lay my flesh open."

So impatient was Don Quixote for night, and so slowly it seemed to approach, that he concluded the wheels of Apollo's chariot had been broken, and the day thereby extended beyond its usual length; as it is with expecting lovers, who always fancy time to be stationary. At length, however, it grew dark; when, quitting the road, they seated themselves on the grass under some trees, and took their evening's repast on such provisions as the squire's wallet afforded. Supper being ended, Sancho made himself a powerful whip out of Dapple's halter, with which he retired about twenty paces from his master. Don Quixote, seeing him proceed to business with such resolution and spirit, said to him, "Be careful, friend, not to lash thyself to pieces; take time, and pause between each stroke; hurry not thyself so as to be overcome in the midst of thy task. I mean, I would not have thee lay it on so unmercifully as to deprive thyself of life before the required number be completed. And, that thou mayst not lose by a card too much or too little, I will stand aloof, and keep reckoning upon my beads the lashes thou shalt give thyself: so Heaven

\* A small coin about the fourth of a real.

† The entire proverb is, "They do not catch trouts with dry breeches."

prosper thy pious undertaking!" "The good paymaster needs no pledge," quoth Sancho; "I mean to lay it on so that it may smart, without killing me: for therein, as I take it, lies the secret of the cure."

He then stripped himself naked from the waist upwards, and, snatching up the whip, began to lash it away with great fury, and Don Quixote to keep account of strokes. But Sancho had not given himself above six or eight, when, feeling the jest a little too heavy, he began to think his terms too low, and stopping his hand, he told his master that he had been deceived, and must appeal, for every lash was well worth half a real, instead of a quartil. "Proceed, friend Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and be not faint-hearted: thy pay shall be doubled." "If so," quoth Sancho, "away with it, in God's name, and let it rain lashes." But the sly knave, instead of laying them on his back, laid them on the trees, fetching, ever and anon, such groans, that he seemed to be tearing up his very soul by the roots. Don Quixote, besides being naturally humane, was now fearful that Sancho would destroy himself, and thus, by his indiscreet zeal, the object would be lost: and therefore he cried out, "Hold, friend Sancho—let the business rest there, I conjure thee; for this medicine seems to me too violent, when so administered; take it, friend, more at leisure: Zamora \* was not gained in one hour. Thou hast already given thyself, if I reckon right, above a thousand lashes: let that suffice at present—for the ass (to speak in homely phrase) will carry the load, but not a double load." "No, no," answered Sancho, "it shall never be said of me, 'the money paid, the work delayed.' Pray, sir, get a little farther off, and let me give myself another thousand lashes at least; for a couple of such bouts will finish the job, and stuff to spare." "Since thou art in so good a disposition," quoth Don Quixote, "go on, and Heaven assist thee; I will retire a little."

Sancho returned to his task with the same fury as before, and with so much effect did he apply the lash, that the trees within his reach were already disbarbed. At length, exalting his voice, in accompaniment to a prodigious stroke on the body of a beech, he cried, "Down, down with thee, Sampson, and all that are with thee!" The frightful exclamation and blow were too much for the knight's tenderness, and he ran immediately, and, seizing hold of the twisted halter, said, "Heaven forbid, friend Sancho, that thy death, and the ruin of thy helpless family, should be laid at my door!—let Dulcinea wait for another opportunity, and I will myself restrain my eagerness for her deliverance within reasonable bounds, and stay till thou hast recovered fresh strength, so as to be able to finish thy task with safety." "Since it is your worship's pleasure that I should leave off, be it so, in Heaven's name: and pray fling your cloak over my shoulders, for I am all in a sweat, and am loth to catch cold, as new disciplinants are apt to do." Don Quixote took off his cloak, and did as Sancho desired, leaving himself in his doublet; and the crafty squire, being covered up warm, fell fast asleep, and never stirred until the sun waked him.

The knight and squire now pursued their journey, and having travelled about three leagues, they alighted at the door of an inn, which, it is to be remarked, Don Quixote did not take for a turreted castle, with its moat and drawbridge: indeed, since his defeat, he was observed at times to discourse with a more steady judgment than usual. He was introduced into a room on the ground-floor, which, instead of tapestry, was hung with painted serge, as is common in country places. In one part of these hangings was represented, by some wretched dauber, the story of Helen's elopement with Paris; and in another

\* This was a town in the kingdom of Leon, a long while disputed for by the Arabs and Christians.

was painted the unfortunate Dido, upon a high tower, making signals, with her bed-sheet, to her fugitive lover, who was out at sea, crowding all the sail he could to get away from her. Of the first the knight remarked that Helen seemed not much averse to be taken off, for she had a roguish smile on her countenance; but the beauteous Dido seemed to let fall from her eyes tears as big as walnuts. "These two ladies," said he, "were most unfortunate in not being born in this age, and I above all men unhappy that I was not born in theirs; for, had I encountered those gallants, neither had Troy been burnt, nor Carthage destroyed:—all these calamities had been prevented simply by my killing Paris."

"I will lay a wager," quoth Sancho, "that, before long, there will not be either victualling-house, tavern, inn, or barber's shop, in which the history of our exploits will not be painted; but I hope they may be done by a better hand than the painter of these." "Thou art in the right, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for this painter is like Orbaneja of Ubeda, who, when he was asked what he was painting, answered, 'As it may happen;' and if it chanced to be a cock, he prudently wrote under it, 'This is a cock,' lest it should be mistaken for a fox. Just such a one, methinks, Sancho, the painter, or writer (for it is all one), must be, who wrote the history of this new Don Quixote, lately published: whatever he painted, or wrote, was just as it happened. Or he is like a poet some years about the court, called the Mauleon, who answered all questions extempore; and, a person asking him the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, he answered, *Dé donde diere*.\* But setting all this aside, tell me, Sancho, hast thou any thoughts of giving thyself the other brush to-night? and wouldst thou rather it should be under a roof, or in the open air?"

"Faith, sir," quoth Sancho, "for the whipping, I intend to give myself, it matters little to me whether it be in a house or in a field; though methinks I had rather it were among trees, for they seem to have a fellow-feeling for me, as it were, and help me to bear my suffering marvellously." "However, now I think of it, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to give you time to recover your strength, we will defer the remainder till we reach home, which will be the day after to-morrow at farthest."

"That shall be as your worship pleases," quoth Sancho: "for my own part I am for making an end of the job, out of hand, now I am hot upon it, and while the mill is going, for delay breeds danger. Pray to God devoutly, and hammer away stoutly; one 'take' is worth two 'I'll give thee's; and a sparrow in hand is better than a vulture on the wing." "No more proverbs, for God's sake," quoth Don Quixote; "for methinks, Sancho, thou art losing ground, and returning to *Sicut erat*. Speak plainly, as I have often told thee, and thou wilt find it worth a loaf per cent. to thee." "I know not how I came by this unlucky trick," replied Sancho; "I cannot bring you in three words to the purpose without a proverb, nor give you a proverb which, to my thinking, is not to the purpose:—but I will try to mend." And here the conversation ended for this time.

\* "Whatever it hits." Cervantes, in his "Dialogue between two Dogs," quotes these words from the same Mauleon, calling him "Foolish Poet," although belonging to the Academy of Imitators.

## CHAPTER LXXII.

*How Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at their village.*

THAT day Don Quixote and Sancho remained at the inn, waiting for night ; the one to finish his penance in the open air, and the other to witness an event which promised the full accomplishment of all his wishes. While they were thus waiting, a traveller on horseback, attended by three or four servants, stopped at the inn. "Here, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe," said one of the attendants to his master, "you may pass the heat of the day; the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly." "If I remember right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, on hearing the gentleman's name, "when I was turning over the book called the second part of my history, I noticed the name of Don Alvaro Tarfe." "It may be so," answered Sancho : "let him alight, and then we will put the question to him."

The gentleman alighted, and the landlady showed him into a room on the ground-floor adjoining to that of Don Quixote, and, like his, also hung with painted serge. This newly-arrived cavalier undressed and equipped himself for coolness, and stepping out to the porch, which was airy and spacious, where Don Quixote was walking backwards and forwards, he said to him, "Pray, sir, whither are you bound?" "To my native village, sir," replied Don Quixote, "which is not far distant. Allow me, sir, to ask you the same question." "I am going, sir," answered the gentleman, "to Grenada, the country where I was born." "And a fine country it is," replied Don Quixote. "But pray, sir, will you favour me with your name? for I believe it particularly imports me to know it." "My name is Don Alvaro Tarfe," answered the new guest. "Then, I presume," said Don Quixote, "you are that Don Alvaro Tarfe mentioned in the second part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, lately printed and published?" "The very same," answered the gentleman, "and that Don Quixote the hero of the said history, was an intimate acquaintance of mine : and it was I indeed who drew him from his home—I mean, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to Saragossa, to be present at the jousts and tournaments held in that place : and in truth, while we were there, I did him much service, in saving his back from being well stroked by the hangman for being too daring." "But pray, sir," said Don Quixote, "am I anything like that Don Quixote you speak of?" "No, truly," answered the other, "the farthest from it in the world." "And had he," said the knight, "a squire named Sancho Panza?" "Yes, truly," answered Don Alvaro, "one who had the reputation of being a witty comical fellow, but for my part I thought him a very dull blockhead." "Gad! I thought so," quoth Sancho, abruptly, "for it is not everybody that can say good things, and the Sancho you speak of must be some pitiful ragamuffin, some idiot and knave, I'll warrant you ; for the true Sancho Panza am I ;—'tis I am the merry-conceited squire, that have always a budget full of wit and waggers. Do but try me, sir,—keep me company but for a twelvemonth, and you will bless yourself at the notable things that drop from me at every step ;—they are so many, and so good too, that I make every beard wag without meaning it, or knowing why or wherefore. And there, sir, you have the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the stanch, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the loving Don Quixote de la Mancha ; the righter of wrongs, the defender of the weak, the father of the fatherless, the safeguard of widows, the murderer of daisels ; but whose sole sweetheart and mistress is the peerless Dulcinea del

Toboso ; here he is, and here am I, his squire ; all other Don Quixotes and all other Sancho Panzas are downright phantoms and cheats."

"Now, by St. Jago ! honest friend, I believe it," said Don Alvaro, "for the little thou hast now said has more of the spice of humour than all I ever heard from the other, though it was much. The fellow seemed to carry his brains in his stomach, for his belly supplied all his wit, which was too dull and stupid to be diverting ; indeed, I am convinced that the enchanters, who persecuted the good Don Quixote, have out of spite sent the bad one to persecute me. Yet I know not what to make of this matter, for I can take my oath that I left one Don Quixote under the surgeon's hands, at the house of the nuncio in Toledo, and now here starts up another that has no resemblance to him !"

"I know not," said Don Quixote, "whether I ought to avow myself the good one, but I dare venture to assert that I am not the bad one ; and, as a proof of what I say, you must know, dear Signor Alvaro Tarfe, that I never in my life saw the city of Saragossa ; so far from it, that having been informed this usurper of my name was at the tournaments of that city, I resolved not to go thither, that all the world might see and be convinced he was an impostor. Instead therefore of going to Saragossa, I directed my course to Barcelona—that seat of urbanity, that asylum of strangers, the refuge of the distressed, birthplace of the brave, avenger of the injured, the abode of true friendship, and moreover the queen of cities for beauty and situation. And though certain events occurred to me there that are far from grateful to my thoughts,—indeed such as excite painful recollections,—yet I bear them the better for having had the satisfaction of seeing that city. In plain truth, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha ; it is I whom fame has celebrated, and not the miserable wretch who has taken my name, and would arrogate to himself the honour of my exploits. I therefore hope, sir, that you, as a gentleman, will not refuse to make a deposition before the magistrate of this town, that you never saw me before in your life till this day ; and that I am not the Don Quixote mentioned in the second part which has been published, nor this Sancho Panza my squire the same you formerly knew."

"That I will with all my heart," answered Don Alvaro ; "though I own it perplexes me to see two Don Quixotes and two Sancho Panzas, as different in their nature as alike in name, insomuch that I am inclined to believe that I have not seen what I have seen, nor has that happened to me which I thought had happened." "Past all doubt," quoth Sancho, "your worship is enchanted, like my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; and would to Heaven your disenchantment depended upon my giving myself another such three thousand and odd lashes, as I do for her !—I would do your business, and lay them on, without fee or reward." "I do not understand what you mean by lashes," quoth Don Alvaro. Sancho said it was a tale too long to tell at that time, but he should hear it if they happened to travel the same road.

Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together ; and as it chanced that a magistrate of the town called at the inn, accompanied by a notary, Don Quixote requested they would take the deposition of a gentleman there present, Don Alvaro Tarfe, who proposed to make oath that he did not know another gentleman then before them, namely, Don Quixote de la Mancha, and that he was not the man spoken of in a certain book called "*The Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by such a one De Avellaneda, a native of *Tordesillas*." In short, the magistrate complied, and a deposition was produced according to the regular form, and expressed in the strongest terms, to the great satisfaction of Don Quixote and Sancho—as if the difference between them and their spurious imitators had not been sufficiently manifest without any such attestation. Many compliments and offers of service passed between Don

Alvaro and Don Quixote, in which the great Manchegan showed so much good sense, that Don Alvaro Tarfe was convinced he had been deceived, and also that there was certainly some enchantment in the case, since he had touched with his own hand two such opposite Don Quixotes.

In the evening they all quitted the inn, and after proceeding together about half a league, the road branched into two; the one led to Don Quixote's village, and the other was taken by Don Alvaro. During the short distance they had travelled together, Don Quixote informed him of his unfortunate defeat, the enchantment of Dulcinea, and the remedy prescribed by Merlin, to the great amusement of Don Alvaro, who, after embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, took his leave, each pursuing his own way.

Don Quixote passed that night among trees, to give Sancho an opportunity to resume his penance, in the performance of which the cunning rogue took special care, as on the preceding night, that the beech-trees should be the sufferers; for the lashes he gave his back would not have brushed off a fly from it. The cheated knight counted the strokes with great exactness, and reckoning those which had been given him before, he found the whole amount to three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun seemed to rise earlier than usual to witness the important sacrifice, and to enable them to continue their journey. They travelled onward, discoursing together on the mistake of Don Alvaro, and their prudence in having obtained his deposition before a magistrate, and in so full and authentic a form. All that day and the following night they proceeded without meeting with any occurrence worth recording, unless it be that when it was dark Sancho finished his task, to the great joy of Don Quixote, who when all was over, anxiously waited the return of day, in the hope of meeting his disenchanted lady; and for that purpose, as he pursued his journey, he looked narrowly at every woman he came near, to recognise Dulcinea del Toboso; fully relying on the promises of the sage Merlin.

Thus hoping and expecting, the knight and squire ascended a little eminence, whence they discovered their village; which Sancho no sooner beheld than, kneeling down, he said: "Open thine eyes, O my beloved country! and behold thy son, Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not rich, yet well whipped! Open thine arms, and receive thy son Don Quixote too! who, though worsted by another, has conquered himself, which, as I have heard say, is the best kind of victory! Money I have gotten, and though I have been soundly banged, I have come off like a gentleman." "Leave these fooleries, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and let us go directly to our homes, where we will give full scope to our imagination, and settle our intended scheme of a pastoral life." They now descended the hill, and went straight to the village.

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### LXXIII.

*Of the omens which Don Quixote met with at the entrance into his village; with other matters which adorn and illustrate this great history.*

AT the entrance of the village, as Cid Hamet reports, Don Quixote observed two boys standing on a threshing-floor, disputing with each other. "You need not trouble yourself, Perquillo," said one of them, "for you shall never see it again." Don Quixote hearing these words, said: "Dost thou mark that, Sancho? Hearest thou what he says? 'you shall never see it again!'"

"Well, and what then?" said Sancho. "What!" replied Don Quixote, "dost thou not perceive that, applying these words to myself, I am to understand that I shall never more behold my Dulcinea?"

Sancho would have answered, but was prevented by seeing a hare come running across the field, which, pursued by a number of dogs and sportsmen, took refuge between Dapple's feet. Sancho took up the fugitive animal and presented it to Don Quixote, who immediately cried out, "*Malum signum! Malum signum!*—a hare flies, dogs pursue her, and Dulcinea appears not!" "Your worship," quoth Sancho, "is a strange man; let us suppose now that this hare is the lady Dulcinea, and the dogs that pursue her those wicked enchanters, who transformed her into a scurvy wench; she flies, I catch her, and put her into your worship's hands, who have her in your arms, and pray make much of her. Now where is the harm of all this?"

The two boys who had been quarrelling now came up to look at the hare, when Sancho asked one of them the cause of their dispute, and was told by him who said "you shall never see it again," that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he intended to keep. Sancho drew four maravedis out of his pocket and gave them to the boy for his cage, which he also delivered to Don Quixote, and said: "Look here, sir, all your omens and signs of ill luck are come to nothing: to my thinking, dunce as I am, they have no more to do with our affairs than last year's clouds; and if I remember right, I have heard our priest say that good Christians and wise people ought not to regard these trumperies; and it was but a few days since that your worship told me yourself that people who minded such signs and tokens were little better than fools. So let us leave these matters as we found them, and get home as fast as we can."

The hunters then came up, and demanded their hare, which Don Quixote gave them, and passed on; and in a field adjoining the village, they met the curate and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, repeating their breviary. It must here be mentioned that Sancho Panza, by way of sumpter-cloth, had thrown the buckram robe painted with flames, which he had worn on the night of Altisidora's revival, upon his ass. He likewise clapped the mitre on Dapple's head,—in short, never was an ass so honoured and bedizened. The priest and bachelor, immediately recognising their friends, ran towards them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted, and embraced them cordially. In the mean time, the boys, whose keen eyes nothing can escape, came flocking from all parts. "Ho!" cries one, "here comes Sancho Panza's ass, as gay as a parrot, and Don Quixote's old horse, leaner than ever!"

Thus surrounded by the children, and accompanied by the priest and the bachelor, they proceeded through the village till they arrived at Don Quixote's house, where, at the door, they found the housekeeper and the niece, who had already heard of his arrival. It had likewise reached the ears of Sancho's wife Teresa, who, half-naked, with her hair about her ears, and dragging Sanchica after her, ran to meet her husband; and seeing him not so well equipped as she thought a governor ought to be, she said: "What makes you come thus, dear husband? methinks you come afoot, and foundered! This, I trow, is not as a governor should look." "Peace, wife," quoth Sancho, "for the bacon is not so easily found as the pin to hang it on. Let us go home, and there you shall hear wonders. I have got money, and honestly, too, without wronging anybody." "Hast thou got money, good husband?—nay, then, 'tis well, however it be gotten, for, well or ill, it will have brought up no new custom in the world."

Sanchica clung to her father, and asked him what he had brought her home, for she had been wishing for him as they do for showers in May. Teresa then

taking him by the hand on one side, and Sanchica laying hold of his belt on the other, and at the same time pulling Dapple by the halter, they went home, leaving Don Quixote to the care of his niece and housekeeper, and in the company of the priest and the bachelor.

Don Quixote, without waiting for a more fit occasion, immediately took the priest and bachelor aside, and briefly told them of his having been vanquished, and the obligation he had consequently been laid under to abstain from the exercise of arms for the space of twelve months, and which he said it was his intention strictly to observe, as became a true knight-errant. He also told them of his determination to turn shepherd, and during the period of his recess to pass his time in the rural occupations appertaining to that mode of life: that while thus innocently and virtuously employed, he might give free scope to his amorous thoughts. He then besought them, if they were free from engagements of greater moment, to follow his example, and bear him company; adding that it should be his care to provide them with sheep, and whatever was necessary to equip them as shepherds: and, moreover, that his project had been so far matured, that he had already chosen names that would suit them exactly. The priest having inquired what they were, he informed him that the name he proposed to take himself was the shepherd Quixotiz; the bachelor should be the shepherd Carrascon; and he, the curate, the shepherd Curiambro: and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Panzino.

This new madness of Don Quixote astonished his friends; but, to prevent his rambling as before, and hoping also that a cure might, in the meantime, be found for his malady, they entered into his new project, and expressed their entire approbation of it; consenting also to be companions of his rural life. "This is excellent!" said the bachelor; "it will suit me to a hair, for, as everybody knows, I am a choice poet, and shall be continually composing amorous ditties and pastorals, to divert us as we range the flowery fields. But there is one important thing to be done, which is, that each of us should choose the name of the shepherdess he intends to celebrate in his verses, and inscribe it on the bark of every tree he comes near, according to the custom of enamoured swains." "Certainly," said the knight, "that should be done:—not that I have occasion to look out for a name, having the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the flower of beauty, the cream of gentleness, and, lastly, the worthy subject of all praise, however excessive!"

"That is true," said the priest; "but as for us, we must look out shepherdesses of an inferior stamp, and be content; if they square not with our wishes, they may corner with them; and, when our invention fails us in the choice of names, we have only to apply to books, and there we may be accommodated with Phillises, Amarillises, Dianas, Floridas, Galateas, and Belisardas in abundance, which, as they are goods for any man's penny, we may pick and choose. If my mistress, or, rather my shepherdess, should be called Anna, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda; and if Frances, I will call her Francesina; and if Lucy, Lucinda; and so on; and if Sancho Panza make one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife, Tereza Panza, by the name of Teresona." Don Quixote smiled at the turn given to the names; the priest again commended his laudable resolution, and repeated his offer to join the party whenever the duties of his function would permit. They then took their leave, entreating him to take care of his health by every means in his power.

No sooner had his friends left him than the housekeeper and niece, who had been listening to their conversation, came to him. "Bless me, uncle!" cried the niece, "what has now got into your head? When we thought you were coming to stay at home, and live a quiet and decent life, you are about to



entangle yourself in new mazes, and turn shepherd, forsooth!—in truth, uncle, ‘the straw is too hard to make pipes of.’” Here the housekeeper put in her word: “Lord, sir! how is your worship to bear the summer’s heat and winter’s pinching cold, in the open fields? And the howling of the wolves—Heaven bless us! No, good sir, don’t think of it; this is the business of stout men who are born and bred to it:—why, as I live, your worship would find it worse even than being a knight-errant. Look you, sir, take my advice—which is not given by one full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years over my head—stay at home, look after your estate, go often to confession, and relieve the poor; and, if any ill come of it, let it lie at my door.”

“Peace, daughters,” answered Don Quixote, “for I know my duty; only help me to bed, for methinks I am not very well: and assure yourselves that whether a knight-errant or a shepherd-errant, I will not fail to provide for you, as you shall find by experience.” The two good creatures—for they really were so—then carried him to bed, where they brought him food, and attended upon him with all imaginable care.

#### CHAPTER LXXIV.

*How Don Quixote fell sick, made his will, and died.*

As all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, ever advancing from their beginning to their decline and final termination, and as Don Quixote was favoured by no privilege of exemption from the common fate, the period of his dissolution came—and when he least thought of it. Whether that event was hastened by the melancholy occasioned by the recollection of his defeat, or that his destined hour was come, true it is that he was seized with a fever, which, after six days’ confinement to his bed, terminated his mortal course. During that time he was often visited by his friends the priest, the bachelor, and the barber; and his trusty squire Sancho Panza never quitted his bedside.

Supposing that the mortification of being vanquished, and the disappointment of his hopes as to the restoration of Dulcinea, were the causes of his present malady, they endeavoured by all possible means to revive his spirits. The bachelor bid him be of good courage and to think soon of beginning their pastoral life; telling him that he had already composed an eclogue on the occasion, which would eclipse all that Sannazarius had written, and that he had also bought of a shepherd of Quintanar two excellent dogs, to guard the flock, the one called Barcino and the other Butron. Nevertheless, Don Quixote’s dejection still continued: it was therefore thought necessary to send for a physician, who, perceiving some unfavourable symptoms in his pulse, advised his patient to look to his soul’s health, for that of his body was in danger. Don Quixote heard this admonition with more tranquillity than those about him; for his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, began to weep as bitterly as if he were already dead and laid out before their eyes. Grief and other troublesome cares, the doctor told them, had brought him to this pass.

Don Quixote now feeling an inclination to sleep, desired that he might be left alone. They complied, and he slept full six hours at a stretch (as it is termed), so that the niece and housekeeper thought he would never awake more. At the end of that time, however, he awaked, and immediately ex-

claimed in an audible voice—"Praised be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a blessing!—Boundless are His mercies; nor can the sins of men either lessen or obstruct them."

The niece listened attentively to her uncle's words; for she thought she had perceived in him, especially since his illness, more consistency than usual, and she said to him, "What is it you say, sir? Has anything extraordinary happened? What mercies and what sins do you speak of?" "My good niece," replied Don Quixote, "the mercies I mean are those which God hath, in this instance, been pleased to show me, though my sins are so many. My judgment is now clear, and freed from the dark clouds of ignorance with which the continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. I now see their extravagance and folly, and am only grieved that this discovery happens so late as to leave me no time to profit by such books as might improve and enlighten my soul. I feel myself, niece, at the point of death, and I would fain wash away the stain of madness from my character; for though in my life I have been deservedly accounted a lunatic, I earnestly desire that the truth thereof shall not be confirmed at my death. Go, therefore, dear child, and call hither my good friends the priest, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber; for I would fain make my confession and my will."

Fortunately, at that moment, his three friends entered. As soon as Don Quixote saw them, he exclaimed, "Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, the same whom the world, for his fair and honest life, was pleased to surname the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis de Gaul and all his generation. Now the senseless and profane histories of knight-errantry are to me disgusting and odious; I now acknowledge my folly, and perceive the danger into which I was led by reading them; and now, through the mercy of God, and my own dear-bought experience, I abhor them."

When his three friends heard him speak thus, they imagined that some new frenzy had seized him. "What! Signor Don Quixote," said the bachelor, "now that we have news of the lady Dulcinea being disenchanted, do you talk at this rate? And now that we are just upon the point of becoming shepherds, to sing and live like princes, would you turn hermit? Think not of it—be yourself again, and leave these idle stories." "Such, indeed," replied Don Quixote, "were the stories that to me have proved so baneful: but my death, with Heaven's assistance, shall convert them to my good. I feel, good sirs, that death advances fast upon me; let us then be serious, and bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw up my will: for a man in my state must not trifle with his soul. Let the notary be sent for, I beseech you, while my friend here, the priest, is taking my confession."

They looked at each other in surprise at his expressions, and though still dubious, they were inclined to believe him, and could not but regard as a fatal symptom this sudden change from madness to sanity. He then conversed again in so rational and Christian a manner, that no doubt remained of the perfect restoration of his intellects. The priest desired all the rest to leave the room, and when alone, he received his confession. The bachelor went for the notary, and presently returned with him, followed by Sancho Panza, who having learned from the bachelor the hopeless situation of his master, and seeing the niece and housekeeper in tears, he also began to weep like the rest. The priest, having taken his dying friend's confession, came out of the room, and told them that the good Alonzo Quixano was near his end, and certainly in his right senses; he therefore advised them to go in, as it was full time that his will should be made. This sad intelligence opened still wider the sluices of grief, and torrents

of tears issued from the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, his niece, and Sancho Panza his trusty squire, and from the bottom of their aggrieved hearts a thousand sighs and groans; for, in truth, as it hath been said before, both while he was plain Alonzo Quixano and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition, and kind and affable in his behaviour: so that he was beloved, not only by those of his own family, but by all that knew him.

The notary now entered the room with the others, and after the preamble of the will had been written, and Don Quixote had disposed of his soul in the usual Christian forms, coming to the distribution of his worldly goods he directed the notary to write as follows: namely—"Item, it is my will that, in regard to certain monies which Sancho Panza, whom in the wildness of my folly I called my squire, has in his custody, there being between him and me some reckonings, receipts, and disbursements, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account for them; but if, after he has paid himself, there should be any over-plus, which will be but little, it shall be his own, and much good may it do him; and if, as in my distracted state I procured him the government of an island, I could, now that I am in my senses, procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it: for the simplicity of his heart, and the fidelity of his dealings, well deserve it." Then turning to Sancho, he said: "Forgive me, friend, for perverting thy understanding, and persuading thee to believe that there were, and still are, knights-errant in the world."

"Alas! good sir," replied Sancho, "do not die, I pray you; but take my advice, and live many years: for the greatest folly a man can commit in this world, is to give himself up to death, without any good cause for it, but only from melancholy. Good your worship, be not idle, but rise and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do: and who knows but behind some bush or other we may find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted as fine as heart can wish? If you pine at being vanquished, lay the blame upon me, and say you were unhorsed because I had not duly girthed Rozinante's saddle; and your worship must have seen in your books of chivalry that nothing is more common than for one knight to unhorse another, and that he who is vanquished to-day may be the conqueror to-morrow."

"It is so, indeed," quoth the bachelor; "honest Sancho is very much in the right." "Gentlemen," quoth Don Quixote, "let us proceed fair and softly; look not for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; I am now sane: I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; I am now, as formerly, styled Alonzo Quixano the Good, and may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you once had for me!—now let the notary proceed."

"Item, I bequeath to Antonia Quixano, my niece, here present, all my estate, real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies; and the first to be discharged shall be the wages due to my housekeeper for the time she has been in my service, and twenty ducats besides for a suit of mourning."

"I appoint for my executors signor the priest and signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present. Item, it is also my will that, if Antonia Quixano my niece should be inclined to marry, it shall be only with a man who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry; and, in case it appear that he is acquainted with such books, and that my niece, notwithstanding, will and doth marry him, then shall she forfeit all I have bequeathed her, which my executors may dispose of in pious uses as they think proper. And finally, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, that if haply they should come to the knowledge of the author of a certain history, dispersed abroad, entitled, 'The Second Part of the Exploits of Don Quixote de la

Mancha,' they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to pardon the occasion I have unwittingly given him of writing so many and such gross absurdities as are contained in that book ; for I depart this life with a burden upon my conscience, for having caused the publication of so much folly."

The will was then closed ; and being seized with a fainting-fit, he stretched himself out at length in the bed, at which all were alarmed and hastened to his assistance ; yet he survived three days : often fainting during that time in the same manner, which never failed to cause much confusion in the house : nevertheless, the niece ate, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza consoled himself—for legacies tend much to moderate grief that nature claims for the deceased. At last, after receiving the sacrament, and making all such pious preparations, as well as expressing his abhorrence, in strong and pathetic terms, of the wicked books by which he had been led astray, Don Quixote's last moment arrived. The notary was present, and protested he had never read in any book of chivalry of a knight-errant dying in his bed in so composed and Christian a manner as Don Quixote, who, amidst the complaints and tears of all present, resigned his breath—I mean to say, he died. When the priest saw that he was no more, he desired the notary to draw up a certificate, stating that Alonzo Quixano, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had departed this life and died a natural death ; which testimonial he required, lest any other author besides Cid Hamet Benengeli, should raise him from the dead, and impose upon the world with their fabulous stories of his exploits.

This was the end of that extraordinary gentleman of La Mancha, whose birthplace Cid Hamet was careful to conceal, that all the towns and villages of that province might contend for the honour of having produced him, as did the seven cities of Greece for the glory of giving birth to Homer. The lamentations of Sancho, the niece, and the housekeeper, are not here given, nor the new epitaphs on the tomb of the deceased knight, except the following one, composed by Sampson Carrasco :—

Here lies the valiant cavalier  
Who never had a sense of fear :  
So high his matchless courage rose,  
He reckon'd death among his vanquish'd foes.

Wrongs to redress, his sword he drew,  
And many a caitiff giant slew ;  
His days of life, though madness stain'd,  
In death his sober senses he regain'd.

The sagacious Cid Hamet, now addressing himself to his pen, said, "Here, O my slender quill ! whether well or ill cut—here, by this brass wire suspended, shalt thou hang upon this spit-rack, and live for many long ages yet to come, unless presumptuous or wicked scribblers take thee down to profane thee. But, before they lay their vile hands upon thee, tell them, as well as thou art able, to beware of what they do ; say to them, 'Off—off, ye caitiffs ! Approach me not ! for this enterprise, good king, was reserved for me alone.' For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him: he knew how to act, and I to record: we were destined for each other, in despite of that bungling impostor of Tordesillas, who has dared, with his clumsy and ill-shaped ostrich-quill, to describe the exploits of my valorous knight—a burden much too weighty for his shoulders—an undertaking too bold for his impotent and frozen genius. Warn him, if perchance occasion offers, not to disturb the wearied and mouldering

bones of Don Quixote; nor vainly endeavour, in opposition to all the ancient laws and customs of death, to show him again in Old Castile, impiously raking him out of the grave, wherein he lies really and truly interred, utterly unable ever to make another sally, or attempt another expedition: for enough has been done to expose the follies of knight-errantry by those he has already happily accomplished, and which in this and other countries have gained him so much applause. Thus shalt thou have fulfilled thy Christian duty, in giving salutary admonition to those who wish thee ill; and I shall rest satisfied, and proud also, to have been the first author who enjoyed the felicity of witnessing the full effects of his honest labours; for the sole object of mine was to expose to the contempt they deserved the extravagant and silly tricks of chivalry, which this of my true and genuine Don Quixote has nearly accomplished; their credit in the world being now actually tottering, and will doubtless soon sink altogether. never to rise again. Farewell."

THE END.

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